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ON THE GIVING OF PRESENTS

SHALL we give presents this Christmas?

We have been through a period of hard times. Whether we have less or not we feel we have less—all this talk of hard times has made us feel so. In hard times we have to cut down our expenses. We can't cut off the necessities, so we must cut off luxuries. Christmas gifts are not necessities. They are luxuries. Should they then be cut off? We believe not. We believe they are necessary luxuries.

A Christmas without presents would be like a concert without music. It would be a Christmas in name only. Is Christmas worth while? Has it any value? Does it do any good? It does not make us richer. It does not make the country richer. It has no practical value.

That is the point. If it had, it would be worthless. Its valuelessness makes it invaluable. We are told that this is a commercial age, a commercial country. Certainly, the least mercenary of us think more about money than we should.

Christmas measured by a money standard is worthless. Hold a silver dollar close enough to your eyes and you cut off the skies. Hold the Almighty Dollar close enough to your spiritual vision and you cut off Almighty God. Why should the worshipers of the Almighty Dollar celebrate the birth of Christ? To them Christmas is a farce. Worse than a farce

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—a nuisance! One such worshiper said frankly to a clergyman, "My God is the Almighty Dollar." He had one virtue. He was no hypocrite. This same man once said to his wife and children, "I don't want any Christmas nonsense in this house this year! No trees and no presents and no fuss. It's all a beastly expensive nuisance. I can't afford it!" There was no nuisance. Four young children and no Christmas nonsense! Happy father!

Christmas is a symbol. Christmas giving is symbolic. The importance of the symbol is the importance of that for which it stands. Christmas commemorates the birth of Christ, the birth of Christianity. It symbolizes brotherly love, helpfulness to one another, unselfish giving. Of symbols we stand in peculiar need. We are a practical people, we are a commercial people, we have a country of vast material wealth. It is hard to be true to our ideals. Without symbols it would be impossible.

We are men and not machines. We have hearts and imaginations as well as brains and bodies. Unless we feed our brains and bodies they starve. Unless we feed our hearts and imaginations they starve. There are in the Bible no truer words than "Man cannot live by bread alone." When Mr. H. G. Wells, the English novelist and scientist, was in this country two years ago, he said we were a nation of idealists. He saw beneath the surface. He saw that which is least obvious and most fundamental—our idealism. Christmas is one of the bulwarks of this idealism.

All things good can be put to bad use. Some people so use Christmas. A certain woman said to her family shortly before Christmas, "I am afraid you will find my presents very mean this year. The fact is, I had to spend so much on people I didn't want to give to that I had very little left to spend on you. Some odious women whom I never thought of sent me presents last Christmas. I know they just wanted to make me uncomfortable. I got ahead of them this year! I sent them more expensive things than they will ever dream of sending me. Besides I have several extra presents as a safeguard. If people I haven't thought of send me things I'll just mail these right off to them." Was it blessed to give or to receive such presents? The presents for the unknown people suggest the Athenian's temples to the unknown God. The suggestion is pertinent. This woman's giving was

Pagan—not Christian. She was worse than the man who would have no Christmas nonsense. He was at least honest.

A young girl with several million dollars in her own right was showing her Christmas presents to her friends. They were magnificent. They represented thousands of dollars. The friends gasped with admiration. To their amazement they found that whatever else they admired they must admire a funny little old-fashioned doily. It was of cheap materials and hideous colors. The young girl appeared to care more for it than for all her costly presents. Why? It had been made for her by a little old woman who eked out her threadbare existence by selling flagroot. It's not the gift, it's the giver. It's not the act, it's the spirit back of the act. You can't buy Christmas any more than you can buy a home. You can buy a house, but you can't buy a home. You can buy Christmas presents and Christmas trees, but you can't buy Christmas.

Hard times have nothing to do with Christmas. Money or lack of money has nothing to do with Christmas. A poor missionary on our Western frontier once told his wife it would be out of the question for them to celebrate the approaching Christmas. Two installments of his pathetic salary were long overdue. He had just received a letter from the secretary of the society warning him that he might have to wait a long time for his money. The society was "financially embarrassed." The missionary had six small children. The embarrassment was mutual.

His wife said nothing. She did not agree. She cut a Christmas tree in the wood lot back of the house. That was simple. She melted down large candles and made small ones. She whittled pieces of wood into wooden dolls. These she painted and dressed up with odds and ends of cloth. She got the little missionary surreptitiously to construct some bows and arrows for the small boys. Thirty-five cents judiciously expended on luxuries at the general store, five miles distant, completed the Christmas preparations. There was plenty of "nonsense" in that family on Christmas.

When the joys of the day somewhat subsided, one of the small boys, after the inquiring manner of small boys, asked his mother, "Why did we have a better time this Christmas

than ever before?" She answered, "Perhaps because we didn't have any money to buy a good time, so we had to make it."

After the children had gone to bed, she and her husband discussed their success in thwarting fate. She was tired. She remembered a Christmas night on which she had been much more tired. She had been companion to the rich old lady who had helped the missionary with his ministerial education. Weeks before Christmas she and the secretary had worked late into the nights on the Christmas list. A majority of the names were those of other rich old ladies. The "poor" had, of course, to be remembered. They were indicated by their addresses. Their individual names were superfluous. "The poor's" presents were all alike. They were bought in bulk at a discount.

The rich old ladies were more difficult to handle. They had individual names and must have individual presents. The matter of price was critical. The cost must be kept down to the lowest possible point. Still no rich old lady must receive a present obviously less expensive than the one she would presumably send in retaliation. To throw light on this point, the presents which the rich old ladies had sent in former years were hunted up and appraised. Then came the shopping—buying this immense number of presents. Then, the dreary days of wrapping and marking them. Then, the long days of delivering them with carriage, coachman, and footman. When Christmas came, she was exhausted. She had to spend the day in bed. To the old lady, it was inexplicable that her companion should stay in her room instead of attending the stately merrymaking of the gathered clans.

The recounting of this other Christmas greatly cheered the little missionary. It made him feel more philosophical, less apologetic about his minute and precarious salary. The old lady had bought her Christmas just as she had bought everything else. She would not have understood you if you had told her Christmas was not for sale.

A rich woman who lived in a country village gave presents lavishly to the villagers at Christmas. She gave the women bits of jewelry and lace, little things of value which they otherwise could never have had. It was difficult so say who had the more pleasure—she in giving or they in receiving. The curse of miserliness gradually settled upon her. She came

of a long line of hoarders. Each Christmas she gave fewer presents and those less expensive. Finally she took to making little knick-knacks herself. These she gave to the capable village women who could make them better themselves. One old woman received one of these worthless little gifts accompanied by a greeting of love. Holding the present up scornfully she said, "Humph! More love than anything else!" Perhaps this remark and others like it reached the ears of the one time lady bountiful. The next Christmas she gave no presents to the village people. She explained to a friend that the people were ungrateful, that Christmas was become a sordid farce and she should have nothing more to do with it. Was this woman right? Had Christmas become sordid, or had she?

Beware lest your condemnation of Christmas be a condemnation of yourself! If you look upon Christmas through sordid eyes it will appear sordid. If you are commercialized, your Christmas will be commercialized. If you are selfish, your giving will be joyless. Joyless giving is a farce, a hypocritical farce! You may part with gifts—you won't give them.

Scrooge looked upon Christmas as a nuisance. It was a business loss. He must grudgingly close his office; he must give Tiny Tim's threadbare father a holiday. He saw Christmas through the eyes of greed. His heart was as cold as his hearthstone, his Christmas as cold as his heart. After Old Marley's Ghost had brought him a new heart was Christmas changed? Was it any less a business loss, any less a nuisance? His new heart had brought him new eyes. He no longer looked upon Christmas with the eyes of greed. He looked upon it with the eyes of love—love for his fellow-men. He looked upon it as the day of great opportunity—not opportunity to shut up his office and sulk in his house, opportunity to do good—to make people happy—to make himself happy. He gave not as a joyless duty, but as a joyful privilege. Do you want to be like the old Scrooge or the new Scrooge?



THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

V. SCIENCE AND RELIGION

THIS fifth article in the series by the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., which began in APPLETON'S MAGAZINE last August, has for its title a phrase that falls from the tongue in almost every discussion of the broader questions of life. The conflict or the absence of conflict between real science and real religion has been argued ever since the two words were formed and liberty of speech was permitted to man. But rarely have the real points at issue, and those upon which there is no issue, been more clearly elucidated than here. From the beginning of the series, Dr. Aked has been happy in his choice of phrases in which to discuss the general subject, "The Salvation of Christianity," and this article follows in the same spirit of reverence, practicality, and interest.—THE EDITOR.



HERE is no conflict between science and religion. The suggestion that there is betrays complete misapprehension of the nature of both. They occupy spheres distinct and separate. Each is independent and sovereign in its own world. One might as well talk about a conflict between love and geography, or attempt to reconcile the principle of the immortal Monroe with the differential calculus. But the suspicion that the old faiths cannot live in the new light, or that the acceptance of the most thoroughgoing results of the evolutionary doctrine is inconsistent with belief in God, Christ, and immortality, is fruitful of injury to the cause of religion. It is not a question of dogmatic atheism, nor even of reasoned and avowed agnosticism. It is a tacit assumption, a nebulous belief, an atmosphere! There is supposed to be an irreconcilable antagonism between the facts of science and the beliefs of religion, and the facts have the floor. Little progress will be made until the Churches teach and students of science learn that the grounds of religion are the grounds of modern science—fact verifiable by experiment.

For the loose but prevailing notion of irreconcilable antagonism men of science are only partly to blame. Some of them cannot be acquitted of the charge of intolerance, even of demagogism. The scientific temper should not be so easily ruffled. Intellectual arrogance is not any prettier in a savant than in an ecclesiastic. A man who loves his wife, cares for his children, serves his country, pays one hundred cents on the dollar, and helps a lame dog over a stile now and then, may still be permitted to say his prayers at night if he wants to, even though he has not spent half his life cutting up beetles and come to the conclusion that he has seen an end of all perfection. There is a *naïve* and very instructive confession by Zola in his preface to "Thérèse Raquin." The great writer complains of the fierceness with which he was assailed by critics in his earlier days. They did not content themselves with a merciless review of his books. They attacked him as with a deadly personal aim. He complained of this to a famous writer, who offered this explanation:

Vous avez un immense défaut qui vous fermera toutes les portes: vous ne pouvez causer

deux minutes avec un imbécile sans lui faire comprendre qu'il est un imbécile.

Well, if a man finds it impossible to talk with an imbecile for two minutes without making him understand that he is an imbecile, he is likely to develop certain painful peculiarities of style! He may have the air of regarding men and women as imbeciles merely because they are living their lives on a plane different from his, and finding strength and happiness where he has never dreamed of looking for it. Doubtless the irrationality of an untrained person is a little trying to the thinker, but you cannot pollax all the stupid people; some have to be allowed to live. The philosopher must learn to take their existence philosophically. And after all, it is not yet established that a man is a fool because he believes in God.

But for one man of science who sins in this way there are a thousand wrongdoers among the representatives of religion. It is not going too far to say that the large-minded, finely-trained, catholic-souled preacher or theologian, who claims the man of science as his colleague, welcomes his researches, and hails his discoveries, is the rare exception. The general rule is for the preacher to possess the barest smattering of scientific knowledge, and to be ready on every occasion with a sneer directed against—he knows not what, but it is enough for him that it emanates from men whose learning is greater than his own. "Science, falsely so-called," is the quotation too often on his lips. He talks about a "so-called science" like the superior and wrathful person who grew scornfully eloquent about "this so-called twentieth century." Who is there familiar with the life of the Churches who has not been made sick at heart by the denunciation of science on the part of half-educated preachers? Who has not seen the look of disgust on the face of some intellectual young man or woman and lost—it was doubtless a gain—the preacher's next sentence or two in wondering whether permanent injury had not been done to that inquiring mind, whether contempt for the preacher would not eventually pass into contempt for the preacher's religion, and what the end would be?

These men mean well. They are en-

tirely sincere. But it is sometimes difficult to say who do you the most harm, friends with the best intentions or enemies with the worst. And to the present writer, at least, the sight of capable, thinking, reading young men and women, students at our universities, teachers, writers, young lawyers, young doctors, the future successful men and women of the land, minds that are to train and lead the mind of America—the sight of such alienated from the religion of Christ by the preacher of Christ's Gospel foolishly setting himself in opposition to that which he does not understand, is simply heartbreaking. It is so common as to constitute a tragedy in the life of the Church.

The preacher may not be able to assimilate and present to his people from time to time the fruits of modern scientific research. It would be absurd to expect him to be an expert in any of the physical sciences. He has not had the training which would fit him to speak with authority. The claims of a busy pastorate and of a wide philanthropy excuse to the preacher defects of scientific training. It is not his business in life to stand forth as one of nature's priests. But there must be no mistake as to his attitude toward science. It should not be one of tolerance, still less of fear. It should be one of sympathy, admiration, gratitude, and hope. It should be an attitude of sympathy with its purpose, admiration of its spirit, gratitude for its achievements, and hope for the light it may yet shed on man's troubled pathway and the help it may give in ameliorating his lot. The sight of a Darwin experimenting for forty years with his earthworms, comparing, noting, writing, planning his life so far ahead with faith in himself, his work, and his future; of a Herschel so busy with his splendid studies that he "has no time to make money"; or of any one of the countless heroes of the laboratory or the hospital ward in our own day calmly facing death through the contagion of a known and dreaded disease but determined to add one single item to the accumulated knowledge of the race, is so near akin to the best ideals of the Christian faith that the heart of the preacher should leap within him at its contemplation.

And when to the method and spirit of

science there are added the world-wide gains to the health and happiness of mankind, a claim to gratitude is established which the follower of One who loved to call Himself the Son of Man should not find it possible to ignore. Primitive man was surrounded by terrors. As the atmospheric air they encompassed him. The earth was populated by eccentric spirits, the heavens by capricious gods. The wild beasts of the forest were less dangerous than gnomes, satyrs, and the demons of the woods. Crocodile and hippopotamus were friendly things compared with the river-gods. And all the winds of heaven were ridden by immortal fears. When primitive man looked upon an eclipse he knew that the sun was blotted out or swallowed up forever. When the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed he knew that the world was coming to an end. But we have changed all that. We have passed, as the famous author of "The Warfare of Science with Theology" would say, from "signs and wonders" to law in the heavens, from "the prince of the powers of the air" to meteorology, from magic to chemistry and physics, from miracles to medicine, from fetich to hygiene! And to whom do we owe it?

Absolutely and without exception we owe it to the nature-searchers whom it is the fashion of little men in little pulpits and in stodgy religious newspapers in this country to decry. They have asked questions of nature. They have pressed for replies. They have seen their contemporaries, now silenced by fear, now lulled by content. Some have ventured as far as the threshold of the unknown, have stood there wondering, doubting, fearing, then turned back rather than lift the veil boldly and face the light. And others have been satisfied to abide in the known and the safe and the near, not so much as caring to inquire whether there was life and light beyond the narrow circumference of their world. These inquisitive and daring souls have asked questions of earth, air, and sea. They have taken up the challenge of the Almighty to Job in the immortal drama: they have "entered into the springs of the sea and walked in the recesses of the deep." If "the gates of death" have not yet been "revealed" to them, yet they have "comprehended the breadth of the earth."

They have pushed their daring science to the farthest outposts of the finite and with unshrinking gaze sought to penetrate the secrets of infinite being. They have their place among the worthies of whom the world has not always been worthy, pioneers and banner bearers of advancing knowledge.

The best work commands—its price! The prophet's reward is stones: the reformer is sent to the stake: Christ died on a cross. And it is not surprising that the man of science has too often, like the man of God, had to

Stand pilloried on infamy's high stage
And bear the pelting scorn of half an age.

Huxley himself has told in bitter words how these commonplace facts of history appeal to him:

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes, a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles, with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victim. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet farther.

The student of history finds nothing strange in this. Even the repetition from generation to generation of the same kind of error or crime does not altogether amaze him. But what is strange is that in the hue and cry against the man of science, the theologian has always led. When it has seemed that every cur in Christendom has

been yelping at the wise man's heels, the official spokesmen of Christianity have barked the loudest. When ignorance, bigotry, cruelty, have loved darkness, hated the light, and sought to shut the gates of mercy on mankind, they have found their strength in the forces massed beneath the Church's flag, and their leaders in men who named the name of Christ.

There has never yet been an issue joined between theology and science and the case fought to a finish without theology coming out of the conflict badly mauled. Religion remains untouched. Theology has had to retreat from one untenable position to take up—unhappily—another. In "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," Mark Twain's hero exults because "Whenever the magic of fol-de-rol comes into collision with the magic of science, the magic of fol-de-rol gets left." The moral of this great fact may be commended to preachers and writers in the religious press to-day. For history is on the side of "the Yankee." When in 1591 Dame Eufame Macalyane, a Scotch lady of rank, sought the aid of Agnes Sampson for the relief of pain at the time of the birth of her two sons, the Church burned her alive on the Castle Hill at Edinburgh. She was guilty of attempting to avoid "one part of the primeval curse on women," for did not a Genesis text declare "in pain thou shalt bring forth children?" On Boston Common is a monument commemorating the first use of anæsthetics in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Doctors and nurses bend over the wounded in a field hospital, and words from Isaiah arrest the thought of the most careless: "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." Theology lit the flames on Castle Hill. Religion inscribed the text on the Boston monument. And Science holds her own.

It is worth while calling back from the records of other centuries illustrations of the opposition of theology to science and of her innumerable defeats, that they may stand as beacons lighted on a rock-bound coast to warn theological voyagers off the rocks. The difficulty is in the selection. Dr. Andrew D. White's two bulky volumes of eight hundred pages, "The Warfare of Science with Theology," are crowded with instances, appalling, grotesque, amazing.

Dr. John Lightfoot, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, one of the eminent Hebrew scholars of a hundred years ago, declared as the result of his studies that "heaven and earth, center and circumference, were created all together, in the same instant, and clouds full of water," and that "this work took place and man was created by the Trinity on October 23, 4004 B.C., at nine o'clock in the morning." It is well to have particulars sometimes; but the Church would have better served the interests of peace on earth among men of good will if her information had been a little less precise—or a little more! For the history of the conflict is the history of the "magic of fol-de-rol" defending a "nine o'clock in the morning" creation against the magic of science elucidating facts.

Dr. White's summary of the often-told story of the Church's conflict with Galileo brings out new and interesting, if painful, features. The first important protest against him and his work came when he announced that his telescope had revealed the moons of the planet Jupiter. Theology denounced Galileo's method and its results as alike absurd and impious. Theology was satisfied that the divinely appointed way of arriving at the truths of astronomy was by mastering texts of Scripture, not by looking through a telescope. The Bible showed that there could be only seven planets. This was proved by the seven golden candlesticks of the Apocalypse, by the seven-branched candlestick of the tabernacle, and by the seven Churches of Asia! Bishops and priests warned their flocks against Galileo. The faithful besought the Inquisition to deal speedily and sharply with him.

The war on the Copernican theory which, up to that time, had been carried on quietly, "now," says Dr. White, "flamed forth. It was declared that this, and the statement that the moon shines by light reflected from the sun, directly contradict the statement in Genesis that the moon is 'a great light.' To make the matter worse, a painter, placing the moon in a religious picture in its usual position beneath the feet of the Blessed Virgin, outlined on its surface mountains and valleys; this was denounced as a sacrilege logically resulting from the astronomer's heresy."

Then the war became still more bitter—and more ludicrous. "The Dominican Father Caccini preached a sermon from the text, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' and this wretched pun upon the great astronomer's name ushered in sharper weapons; for, before Caccini ended, he insisted that 'geometry is of the devil,' and that 'mathematicians should be banished as the authors of all heresies.' The Church authorities gave Caccini promotion. Father Lorini proved that Galileo's doctrine was not only heretical but 'atheistic,' and besought the Inquisition to intervene. The Bishop of Fiesole screamed in rage against the Copernican system, publicly insulted Galileo, and denounced him to the Grand-Duke. The Archbishop of Pisa secretly sought to entrap Galileo and deliver him to the Inquisition at Rome. The Archbishop of Florence solemnly condemned the new doctrines as unscriptural; and Paul V, while petting Galileo, and inviting him as the greatest astronomer of the world to visit Rome, was secretly moving the Archbishop of Pisa to pick up evidence against the astronomer."

Enough of this! The same story could be told, merely changing names, places, and dates, about any one of the great discoveries of science against which theology has set the battle in array. In conflict with the men of science theologians have usually made themselves supremely ridiculous. This is sufficiently serious, because the popular mind will not and cannot distinguish between the absurdity of an argument by which a truth is maintained and the truth itself. If they find preachers contemptible they are not likely to revere the truth which he has to preach. But this is not the worst. And the fact is that theologians have sinned against every law in the decalogue, and against every decent instinct of human nature in their efforts to defend the "orthodox" view and to oppose the onward march of scientific truth. Dr. White's eloquent protests against theological intolerance are in no single phrase too strong:

The list of those who have been denounced as "infidel" and "atheist" includes almost all great men of science, general scholars, inventors, and philanthropists. The purest Christian life,

the noblest Christian character, have not availed to shield combatants. Christians like Isaac Newton, Pascal, Locke, Milton, and even Fénelon and Howard, have had this weapon hurled against them. Of all proofs of the existence of a God, those of Descartes have been wrought most thoroughly into the minds of modern men; yet the Protestant theologians of Holland sought to bring him to torture and to death by the charge of atheism, and the Roman Catholic theologians of France thwarted him during his life and prevented any due honors to him after his death. These epithets can hardly be classed with civilized weapons. They are burning arrows; they set fire to masses of popular prejudice, always obscuring the real question, sometimes destroying the attacking party. They are poisoned weapons. They pierce the hearts of loving women; they alienate dear children; they injure a man after life is ended, for they leave poisoned wounds in the hearts of those who loved him best—fears for his eternal salvation, dread of the Divine wrath upon him.

Has the Church learned her lesson and mended her ways?

If one is to judge by certain comments and criticisms upon previous articles in this series, one is driven to the conclusion that a considerable section of the Church in this country is "still voting for Andrew Jackson." Attempts are made even in this day to "reconcile," let us say, science and the creation story in Genesis. Such belated attempts cannot provoke so much as a smile. No reconciliation is possible and none is called for. And no serious person should listen to the attempt until the reconciler of Genesis and Geology has succeeded in harmonizing Genesis with Genesis. The first chapter tells us that vegetation was called into existence on the third day, and man on the sixth; the second chapter tells us that man was made before vegetation, says that there was no vegetation because there had been no rain, and because there was no man to till the earth; that God caused a mist to water the earth, and made man, that he might till it, and then the vegetable world sprang into being. The first chapter of Genesis sets forth man as the final form of creation, the animal world created last, but man last of the animal world, and man and woman created together; the second chapter shows man existing before the animals, the beasts of

the field called into existence for the purpose of providing a companion and helpmeet for man, and then, when no such suitable companion was to be found among them, woman created to that end. How can we trouble about "reconciling Genesis and Science" while the two accounts of the first two chapters are so hopelessly at variance?

We have in these two chapters two different documents, of different age, origin, authorship, and each one with a noble purpose to serve. We need to fling aside, wholly, and without any reservation, the idea that the early chapters of Genesis have any revelation for us of the processes and periods of creation. That is to say—we need to tell ourselves once for all that the design of Genesis is not to teach us the facts of natural science. The early chapters of Genesis were not written to teach us geology, or zoölogy, or astronomy. They were no more intended to teach us these things than they were intended to teach us millinery or cookery. They have nothing to say concerning the time or the method chosen by the Creative Energy for world-building and the making of man. The design of those early chapters is entirely religious.

For if the Bible is silent now as a science primer, it speaks in clearer tones and with a more vital inspiration as the Book of Righteousness. It comes not to teach geology, but to proclaim God. The Hebrew prophets found in existence creation-story, myth, and legend. They found among the legends of the Babylonians, the myths of the ancient Mesopotamian peoples, stories of Creation, of Paradise, of Serpent, and of Flood. These stories they made their own, stripped them of their offensive and superstitious heathenism, their polytheism, the childishness of the antique day in which they had first seen light, and set them to illustrate the surpassing greatness and goodness of the religion of Jehovah. Of all created things, the sea monster (the alligator or the crocodile, most likely, called a whale in the Authorized Version), is the one thing specifically named in the first chapter of Genesis until man is named. Why? Is this an accident? Is it not that while surrounding peoples might worship the crocodile, or at the least hold it to be a sacred thing, the He-

brew sought to direct attention to that great God, high over all, who "made the great sea monsters, also?" The star adoration and nature worship of ancient Chaldaea find their rebuke in the Genesis story which declares that God made "the two great lights" and "the stars, also." To call the thoughts of men from the creature to the Creator, to set forth God as Supreme over All, to restrain men from worshipping that which had been made, and to fill their souls, first with wonder and then with love, as they contemplated Him who had made—this was the purpose of the Creation stories of Genesis.

These distinctions, once grasped, will carry us far, but always in the right direction. They will lead us on toward certainties, toward what has already been declared the ground common to science and religion—fact verifiable by experiment. The alienation of the scientific mind from religion comes largely from the confusion of religion and theology. For theology is assailed, successfully assailed, by science, and people suppose that religion has been discredited. Yet theology and religion are vastly different things. The word "science" has in these pages been consistently employed to mean what it means when ordinary people employ it. But it must not be forgotten that theology itself is a science. As geology is an account of the earth in the terms of the best knowledge yet attained, and astronomy of the stars, and botany of plant life, so theology is a systematized account of our knowledge of God. And as geology may move on with every fresh tap of the hammer, and astronomy with every new lens fixed in a telescope, and botany with every fresh slide placed under a microscope, so theology may progress by reason of any new and true thought about God which any one of all the sciences may suggest. A larger knowledge of Jupiter or of Uranus will not move the stars from their courses. Astronomical theories may need to be recast. The starry heavens are the same. Theological formulas may have to be stretched to the breaking point to cover the new facts. They may have to be thrown aside and new ones substituted for them. But religion is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, for religion is the life of God in the soul of man. A person may be a very good theo-

logian but a very poor specimen of religion. It does not follow because a man is a good metallurgist that he owns gold and silver mines, nor because he is an authority on physiology that he is capable of leading the field at baseball. Theology is theory, religion is life.

The science of our day has no quarrel with religion—in spite of the dogmatists and demagogues in both camps. From the chair of the British Association in 1906 Dr. E. Ray Lankester defended the position here maintained:

It should, I think, be recognized that there is no essential antagonism between the scientific spirit and what is called the religious sentiment. "Religion," said Bishop Creighton, "means the knowledge of our destiny and of the means of fulfilling it." We can say no more and no less of Science. Men of science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal.

Still more emphatically has Sir Oliver Lodge rebuked the dogmatist on the scientific side who assumes that science has made away with the grounds of faith:

If a man of science seeks to dogmatize concerning the Emotions and the Will, and asserts that he can reduce them to atomic forces and motions, he is exhibiting the smallness of his conceptions, and gibbeting himself as a laughing stock to future generations.

The dogmatist who declares that God is unknown and unknowable has indeed been "gibbeting himself as a laughing-stock to future generations"—and to his own. He has laid himself open to the broadsides which have riddled theological dogmatisms between wind and water. He assumes that he is capable of describing the limits of human attainment. He assumes that he knows not only how far the human mind has reached but how far the human mind

will ever reach. That is to say, he assumes that he possesses a kind of knowledge of the human mind which no man does possess; for he pretends to be able to tell us how much the human mind can reach to and apprehend. But he assumes more; he assumes that he knows what an Infinite Mind could not do, supposing that there was one! He says that God is unknowable, and saying it he assumes that he knows this Unknowable to the extent, at least, of being able to tell you what He could not do. He could not reveal Himself to men if He wanted to! This is worse dogmatism than the dogmatism of the Christian teacher. The theologian tells you that God is in part known, and proceeds to tell you what he knows. But this man tells you that God is unknowable and goes on to inform you that, all the same, he knows that God is not able to do this and that. He tells us in one and the same breath that we can never know even the existence of an Almighty Being, and that he knows so much about Him as to be able to assure us that even if He existed He could not make known His existence to His creatures. The man talks about the Unknowable, and takes credit for infinite knowledge!

But as between science and religion there can be no conflict, so between the teacher of science and the teacher of religion there should be none. "The sympathy and friendship" for which Dr. Ray Lankester pleads should be gladly offered. Every kingdom which science is in process of making her own, Christianity must claim for Him who is Lord of All. As astronomer or chemist or biologist opens up fresh worlds to man's inquiring spirit, and lays their riches at his feet, the preacher may praise the investigator for his gifts and bless God for the continuous revelation of Himself. And it is reassuring to know that there are churches in America whose service of praise is broad enough and rich enough to include Charles Kingsley's noble hymn beginning:

From Thee all skill and science flow.

THE RENAISSANCE

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK



AFTER all these years it does seem to me you might spare father to us for a while," Richel had written. "We are in a position now to make him far more comfortable than you possibly can in your cramped quarters and with your limited means. Besides, with some of the children coming of an age when they must be given a start"—his knowledge of his brother's children was limited to a very vague idea as to their number and years—"Adele and I feel that you and Marna owe it to yourselves and to them to be freed from every unnecessary burden. Not that we think for a moment that you ever considered father a burden in any sense, but he is no longer a young man and his needs have doubtless multiplied with his years. Surely we, in our abundant good fortune, are better able than you to attend them.

"Then I think you will agree with me that the change will do him good. In the old days he was always so eager to see more of life, and the view of it at Bakersfield, you'll have to admit, Allen, has never been a particularly broad one. We want to give him some of the things he's been cheated out of. We all know how much bigger he is than the place Fate put him in. We know how he used to plan to see more of the world and to give his family the best it offered, and how every scheme for his own pleasure was sacrificed for mother and us. Now that I can afford it, why not let me make it up to him?

"Don't you remember how he used to dream of visiting Mexico? It was Judge Denman, I think, who went down there as counsel or something and stirred him up continually with fascinating tales of the

land of poco tiempo. We're contriving a trip there next month, and he shall go with us. I'm anxious to show him the comforts of travel in one's own car. I recall his writing me that one of those infernal five-dollar excursions to Niagara a few years ago laid him up for a month. I can't tell you how happy we'll be to have him. Let him come to us for a year or two at least. *We'll show him life.* I'm also dropping him a line, but I know how inevitably he defers to your and Marna's opinion in everything."

It was an exasperatingly long time, he thought, before he got an answer. Yes, they had persuaded father to go. He would start on the morning of the fifteenth. Persuaded! Richel bridled at the word.

It was Marna who wrote, briefly, as she always did, and to Adele rather than Richel.

"In the bottom of his valise," she said with that housewifely exactitude which characterized her and which had enabled her to make ends meet for nine people on an income that most women would have declared insufficient for four, "are three suits of underwear. He is not to change to his lises till the first day of June. There are six handkerchiefs, the two with his initials worked in the corner he uses to spread over his head when he naps in the afternoon.

"Of nights see that he has his cap—and puts it on. Have him wear his arctics every time it rains—don't trust him to ordinary rubbers. Rolled up in his socks in the upper right-hand corner as you face his white shirts on opening the valise, is the blue bottle with his after-meal tablets. Have him take them whether he needs them or not. (I mean whether *he* thinks he needs them or not.) Try to keep him

from talking politics except with Democrats. *Reasonable* Republicans, however, won't matter. A political discussion bores him terribly.

"We have told him that when he gets tired his little room here is always ready for him."

Richel read the letter and laughed. "Poor Marna! In all these years she hasn't been able once to rise above her nightcaps and tablets and socks."

"Her submergence isn't entirely her fault," retorted Adele, who always went valiantly to her sister-in-law's defense.

"My dear, it *is* her fault," declared Richel. "It's anyone's fault who allows oneself to be eternally nagged by the little animal demands of the day's living—eating, sleeping, drinking, keeping warm enough in cold weather and cool enough in warm weather. Allen's having made a financial mess of everything he ever undertook excuses neither himself nor Marna for yielding to it. Good Lord, haven't we faced it times without number? Until I turned my last trick in oil we'd endured pretty nearly everything they had, and through it all did we ever let a steak or a salad or an undershirt or a sock clog the wheels of our mentalities? I say *no!*"

Mrs. Richel smiled grimly. "I quite agree with you, Phillip. Our wheels were pretty well oiled just at that time. It hasn't been so long ago that I don't distinctly recall that we had oil for breakfast, oil for lunch, and oil for dinner. We retired on oil, dreamed of oil, and rose with oil. I think if Marna were uncharitable enough she might say we were submerged in oil. . . . But being in such large quantities, I suppose it's much less commonplace than Marna's preserves or your father's flannels."

Her sarcasm did not deter her husband from saying what he had said so often since the desire to see more of his father had taken hold of him.

"It doesn't hurt people like Allen and Marna," said he, "because they probably have their contentment in the trivial, but they've no right to drag down a man like father with their infernal little round of daily trifles. A year or so of it wouldn't matter much, perhaps, but the twelve years father's had of it is enough to put nicks in the edge of the keenest intellect. Think

of living that long in a little house with six grandchildren always under foot and with Marna's perennial preachments about cold cures or catsup recipes or flannels or flapjacks, and Allen's eternal harangues on such lofty, brain-teasing subjects as when to trim sweet potato vines or how to get a hundred eggs from a Leghorn hen in an even hundred days! The idea of father with his equipment having to listen every hour to such trivial rot! Why, fifteen or twenty years ago there wasn't anybody in the whole land who was better informed on the big questions of the day. He had a mind that intuitively grasped the salient points of every important problem. He was interested in everything that broadened life. The books he used to assimilate in his limited time fairly astonished us. And when I went back to mother's funeral, where do you suppose I found his once revered Shakespeare?"

Adele had heard the question and its answer often enough to forego any polite show of curiosity.

"Taking the place of chairs out in the children's playhouse!" continued her husband wrathfully. "I don't suppose he'd seen the inside of those volumes in years. I asked him why he permitted such desecration, and he said simply because the children wanted them. Is it any wonder I boil now when I think of all he's had to submit to?"

"It seems to me it would have been more to the point if you could have simmered a little years ago—enough to have got him away from it," remarked Adele quietly.

"Eh!" ejaculated Richel. He took off his glasses apparently that he might the more clearly see his wife. She did not often let herself out to such lengths.

"Now that my dear, was most uncalled for," he deprecated injuredly. "You know just as well as I that we couldn't possibly have taken father at that time. We were constantly moving about, our plans were unsettled, our ship hadn't come in—"

"Allen's and Marna's hasn't come in yet," interjected Adele. "And if your father has had to 'submit' to things—which I'm not at all ready to concede—it has been our fault just as much as theirs."

Mrs. Richel was eminently sensible and eminently charitable. During the three

weeks her husband had impatiently awaited his father's decision she had listened with increasing disapprobation to his more than usually frequent arraignments of Allen and Marna, who had always held secure places in her justice-loving heart. It was Phillip's one weakness—this outspoken rebellion against the circumstances that had apparently narrowed his father's life and cast its later years in a mental environment with which he had absolutely no patience. Himself a big brainy fellow with a far-seeing judgment in most matters, he had never bothered himself with little things. It was inconceivable that a man could have spent all his years attaining nothing, as Allen had done. True, his own success was not hoary with age, but it was a success worthy any man's powers, and he felt that the years of his apparent failure were but steps in its consummation.

No one but his wife knew how he had idealized the plans for his father's welfare. It was the little things—the things Allen had done—that he had regarded as rather beneath consideration. Times without number Adele had suggested that now was the opportunity to have father come to them. They were not rich, but they were as well prepared to make him comfortable as was Allen with his too numerous mouths to feed and backs to cover.

"When we can do something worth while," had always been Phillip's answer. He knew she had never taken very seriously the so-called belittling of his father's life because it had been spent as it had, but it was the first time she had openly accused him of having conspired to make it whatever it was.

He rose abruptly and went over to the window, where he stood stroking his beard. At last he turned, and his eyes were shining back of their replaced glasses.

"Well, it's not worth while digging that ground all over again," said he. "If we might have made it different for him we didn't, and there's an end of it. But I tell you right now, my dear, we're going to make his days worth while from this time on. It will be a regular renaissance for him here—the first real luxury he's known in years, the first feeling of untrammelled liberty to do just what he pleases, to go wherever he wishes, and to get whatever he wants. The idea, for in-

stance, of making him take medicine when he doesn't need it, of forcing a night cap on his old white head, of having just two handkerchiefs that he's at liberty to snooze under! It's ridiculous! And then politics—why, a political discussion is the very breath of his nostrils! And he's going to have 'em, too, if I have to hire a professional stump speaker to furnish the opposition. I'll sick him on old Colonel Hughes and watch 'em eat each other up! Oh, we'll emancipate him, all right! And just the minute he comes we'll chuck Marna's whole silly régime."

Dr. Richel arrived at noon of a prematurely hot day. He was a bit played out, he said, by the tiresome journey, but in the excitement of the automobile dash from the depot to the house he quite forgot his fatigue.

"What do you think of it?" asked Phillip, when he had swung the big machine around the lower curve of the drive and brought it to a throbbing standstill under the porte cochère.

His father reached down and felt his old legs that he had braced tensely in an unconscious effort to hold the machine back. "I think I'd prefer a balloon," he said dryly, and hopped quickly out.

"He'll be scorching with it himself in less than a week," cried Phillip delightedly to Adele, who had come out to give her father-in-law welcome.

As they preceded him down the hall he regarded them jubilantly. His father was looking remarkably well, he thought, despite the wear of travel. True, his step was scarcely so resilient as he had hoped, and his well-knit frame had a really pathetic droop at the shoulders. But all he needed was the tonic of bigger, broader living. "I'll wager it won't be long till I have him as straight as a ramrod and able to walk on eggs," he declared to himself.

They went at once to the rooms that had been prepared for the doctor—a charming suite opposite their own on the first floor.

"We wanted you just as close as we could get you," explained Adele, who insisted on going in with them and unpacking the valise.

The old doctor had always greatly admired "Phillip's wife." Notwithstanding

they had never shared the intimacy of a family circle, he usually made unconditional surrender to her. Phillip, watching her lift the things from the valise to the wardrobe and dresser, realized suddenly what an important factor she was going to be in his father's reclamation. It needed only her tact and irresistible personality to put the finishing touches to Marna's little narrow notion of things.

Adele finished the unpacking, and leaving the men to themselves went to look after the already imminent lunch. As she passed through the dining room she placed behind a spindle of the sideboard the doctor's blue bottle of postprandial tablets which she had taken from its protecting roll of socks in the upper right-hand corner of the valise as she faced the white shirts.

She did not think of the tablets again till lunch was fairly over, when the doctor's preoccupied fumbling with his glass recalled them to her. She rose and placed the blue bottle at his elbow. "Here are your tablets, father," she said, with a quick glance at Phillip.

Phillip intercepted his father's hand and took the bottle. "Now what the dickens does Marna mean by saying you've got to dose yourself with these things whether you need them or not?" he demanded with an accusing grin. "And since when have you been taking other peoples' prescriptions just for the fun of the thing?"

Dr. Richel smiled quizzically. "They're of my own prescribing," said he.

"But why take 'em when you don't need 'em?" persisted Phillip.

"Well," replied his father, hesitating and with a curious glimmer in his old gray eyes, "when I really don't need them, I take them for Marna."

"For Marna!" echoed his son in astonishment.

"They're very harmless," explained Dr. Richel, "and they're better than Dover's powders for Marna when she gets to worrying about me."

"Good Lord!" groaned Phillip.

His father, the curious, amused look still in his eyes, turned to Adele with a shrewd wink, and she saw, or thought she saw, the beginning of a diplomatic defense of the woman who had so long looked out for him.

"They're sort of a bread pill then," suggested she.

"Exactly," replied the doctor.

"Well," broke in Phillip, "I want you to understand right now that you don't have to take even a bread pill for anybody's sake here."

Unconsciously he put such aggression and such challenge of the old order of things in his voice that his father shot him a questioning glance and toyed undecidedly with the bottle.

Adele reached out suddenly and put her hand over his old one. "I believe I'll ask you to take one right now—for me," she laughed softly. "I'm feeling terribly worried over you."

The old doctor took a tablet, chuckled, and washed it down triumphantly. And at dinner that evening he had his medicine unchallenged, and with a jocose assurance from Adele that she felt immediately better.

Very late that night Phillip awoke, disturbed by the light which had been mysteriously switched on. His wife's place at his side was vacant.

In the first moment of sleepy wonderment as to what had become of her, she slipped softly into the room, the hall door closing gently behind her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I just went in to look after him—you know, his night cap?" she whispered.

"Heavens! His night cap!" he groaned.

"If you keep this thing up you'll have him as nervous as a setting hen—he'll run from you as from a plague."

"It's on all right," murmured Adele irrelevantly and tumbled back into bed. And before he could go to sleep again it occurred to Phillip that the distant Marna, for the second time that first day, had unconsciously scored against him.

The week following was a continuous performance of reminiscence in which both men took unalloyed delight. As for Adele, she looked forward with some apprehension to the time when there would be nothing more of bygone days to relate, when the golden chain of mutually relieved incidents must be exchanged for the always tenuous and treacherous thread of newly invented interests. Unlike her husband, she appreciated the hugeness of the task he had set for himself. Her misgiving was

that he had overestimated the substituting power of mere wealth. She had known but few old men and women who had withstood the ordeal of transplantation, and it had been accomplished only by bringing with them all of their roots and much of their surrounding soil. She realized at the start what Phillip had failed to see—that his father's roots and soil were Allen and Marna, their children and their humble home. It was her passionate desire to make up for such essentials which caused her to send to the doctor his heavy arctics that hot morning a sudden downpour had immured Phillip and him in the stables, to watch the bottle of tablets with lynx eyes, to insist on the afternoon naps (herself spreading over the old man's snowy head one of the large handkerchiefs with his initials worked in the corner), to wave back the redoubtable Colonel Hughes whom she saw on several occasions coming across the lawn with his favorite political organ in his hand—boldly fibbing to him that her father was out.

But something of the change a score of years may make in a man, beginning, say, when he is fifty or fifty-five, was finally borne in on Phillip one afternoon when the Colonel, having evaded Mrs. Richel's picket line, was making a protracted call.

The conversation had drifted through a half dozen desultory subjects when, almost without warning, it brought the two old gentlemen face to face over the political fence which divided them.

Phillip watched them with quickening interest. Now was the opportunity for his old-time father to show himself. He waited eagerly for that lightning flash of sarcasm which he had so often seen strike down an opponent's tower of words.

The old doctor sat very quiet, however, while the Colonel, who had worked himself into a purple frenzy of partisan rage, smashed and crashed through the stock room of his political opponents.

"I tell you, sir!" he snorted, "that if this country had been put into the hands of your party at the close of the rebellion, it would have gone, sir, straight—down—to—"

He concluded very suggestively by boring his fat cane into the porch floor.

Phillip eyed his father expectantly. He

itched for the skinning of the Colonel to begin.

The doctor, unruffled, resumed his cigar. Plainly, he was only bored. "I dare say, sir," he said smilingly, "I dare say, sir."

Phillip felt as if he had been unexpectedly dashed with ice water, while the Colonel goggled in astonishment. So this was the Democratic fire eater his neighbor had been boasting about, this mild old gentleman who was afraid to say boo to a knock-out blow like that!

"Umph!" he snorted, and a few minutes later took a disappointed departure. They heard him snort again as he crossed to his lawn, and then Phillip turned to his father.

"Why in Heaven's name didn't you wade into him?" he demanded angrily. "Here I've been bragging a month to him of what you'd do if he ever tackled you like that. And now—"

"Now I've rid myself of a confirmed old nuisance," completed the doctor with more than a touch of impatience in his voice.

"Yes; but if that's all you wanted, you might have come at it the other way round," retorted Phillip testily.

"Never, with a man like him," declared the doctor. "He'd have been right after me again to-morrow, and the next day, and the next."

"Well, he won't bother you again now that he knows there's no fight in you."

A look of resentment crossed the fine old face, but was gone in a flash. "Not for—windmills," said he quietly.

"But there's no reason a man shouldn't have some fun even with a windmill."

Dr. Richel turned his rocker slightly so that he might face his son. "A man at seventy-five doesn't hanker much for the windmill sort of fun. As a diversion it's a rank fraud. It's clear below a romp with Allen's little Dorothy."

"Which is proof positive that you're getting childish."

"Childlike, perhaps, my son, but not childish. There's a big difference, you know."

But Phillip was not caring for distinctions. He was as honestly resentful as a pugilistic manager who has promoted a fight, put all his money on his man, and then suffered the humiliation of seeing him "lay down" without striking a blow.

"The Colonel may be something of a windmill," said he, naggingly, "but just the same he puts up a pretty decent array of facts."

The doctor surveyed him with a glance of amused toleration. When Phillip was a boy of ten he had sometimes suffered just such an inspection.

"You don't believe that any more than I do," said his father. "Besides, why should a seventy-five-year-old infant like me bother its head any longer with facts? I've been in 'em up to my chin for a half century. It's fairies I want now."

"Another confession of second childhood. I'm astonished!"

"Yes, childhood, the only period God has thought it worth while to give a man a second try at, and for the right sort of man, the second try is the better of the two. But it isn't given, in its fullness, to every old grannycap. Your Colonel won't have it that way if he lives a thousand years. He'll get only the childishness of childhood. Now with a woman like Adele it will be a perfect thing, I'll wager, if she lives as long as we all hope she's going to."

"You're not so sure about me, eh?" Phillip asked, a bit mollified by the tribute.

The doctor gave his cigar a long pull before answering, and then a slow smile tugged insistently at his eyes and mouth. "There's only one thing wrong with you, my son," said he, "and I'm not surprised at it. It's big game you've always been after. You've gone through life with a gun and you've brought down your elephant, but you haven't seen anything at all of the little things by the way—the sky and the trees and the birds and the flowers and little children. It's made you—well—too—"

"Out with it."

"Too damnably adult," said the doctor briefly.

"Heaven pity us if some of us weren't adults!" cried Phillip. "Look at Allen. There is a charming example of an infant for you!"

Allen's father took a long, slow pull and blew smoke. The muscles under his beard tightened.

"Allen's life has been pretty full," he said softly.

"Of eggs and sweet potatoes?"

Dr. Richel turned his head and looked

across the lawn to an opalescent line of hollyhock wonders. "He has a garden and some chickens," he went on, his voice ominously gentle. "He talks much of little things, if that's what you mean, because a modest man doesn't care to brag of his achievement."

"His achievement!"

"Yes. He and Marna have reared a family splendidly. That's an achievement. Your mother and I did that, too, but not so well and under more favorable circumstances. Of course, you don't understand. It appeals to you only as a matter-of-fact act of perpetuity. Adele knows. But then Adele has grown stale. You are too old for your years. What you need is a hobby horse and knickers."

"Thanks for your garden and chickens—I have my automobile. And as for children, I have worry enough."

Dr. Richel blew smoke again, a quick puff this time.

"Your worry! Save the mark!"

He rose abruptly. "It's time for my nap," he said, and with an attempt to temper his impatience by resting his hand affectionately on his son's shoulder as he passed, he went within.

In the early afternoon of the next day, Phillip, flushed with elation, gustily invaded his father's rooms with an aged and infirm book whose mummified appearance might have put it immediately in the category of things Ptolemaic.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded triumphantly.

The doctor opened it and lifted it nearer his unglazed eyes.

"The first volume of my old Smellie!" he cried in astonishment. "Where in the world did you get it!"

"At Zahn's. Zahn said it was the only one he had seen in twenty years. I wasn't that long in cinching it, I want you to know. When I told him you had the other two volumes he was crazy to buy 'em all."

The doctor stroked the back of the ancient work on midwifery with a touch that was both loving and deprecating.

"Son, what it must have cost!"

"It doesn't matter what it cost. You've got it," said Phillip. He was as openly delighted as a big boy.

The light of a fine appreciation was in the old man's face. He turned the book

to view it from every point. He glowed with the connoisseurship that was his before he began neglecting books for the humanities. It gave Phillip the sense of a personal triumph.

"Here in the back, father, are the anatomical tables I've heard you speak about. You'll have time to look them over before we start on that park ride I promised you. I'll have the machine around in about twenty minutes."

Out in the hall he met Adele, her hands full of the noon's mail.

"Oh, I'm rousing him all right," he declared. "I've just touched his heart with that volume of Smellie's he's always wanted. I wish you could have seen his face—it was years younger."

Adele took the paper which was Dr. Richel's single piece of mail and dropped it through the door, which she closed adroitly.

The doctor heard the paper and hastened to get it. Then he laid his precious Smellie aside and permitted his eyes a voracious excursion into the pages of *The Bakersfield Weekly Gazette*. Sometimes he chuckled, sometimes a curious little sound that might have been born of sympathy or pity escaped him. Once he drew a long whistle and once, when in the list of juvenile prize winners of the Bakersfield public schools, he exclaimed loudly: "By Jeminy! I knew she'd land first place—she's a Richel, every inch of her," and slapped his leg so hard he winced.

He had browsed through the thin growth of personals, through the still thinner growth of news items, and into the advertising fringe of forty years' familiarity, when he heard Phillip calling him. He patted the Smellie apologetically and went out.

"I should have known better than to leave you alone with that book," said Phillip gayly. "Climb in."

The doctor did not care much for automobile rides. He said they made him feel "elevatorish." He sat silent now while they whizzed along the splendid street and out to a quieter avenue where, at a sudden turn, they slowed down for an ambulance.

"That reminds me that old Joe Cullum's dead," he said a moment later. "I saw it in the *Gazette* to-day."

"The old bedridden scoundrel!" growled Phillip. "You were eternally doctoring

him. Years ago he owed you a thousand. Did he ever pay up?"

"He never paid me any money."

"Of course you quit him long ago?"

"Just the day I came away," said the doctor sadly.

"You let the old rascal impose on you like that!"

"Oh, I knew well enough he was a rascal, but he never whined. Nearly everybody else whined. I used to call there with my very soul full of other peoples' whines, and five minutes of him used to drive them away. He was my tonic. So after a while I got to writing on the debit side of my ledger, 'Joe Cullen, to one visit, three dollars,' and on the credit side, 'By tonic, three dollars.' We squared it that way. I turned him over to Johnson when I came away, and I'm afraid Johnson didn't—understand him."

Phillip's laugh did not provoke an answer. They were in the park when he spoke again.

"Charley Mauk's boy is in trouble once more," he said. "Charley always comes to me when that boy goes wrong. Poor fellow! I suppose he thinks I'm coming back pretty soon or he'd write."

"They'll have to get another doctor and lawyer and father confessor all rolled into one now," said Phillip.

The old doctor sighed. He was bending his fingers in and out, forming curious ridges and hollows with them. Apparently he at last got them shaped to suit for he held them so and surveyed them with satisfaction.

"Growing pains?" asked Phillip, snatching a look from the road ahead and nodding at the locked hands.

The doctor smiled sheepishly. Perhaps he had forgotten that he was not in Bakersfield.

"No, not pains," said he. "It's a plaster cast. You see the way my little finger's bent? Well, that's that little Wickliffe girl's spine. Tuberculosis. They're going to put her into a cast, and if they make it just like the back of my hand—the other one—see—from this side, it would work wonders for the poor thing. But I'm afraid they won't fix it that way. If I was there just five minutes—"

The noise of a big, surging touring car drowned the last of his sentence, and when

it had passed he had put Bakersfield bravely aside. He sat very erect, and with proper urban nonchalance. "By George, it is fun to be going some, isn't it?" he asked with a boyish fervor that delighted his son as successfully as it deceived him.

It was in the third week of his visit that Phillip began to plan definitely for their trip, and each successive deliberation widened their itinerary till it included a leisurely sojourn along the west coast and the following winter in various parts of Mexico.

As the trip lengthened so did Dr. Richel's face. When Phillip, in all seriousness, observed that Cuba afforded a delightful little side trip which could be tacked to their other wanderings, the doctor turned to Adele with the grim remark that it seemed silly to slight handy places like Thibet and Timbuctoo.

When the journey was at last definitely outlined, he spent a whole forenoon with the railroad maps and time tables Phillip had accumulated.

"Now he's getting to be his old self. I just want you to come here and look at him," whispered Phillip. And together they watched him through his open door while he consulted first one map and then another and made brief notes on the pad at his side.

"Mark me, he'll want to assume responsibility for the whole thing before the week's out," said Phillip. "Do you know, dear, I find myself watching his awakening just as I'd watch my own child's. I tell you it's intensely interesting!"

Adele's smile was hardly that of a fanatic enthusiast. When she went in after lunch to spread the initialed handkerchief over the doctor's head, she picked from the floor a crumpled leaf of paper which had evidently been intended for the waste basket. Mechanically she spread it out and read it.

There were "days" for every stop of their route till they reached the States again on their return trip. The last item in the list was "60 days, Confounded Cuba (Like as not)." At the bottom of the long column was this summary, ominously underscored:

"Ten months and twenty-two days. Holy Smoke!"

The doctor, when alone, was not himself after that. He did a deal of pacing about his room, stealthily, of course, but nervously enough. Sometimes he would brace himself before the open window, his old legs wide apart, his hands pocketed, his bearded lips apucker over scraps from ancient tunes.

Once, during a thunder shower, he leaned against a column of the side porch and gazed wistfully toward the northeast. "Looks like it might clear up in the direction of Bakersfield," he muttered to himself.

"What's that?" asked Phillip, coming suddenly upon him.

"Nothing," he replied laconically.

"I've just been talking with Adele about your outfit for the summer," said Phillip. "We're likely to run across some pretty hot weather before we reach the coast, and you'll need lighter clothes. What do you say to white duck trousers and blue serge coat?"

"White shows dirt. I used to have so much trouble keeping my old gray linen clean that Marna——"

"Marna hasn't anything to do with it," interrupted Phillip. "I heard you say a long time ago that you wished you had a fresh pair of trousers for every week day during the summer. So I've ordered you a half dozen pair of white duck."

"Six—pair—of white——"

"Yes. And don't worry. Marna won't have to look after them."

Dr. Richel's startled look gave way to a slow grin. "Son, you're—overwhelmingly kind," he said gently.

A few minutes later Phillip left him, and he continued his walk alone. The sky was clearing in the direction of Bakersfield. He stopped and gravely watched the elongation of the streak of blue. The slow grin came back. "White duck every day," he whispered in his beard. "Six pairs—and all white. Pity me!"

The night before they were to depart, Adele was attracted by his light an hour after he should have been in bed.

"Come in," he called very undrowsily in answer to her tap. He had made no preparation for bed. The valise which he had insisted on packing just as Marna had packed it, lay open like a book.

"You ought to have been in bed an hour

ago," protested Adele, "I thought you finished packing this afternoon."

"I have, except for a few trinkets." He motioned her to a chair.

"No. I won't keep you another minute. It isn't twelve hours till we start."

He went lingeringly with her to the door.

"We're going to have a long, happy time, father, we three," said she, linking her arm with his.

"You've traveled so much of late. Do you think Phillip's going to enjoy it?" he asked anxiously.

"Phillip! Why not! He has always wanted to go, and now that we have you, he'll enjoy your enjoyment more than anything else. Oh, you can't realize, father, what you're doing for him. He needed you so!"

The doctor's face brightened. "I've wanted to think that all along," he cried delightedly. "I told Allen when I left that I suspected you both were getting a bit lonesome. People in a big town aren't very neighborly, it seems to me. They're stingier with their friendship than they are in a place like Bakersfield. But it's not me Phillip needs so much as some of the things I've had. He's *seen* miles ahead of me, but I've *felt* miles ahead of him. It's when you don't feel that you get lonesome. And I'm willing to take long trips or do anything else that helps him."

"I know how we're imposing on you, and if I wasn't so downright selfish in my knowledge of what you mean to him, I'd balk outright against the whole scheme. But you must promise me one thing—if you get tired just tell me, and I'll have a sunstroke or heart failure or malaria or anything that will bring us straight back home. You'll promise?"

"I promise," he laughed.

"Now go to bed."

He did not go directly. The bottle of tablets was on his dresser, and he rolled it into a pair of socks and put them away. He found places for the remaining "trinkets," and set the valise on the floor. All the new clothes Phillip had bought for him except a pair of the white duck trousers and the blue serge coat, which he occasionally eyed with suspicion, had been packed and taken to the car. When he was at last quite ready for bed, he opened the

valise again and took out a small kodak picture, which he brought to the light and studied earnestly.

It was of a rambling, one-story cottage. A trellis covered with a wonderful grapevine ran all about it. On the front porch a genial-faced man and a rather stern-faced woman sat rocking. A girl, almost grown, was reading from her perch on the porch rail. Standing near her was an old man who was astonishingly like the old doctor himself. A boy of seventeen lounged in the background. Four small children were sprawled about the lawn. The tiniest one of them was trying to force a yarn ball down the throat of a young collie. The doctor shook his finger at her menacingly and smiled. "Almost eleven months!" he murmured wistfully.

He put the picture back and started to sigh, but thought better of it and cut it short. Then he turned out the light and went to bed.

Adele wakened sleepily, and with the feeling that the night had collapsed, accordionlike, from hours to minutes. The door bell was clamoring; darkness and daylight were struggling for possession of the room.

Phillip, who was oblivious to most night noises, lay undisturbed. She waited for the butler to answer, and not hearing any signs of him, slipped into her kimono and stepped out into the hall.

The bell gave another din of strokes. She hurried down to the hall door and opened it slightly.

A telegraph messenger boy peered back at her inquiringly and held out an envelope.

"Dr. J. M. Richel?" he asked.

She signed for it and closed the door. She stood for a minute a bit unawake and quite undecided whether to disturb the doctor with it till he was up. Then she saw the light flash through his transom and heard him come stealthily to the door.

"Wait, father," she called, and hurried to him. "I'm sure it's nothing disagreeable," she reassured him cheerily.

He tore his way to the yellow slip and read it.

"Father, father!" she cried alarmedly. She clutched him by the arm and pulled him to the nearest chair, where he sank down weakly.

"It's Dorothy. She's got the typhoid—had it almost as long as I've been here. Last night there was a turn for the worse—wholly unexpected—Johnson says there's one chance in a dozen. Oh, why, *why* did they keep it from me!"

His old voice broke in a groan. He handed her the message and let his head sink to his hands.

Then instantly he came to his feet. His frame showed a tense alertness of outline under the dressing gown he had got hurriedly into. The furrows of his forehead were updrawn and his gray eyes were distended.

"We must find out when the first train leaves for Bakersfield," he said sharply.

He followed Adele to the 'phone in the dining room. The import of the one-sided conversation which ensued was almost his undoing.

There was a bridge out on the Bakersfield division, and for a short time passengers for that town would be carried around by way of Junction City.

"It's three hundred miles if it's a foot!" groaned the doctor.

"How far is it across country?"

"Not half that."

A sudden hope, lit by what he saw in her excited eyes, shone in his own.

"The machine?"

"Yes," said she, "let's wake Phillip."

Phillip, already awake, was sitting on the side of the bed. Adele fluttered the yellow slip toward him. "Dorothy's dangerously ill—there's a bridge out on the Bakersfield division—we must get father home in the machine," she said breathlessly.

Her husband eyed them in sleepy surprise. The doctor reached out and caught him by the arms as if he would shake the last vestige of drowse from him. "Quick, son, are you going to take me?" he demanded.

"Let's don't get excited," protested Phillip, "maybe she's not——"

"Quick!" commanded the old voice with a silencing rasp. The hands tightened about Phillip's arms like oak cleats.

A little child was sick—a child Phillip had never seen and naturally was not much interested in. Must the plans of months be sacrificed for her? She would get well, likely enough; children usually got well, didn't they? Anyhow, she was kicking up

a pother all out of proportion to her importance.

"There's the car—our trip—all our——"

The doctor flung the arms from him and straightened. His eyeballs looked like tiny circles of translucent gray marble lit by candles from behind. His nostrils dilated with one quiver and remained so, breathless.

In the five seconds he stood facing his son, the power of compelling obedience—cumulative through a half century of well-trained children and children's children—raged from his every feature. It was not that, however, which moved Phillip so much as the spirit of battle he had thought quite dead in him. He had sometimes seen the same spirit in the faces of commercial adversaries whom he had driven from their last ditch, but with this difference—he had never been conquered by it.

"I'll go, of course," he cried. "Get ready."

For months after, Adele could shut her eyes and see the details of that terrific flight—her husband bent tensely over the wheel, his father sitting erect at his side with a road map flapping over his knees and his white hair blowing wildly from beneath his cap, the flying fields and trees, villages whose central street they slid through like quicksilver down a tube, ruts that sent them lurching, and level stretches where the doctor, his "elevatorish" feeling forgotten, quietly asked for more speed, son—always for more speed.

The rambling, one-story house with the arbor about it was very quiet when the big, dust-covered machine skimmed lightly up to it. The collie pup, tied out in the closed barn, gave one muffled yelp of welcome. Some children were playing solemnly in an isolated corner of the wide straggling yard. When they saw their grandfather hurrying on ahead of the strange man and woman, they ran down to him silently and managed somehow to get his caress without halting him.

Marna met him at the door and put her arms about him. She was there to welcome Phillip and Adele a minute later.

"Oh, thank God, you could bring him so quickly!" she said brokenly. She was dry-eyed and worn.

Allen came from the sick room—a genial, lovable man with all his father's ten-

derness and patience, but with little of his fire.

Phillip had never seen in anyone's face what he saw in theirs. He knew nothing of sickness, nothing of the panic of imminent death. The tragedies in which he had played his part were tragedies of greed. They reeked with selfishness, bitterness, villainy, and vengeance, but they never boasted the nobility of a really great grief. The money which one lost in the first act was likely to be won back in the next. There was that difference between lucre and life.

He pondered over it as he sat that first night on the porch of a little furnished house which was across the street from Allen's, and whose owner, in the absence of his family, had been persuaded to rent it. The strange night noises of the nearby fields were in the air. The scent of old-fashioned flowers somewhere in the neighborhood rose fresheningly.

His nephew talked with him boyishly. In a half hour the lad had bared the details of his plans for the next seventy years. Phillip had forgotten that youth can be so astonishingly intimate. The boy wanted to go to a technical school. He was willing to do anything to work his way through. What would Uncle Phil advise?

Uncle Phil, in his usual environment, would have scorned to advise much of anything. He glanced through the gloom at the boyish, eager figure sprawling on the porch floor. "I'd do shop work, I think," he said.

"Where?"

"I think I can get you a place in the city," he replied against his better judgment.

"What! Uncle Phil—can you!" he cried, coming excitedly to his feet. "Oh, Gee!"

Dr. Johnson came out under the porch light at Allen's. The boy saw him and stopped suddenly in his effusive thanks. "Poor little sister!" he said with a sound he tried to cover up by scraping his foot on the floor. He turned to Phillip vehemently. But Granddaddy 'll save her, Uncle Phil; he will, won't he?"

Phillip put out his hand to the boy's shoulder. "He will if anybody can. Now let's go over and see how she is."

Dr. Richel still had hopes, Johnson said, but until after the crisis no one could tell.

Phillip went back to the house—and took the boy with him.

It was a week before he got more than a glimpse of Adele. "I want you to come in and help me move her. Everybody else is trying to get caught up with their sleep," said she.

He slipped softly into the sick room. A little snowflake of a face eyed him impersonally when he placed his hands under the sheets and lifted her. "This is your Uncle Phil, dearie," explained Adele, but Uncle Phil got nothing more than a continuation of the impersonal stare. The next morning, however, she would allow no one but him to lift her. And when she was strong enough to be taken out to watch the other children play, it was Phillip who became her willing pack horse.

It was a great day—the day Phillip was to take her over to his house.

He had been working all morning in his adopted garden. His sleeves were rolled up and his arms were stained with moist earth. The grub worms were in the cabbage—he was afraid he wouldn't have a dozen heads.

When he had got into clean flannels he came back to the kitchen. "Isn't my appetite getting to be something fierce?" he asked, ringing a hot doughnut with his forefinger. "Something fierce" was one of the phrases he had acquired through almost constant association with his nephew. Adele smiled. It had been a long time since he was able to talk and eat so boyishly.

He brought Dorothy over that afternoon, the doctor tagging behind. The old man still showed signs of the ordeal. The shadows of sleepless watching and nursing lurked about his gray eyes, and what was visible of his bearded face was perceptibly thinner. But he seemed very happy.

When they had made Dorothy comfortable in the hammock, he straightened and looked down quizzically at his son.

"I'm ready for Mexico—just say the word," said he. For the first time he had donned the white duck and blue serge.

Adele, sitting in the doorway, awaited the answer with eager, averted face.

"Mexico!" exclaimed Phillip. He reached over and untangled a wisp of his little niece's hair from the hammock web. "Mexico can wait!"

THE REAL OWNERS OF AMERICA

BY FRANK FAYANT



TWO and a half million investors own the American corporations. Twenty million thrifty Americans are indirect partners in corporate ventures. These two dry-as-dust statements of cold fact contrast strangely with the highly colored figures of speech of certain yellow purveyors of written misinformation, and with the fantastic fairy-tale pictures of the yellow cartoonists. The car-seat student of American affairs, who assimilates pseudo-political economy from head-lines and cartoons, has been led to believe that a few "Magnates" own the railroads, the industries, and the banks of the country, and that they are leagued together to enslave "the common people." But the cold figures, as revealed in the stock books of the corporations, tell a very different story.

The widespread ownership of the corporations is striking evidence of the faith the great body of industrious, thrifty Americans have in corporate enterprise, despite all recent disclosures of the misuse of corporate power by the unscrupulous. This faith was shown, as it never had been before in our history, in the recent disastrous financial panic, when hundreds of thousands of small investors came into the market place with their savings to take railroad, industrial, and bank shares off the hands of thoroughly frightened speculators and capitalists.

The popular fallacy regarding the ownership of the corporations has been in part due to a very natural misconception. The rapid growth of industrial "trusts" and railroad combinations in the past ten years has centralized control, and the careless observer has mistaken this for centralized

ownership. But the centralization of control has been accompanied by the spreading out of ownership.

The steel corporation concretely illustrates this among the industrial combinations. Before the formation of the steel "trustlets" of the nineties, many of the mines, mills, and furnaces were privately owned. A few rich men owned these independent industries. The public did not participate in the profits, except in the form of wages. Now, with centralized control, 110,000 investors are partners in the steel business and participate in the profits. A good many investors, it is true, paid high prices for their interest, but as many more, who had the patience to await their opportunity, paid very low prices—witness the 27,000 new partners who joined the enterprise in the panic of 1907.

Southern Pacific is a good illustration among the railroads. When this was an independent property under the control of the Huntingtons, it did not have 3,000 shareholders. Now that it is part of Mr. Harriman's railroad empire, the bulk of its stock is divided among 15,000 investors, and 15,000 more Union Pacific shareholders participate in the earnings of the big block of its stock held for their benefit. In a word, 3,000 partners received no dividends in the days of the Huntington ownership, and 30,000 investors now divide \$17,000,000 a year under Harriman's control.

The figure—two and a half million partners in corporate enterprises—is an approximation. It is probably too small. Four years ago, when the Interstate Commerce Commission made its report on railroad shareholders, the railroads had 350,000 owners. Since then the Pennsylvania list has increased from 42,100 to 59,200;

Atchison, 17,500 to 25,000; New York Central, 11,700 to 22,000; Southern Pacific, 4,400 to 15,000; Great Western, 5,900 to 10,500; Erie, 4,300 to 10,000; St. Paul, 5,800 to 10,000. These seven roads had 92,000 shareholders in 1904; now they have 152,000, an increase of 65 per cent. The other roads only have to show an increase of 35 per cent to bring the total up to 500,000, a conservative figure. These half million railroad owners divide \$300,000,000 a year in dividends, an average for each owner of \$600—just about the average earnings of the 1,500,000 railroad employees.

Seven of the big industrial combinations have 200,000 owners on their books: Steel, 110,000; Telephone, 25,000; Sugar, 20,000; Copper, 18,000; Pullman, 13,500; Smelters, 9,400; Oil, 5,500. These account for only 1,600,000,000 of industrial stock, a minor fraction of the country's total. It is conservative to estimate the number of other owners of industrial shares at several hundred thousand. How many people own mining stock in proven properties can only be conjectured. The Lake mines have 30,000 owners; one new silver mine has 13,500 owners, a new Western property has 12,000, another 5,000. Taking no account of "wildcat" companies—for we are talking about investors—the mines of the country must have several hundred thousand shareholders.

And then there are the banks. The last report of the ownership of the national banks (1904) showed that 318,000 investors owned the 8,800,000 shares of the 5,400 national banks, an average of only 28 shares to each holder. The popular fallacy is that a few thousand rich men own all the banks, but the truth is that as many thrifty Americans own bank shares as railroad shares. Since 1904 the number of national banks has increased 1,500, and it is fair to estimate that upward of 400,000 people now own these institutions. This takes no account of the twelve thousand trust companies, state banks, and private banks, whose owners make up another great army of investors.

Through the banks with their 15,000,000 depositors, the life insurance companies with their 25,000,000 policy holders, and the fire, accident, and guarantee companies with millions more, it is safe to say

that 17,500,000 people, not direct owners of corporation securities, are indirect partners in corporation profits through the investment of their savings in these securities. So the whole American people—all thrifty Americans—have a pecuniary interest in corporate ventures.

The "man in the street" speaks of "the Havemeyers" and the Sugar Trust as though they were interchangeable names, but the ownership of no "trust" is so widely distributed. So, too, Smelters and "the Guggenheims" are used in conversation in Wall Street with the same meaning. The man who has sold a mine to the American Smelting and Refining Company says, "I have sold a mine to the Guggenheims." But all of the Guggenheim brothers and their families own only a minor minority interest in the company they organized and developed. The 10,000 shareholders, if they were agreed that the Guggenheims were mismanaging their property, could throw them all out of the directorate. The cart-tail orator pictures the Telephone "trust" as a composite monster made up of Alexander Graham Bell and a few Boston plutocrats. It is true that there are forty rich men, mostly New Englanders, who own large interests in Telephone, but their combined holdings are only one-tenth as large as those of the 25,000 small investors in the company's stock. The New England newspapers picture the New Haven railroad as even a worse monster than the Telephone "trust," but the New Haven ownership is so widely scattered that the average shareholder's certificate represents only 39 shares. The Manhattan Elevated in New York is always spoken of as a family affair, but a recent inspection of its books showed only a small fraction of its shares in the Gould family, and only six holders with more than 5,000 shares, with the majority ownership absolutely in the hands of 3,000 small investors. Even Standard Oil, the most closely owned of all the big corporations, is owned by investors who never sit at the council table at 26 Broadway. That Standard Oil shares are distributed among 5,500 owners, despite the fact that they cost in the neighborhood of \$600 each and cannot be traded in on any exchange in the world, is convincing proof that "the people own the Trusts." The elder Rocke-

feller owns a quarter of his company's capital, and there are fifteen Standard Oil capitalists whose combined holdings are a fifth of the capital. So all the "big men" in Standard Oil own quite a bit less than half the stock.

One of the axioms of Wall Street philosophy is: The public buys at the top and sells at the bottom. This axiom was shattered last year in the panic. It is undoubtedly still true that the public speculator, who trades on margin, is most bullish near the top of a boom and most bearish near the bottom of a depression. There's a psychological reason for this. But the small investor, with savings in the bank, has grown in financial wisdom in the past four years. He has learned that the country, with its enormous resources of natural wealth, comes out of every panic with greater latent possibilities; that when the skies are the darkest, then is the time to wager by wise investment that the country will live; and that when everybody is convinced that this is the greatest commercial nation on earth, then is the time to convert stocks into money.

Never before in history has there been seen such a spectacle of investors buying securities in a panic as in 1907. Sixteen of the leading railroads and industries had 250,000 shareholders before the panic and 350,000 after the panic. A hundred thousand small investors, convinced that the country was sound and that the big corporations would weather the storm, took their money out of the banks and bought the shares of these sixteen companies. Nearly all the increase in shareholders' lists since 1904 was made in this panic. The small investors stood aside in the boom of 1906 and patiently waited for the crash. When the crash came they deluged Wall Street with buying orders. They poured their savings into the market when the rich speculators, who had failed to unload on the public at the top, were "sweating blood" under their heavy burden of stocks. Some of the most powerful speculators in the country very nearly reached the end of their resources in that panic. The small investors turned the tide.

The gilt-edged shares are much more widely distributed than are the unseasoned issues. The speculators, with the aid of the banks making loans on securities, carry

the unseasoned shares through booms and panics, making and losing fortunes on the wide fluctuations in prices. But, gradually, as the earnings of developed properties become less variable, their shares are sought by investors, who take them off the hands of the speculators. The small investor buys stocks for their income return; the speculator buys them with the hope of making profit out of their price fluctuations, and it makes very little difference to him whether they pay dividends or not.

Sugar is a striking example of the development of a highly speculative stock into an investment. Some years ago sugar was the football of the market, the favorite of the big speculators who wanted "action for their money." The trading in it was enormous and its fluctuations were violent. Fortunes were made and lost in Sugar in a day, and the manipulation of the stock by plungers more than once stirred up a market scandal. But, as the years went by, the earnings and dividends of the Sugar Trust became more stable, and investors took the stock out of the market share by share. Sugar to-day is an investment industrial with no attractions for the big speculators. Its shares are more widely distributed than those of any other big industrial corporation. The \$90,000,000 of stock is divided among 20,000 holders, with an average of 45 shares. What the small investor thinks of sugar was shown in the 1907 panic, when the first below-par quotations in seven years attracted 6,000 new partners into the company.

Then there is Steel Preferred. This stock, less than eight years old, is already well advanced in the seasoning process, despite the misgivings of the pessimists, who believed that it would take many years to educate the public to the point of regarding steel as an investment. The rapidity with which the steel shares have been distributed over the world is one of the signal achievements of American finance. The \$868,000,000 of stock is now owned by 110,000 investors. The quarterly dividend checks go to every State in the Union and to every country in the world. When the Steel Corporation was floated, the question in every investor's mind was: Will they pay seven per cent on the Preferred in lean years? Only three

years after the flotation there came a lean year, when the railroads, the biggest buyers of steel products, suddenly closed their purses. Steel Preferred fell from \$100 to \$50, and learned economists and hard-headed ironmongers were agreed that the dividend would be cut. But it wasn't. In the panic of 1907 the stock struck bottom at \$80, and the small investor, convinced that the dividend was a certainty, took his savings out of the bank and bought Steel Preferred. The speculators "swung" big lines of the stock in the first four years of its existence; to-day they trade in it less than in sugar. The common stock is now in the hands of the speculators, going through the early stages of the seasoning process.

Compare the two greatest railroads in the country—Pennsylvania and Union Pacific. The Eastern property stands at the head of the list as the most widely owned railroad in the world; the name of no one owner stands out above the rest. The small investor regards Pennsylvania as a seasoned security, despite the huge, costly plans for new capital expenditure made by the late Mr. Cassatt, and despite the recent uncertainty as to the directors' dividend policy. Union Pacific is at the bottom of the list, a rapidly growing property, directed by men with great dreams of railroad conquest, making its appeal to speculators instead of investors. Union Pacific's \$295,000,000 stock is owned by only 15,000 partners, with average holdings of 196 shares. Pennsylvania, with only a slightly larger capital, \$314,000,000, has 60,000 owners, with average holdings of only 55 shares. Pennsylvania's shares are three and a half times as widely distributed as Union Pacific's because Mr. Harriman and his capitalist friends—Mr. Rogers, Mr. William Rockefeller, Mr. Frick, and others—have not yet been able to convince the small investor that the ten per cent dividend now paid by their property is as sure as the six per cent paid by Pennsylvania. And so we have the spectacle of investors buying Pennsylvania at a price netting an income of 4.8 per cent, and shunning Union Pacific at a price netting six per cent. If Mr. Harriman's dreams come true, Union Pacific will, in ten years, be owned by 100,000 investors, and will be looked upon

as a conservative investment. It is going through the seasoning process.

The public's ownership of the highest grade securities is very clearly shown in the "guaranteed" railroad shares, whose dividends are guaranteed by lessees. The shares of more than a hundred thoroughly seasoned railroad properties are thus almost as safe investments as bonds, and they are eagerly sought by executors, trustees, and guardians, who are intrusted with funds belonging to others. An examination of the shareholders' lists of these roads, showing page after page of investors, men and women, holding each a few shares (often only one share)—names unknown to Wall Street and the newspaper reader—is striking proof of the public's ownership of the sound corporations.

Shareholders' lists are closely guarded. Most companies feel that they have no right to disclose the names of their shareholders, because every American citizen has the right to privacy in his investments. Even when the Senate asked the Interstate Commerce Commission four years ago for a mere statement of the number of shareholders on the books of each railroad in the country, the Commissioners made the report under protest. This report showed a remarkably wide distribution of the guaranteed, gilt-edged shares seldom heard of on the speculative exchanges. The average shareholdings in a few of the more important of these companies were: Boston & Albany, 30 shares; Boston & Lowell, 30; Boston & Providence, 24; Concord & Montreal, 32; Georgia Railroad & Banking, 38; Mine Hill & Schuylkill Haven, 21; North Pennsylvania, 49; Northern (New Hampshire), 15; Old Colony, 35; Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown, 21; Utica, Chenango & Susquehanna Valley, 39; Vermont & Massachusetts, 24. These twelve roads are owned by 30,000 investors having average holdings of less than 29 shares. The Old Colony has only sixty shareholders owning more than 200 shares. Not taking account of the big block of its stock owned by the New Haven, the average holding is only 22 shares. The Mine Hill & Schuylkill Haven has paid dividends since 1833.

One old-fashioned Southern company does publish its list of shareholders. This is the Georgia Railroad & Banking Com-

pany, that has paid dividends ever since 1836. When General Sherman tore up its tracks on his march of destruction through Georgia in 1864, it skipped a year's dividend, but it hasn't missed a year since. Even in the panics of '73 and '93, when Northern roads collapsed, this property went right ahead with its regular payments to shareholders. An inspection of this company's list of shareholders shows this distribution of stock: women, 494; men, 345; trustees, 127; estates, 63; guardians, 16; executors, 8; churches and religious societies, 14; schools and colleges, 5; asylums of hospitals, 2; societies, 3; business firms, 8; insurance companies, 7; banks, 4; total, 1,096. The shareholders' average yearly income is \$420. This distribution of stock is typical of guaranteed roads. The proportion of holders of stock in trust for others, one-fifth, is an indication of the high regard conservative investors have for good railroad securities.

Looking over the stock books of the railroads one is impressed by the large proportion of women shareholders. The Georgia Railroad has many more individual women owners than men. This is true of most guaranteed stocks, which are favorite investments for women, whose sole thought is security of income. But the big railroads also show a surprisingly large proportion of women owners. When the last detailed examination was made of the Pennsylvania's books, at the beginning of the year, 26,471 of the 57,226 shareholders, or 46 per cent, were women. During the panic of 1907 the number of women shareholders increased 7,189. One reason for the large proportion of women railroad owners is that many husbands speculate in their own names, but invest in their wives' names. A man who trades in a thousand shares of Union Pacific on margin and makes a turn of \$3,000 on a three-point rise may put the profits into twenty-five shares of Pennsylvania for his wife. The proportion of women holders of industrial stocks is not as high, because very few industrials are considered desirable as women's investments. Bank stocks are favorites with women. Of the 318,000 owners of national bank stock four years ago, 104,000 were women, who held one-fifth of the national bank capital of the

country. Since then the number of banks has increased a fifth, and it is fair to estimate that 125,000 women now own \$200,000,000 of national bank capital.

On the Stock Exchange anything less than 100 shares is dubbed an "odd lot." The purchase of an "odd lot" isn't registered on the ticker tape—it's too small a financial transaction to be noticed in the speculation in a million shares a day. But the average investor's ownership in American railroad and industrial enterprises is an "odd lot," and without the two million "odd-lot" partners commercial progress in this country would still be at the mercy of foreign bankers, as it was years ago before we found ourselves. The "odd-lot" investors are the bulwark of American corporate finance. Thirty thousand shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad own less than ten shares of stock each. Four-fifths of the shareholders of Illinois Central are "odd-lot" owners. Nearly all the Old Colony shareholders are "odd-lot" investors. Tens of thousands of steel shareholders have one, two, or three shares each.

But many thrifty Americans do not know that they can buy one share of Steel or Pennsylvania, or Union Pacific, or Standard Oil. They have an idea that there is no market place for the man who wants to invest a few dollars in a prosperous corporation. But there is—and it's a big market. More than a score of Stock Exchange houses, with nearly sixty board members (an investment of \$4,000,000), make a specialty of "odd-lot" orders. One house, with eight board members, employs ninety clerks to handle the odd-lot business. And still, the newspaper reports of the activities of Wall Street rarely mention the "odd-lot" investors. The man who buys one share of Union Pacific receives his engraved certificate of stock, his reports of earnings, his annual reports, his quarterly dividend checks, his notices of shareholders' meetings which he is privileged to attend; he has his proportionate share of all "rights" and extra dividends—in a word, the one-share owner of Union Pacific, or any other corporate stock, is on exactly the same footing as the owner of 1,000 or 10,000 shares.

The increase of hundreds of thousands of partners in the corporations in the past

few months has been the result of prosperity and publicity. Ten years of amazing prosperity enormously increased the surplus wealth of the thrifty. When the opportunity came last year to buy the standard corporation shares of the country on the bargain table, the public rushed in to buy. But the small investors would never have swarmed into Wall Street as they did had not the big publicity campaign been educating them in finance.

In the old days the corporation policy was: "The public be damned." But there has been a revolution. Instead of working behind locked doors, the managers of corporations now rack their brains to devise new ways of telling about their earnings and profits. Instead of slamming their doors against the newspaper reporters, they now engage men at large salaries to hunt up the reporters and load them up with news. Five years ago a journalist who wanted to write an article telling about the wonders of "the world's greatest railroad," was told that the company didn't desire publicity; the other day this company placed a special train at the service of a journalist who had the same commission. Several years ago the founder of the Standard Oil Company refused in court to admit that there was such a company; to-day he is writing the story of his life and his corporation, and he hires a "publicity expert" at a big salary to see that the newspapers get all the Standard Oil news. Mr. Harriman, a little while ago, was as

jealously guarded from news-seeking intruders as an Eastern potentate; now he spends a good share of his time with financial writers. The Bell Telephone, which formerly was a dark mystery, is now as well advertised as a talking machine or the Yellowstone National Park.

But the chief publicity agent of the corporations has been none other than the President of the United States. The service that Mr. Roosevelt has involuntarily performed in arousing public interest in investments has been of inestimable value. It matters not that during these four years he has carried on a continuous bitter warfare against certain corporations; that he has sent message after message to Congress denouncing these corporations and their managers; that he has brought them into the courts and chastised them; that he has pressed Congress to make laws against them; that he has declared his purpose to crush some of the most powerful corporations and to humiliate their managers; that he has pilloried publicly some of the richest of the industrial and railroad captains and denounced them in State papers as "malefactors of great wealth."

Through all this bitter warfare one fact has stood out—the corporations are prosperous. And the thrifty people of the country, while throwing up their hats for the strenuous campaigner in the White House, have dug down into their pockets to buy partnerships in these great American businesses.

UNSEEN PEAKS

By RICHARD R. KIRK

HEAVEN may be no higher than yon hill—

One brave hour's climb! Then, standing there, you see
Unvisioned peaks and higher mounting still—

So Heaven a step to higher heavens may be.

EVE AND THE ORANGE

BY MYRA KELLY



THE summer which separated my sophomore from my junior year was the very happiest summer I had ever known. The boys went to Italy, and Mother and I took a camp in one of those semi-literary, semi-artistic settlements which do so much to make the North Woods possible for the timid and the unattached female. Not that we were by any means unattached. But if we had been so, the principle would have been the same. The place was wonderful beyond compare: the people were charming, and the weather was unquestionable.

We had been introduced and vouched for by a charter member of the settlement, and from the day of our arrival we were made welcome and comfortable. But when it was discovered that I was the fiancée of "that amazing young chap, Wentworth of Columbia," I became immediately a personage. And, later, when this same Professor Wentworth finished his course of lectures at the Summer School and joined us for rest and recreation, it seemed to me that I was too happy, that such perfect content could not last. Everyone pretended utter unconsciousness of our emotional states, and yet there was not one in all that romantic, Forest of Arden company who did not plan and contrive that John and I should have endless and uninterrupted opportunities for the enjoyment of our own society. It was reassuring to me, and I hope it was so to John to find how beautifully we got on together. For he was a learned professor—a professor of philosophy—while I was only a somewhat idle, somewhat frivolous student in his college. It will always be a comfort to me to know that John knew these little characteristics

of mine before he knew much else about me. They cannot surprise him now.

There was never a jarring note in all the perfect days. Even rain was pleasant and companionable, and quite without the vindictiveness which it shows in town. We were happy, and we were busy—John with a text-book which he had undertaken to prepare, and I with trousseau embroidery or with libelous water-color sketches of our favorite haunts. He was good enough to say that I was of infinite help to him, that if he succeeded in setting down a theory in words which I could understand, then he was quite sure that he had made his meaning very clear indeed. He used to be really triumphant about it with a simplicity at which no one could have taken offense, though I suppose it was not exactly complimentary to what Matthew Arnold would call my "openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence." And I used to be wild with pride when he would recognize or identify my pictures. He did so rarely.

We never talked of college. "Conversational Rule No. 1," as by John set down, read: "No shop." Even the most casual or accidental mention of our classic halls was punishable by our law, and the party of the other part could exact a heavy fine. And yet, one blessed afternoon, when I was paddling lazily, and John was trolling still more lazily, he deliberately broke the rule.

"I had a letter," he announced, "from President Arnott."

"You will pay for this," I threatened.

"When we reach shore," he pleaded.

"It's so unsafe to move about in a canoe, and in clear view of Mother Carey's cottage." He called our nearest neighbor that, for no more reasonable reason than that she kept chickens. "And perhaps you will

withhold sentence when you hear the news he sent me."

"Is it about the Art Department?" I asked. I was a student in that department, and it had been so horribly at sixes and sevens at the close of the spring term that I knew some changes would be made in it before October.

"All about it," John laughed. "Blaisdell has accepted the position of director. He'll make you work as you have never worked before. You might write and warn Elizabeth Alvord."

"But this is dreadful, truly dreadful. Does all the work we did that afternoon, Elizabeth and I, count for nothing?"

"Hardly that, I should think," he cheered me. "Blaisdell has a most retentive memory, and it was a brilliant performance. He will not forget his first meeting with you."

The worst thing that could happen to me and to Elizabeth Alvord, my roommate, classmate, and friend, was that Professor Blaisdell should not forget his first meeting with us. It had occurred nearly at the end of the last half year. The occasion of it was his visit to the college to inspect the students and the work of the Art Department, whose vacant professorship had been offered to him. Elizabeth and I much preferred that the post should remain vacant, and we tried to discourage this Blaisdell man by marshaling before him all the post-graduate students, the poor, tired old things, who were at once so pathetic and so self-important. Our plan was furthered by the fact that Blaisdell had chosen a day in the final exam. week for his visit, and none of the faculty was at leisure to entertain him and to introduce him. So Elizabeth and I had done it. We had suppressed all the really promising material, and we had expected him to refuse the position with contumely and scorn.

Yet he had done nothing of the kind. He would be there to inflict daily tortures upon us, and the happy paths of idleness and joy would no longer echo to our tread. Whenever I thought of what lay before me I, too, broke Conversational Rule No. 1 and made John tell me about this Professor Blaisdell, who had been at college with him, and with whom he had kept up ever since one of those pleasant, casual, inarticulate sorts of friendships so common

among men and so unknown among women. But nothing that I heard reassured me, and I did *not* write to Elizabeth. Which, under the circumstances, showed remarkable self-control.

I was forced to tell her the day before the opening of the Fall Term. She and I shared a tiny apartment and a large maid up near the Campus, and there I found her wrestling with trunks and breathless with exertion and curiosity when I arrived. When the first rush of greeting was over, when we had exchanged views of new gowns and news of old friends, Elizabeth pounced upon me with the questions I had been dreading.

"Yes," I answered, "he has accepted."

"Not really," she gasped.

"Very really."

She bore it badly. More badly, I think, than I had done. She stormed and she laughed; she raged and she pranced; she jumped and she thumped; she behaved just as the Mariner does in the *Just So Stories*, when he finds himself in the whale's dark inside cupboards. And in good sooth it was a serious thing for us. A professor can do much to make smooth or rough the ways of the students, and we had forfeited all title to this man's consideration. Oh! yes, and in very truth, we were in for it.

We were. We agreed to try him with one propitiatory remark, and to determine our future course by his response. Elizabeth tried first, and he did not respond at all. She said she was glad; that the year seemed more bearable, somehow, when she could look forward to some little excitement every day.

"And I think, Marion," she told me, "that he hardly understands what is before him. I feel exactly as Marmion did when Douglas was so rude about shaking hands. You remember?" And lest I should not, she proceeded to recite the lines with such feeling that Margaret emerged from the kitchen in agitated tears, to report that she wouldn't be answerable for the dinner if Miss Elizabeth kep' up them theayter pieces. She vanished with incredible dexterity when she received the full force of the lines:

"And if thou say'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Highland or lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast *lied*."

Elizabeth delivered this defiance with such vigor and looked so pretty and foolish when Margaret had retreated with a howl, that I knew she had been believing that Blaisdell himself was before her.

I fared somewhat better with my penance, though I wonder if John knows what it cost me to eat humble pie; to watch Elizabeth's skirmishes and battles and to take no active part in them. I was constantly thinking of the most outrageous things to do and say, and as constantly restraining myself with the reflection that the man was a friend of my dear's, and that it behooved me to prepare his mind to receive, without too much astonishment, the news of our engagement when the time for its announcement should come. Even to be engaged is a little trammeling. I wonder what the Faculty wives will think of me when I am really one of them. I can't imagine what it will be like.

It took about a month for the report of the very uncordial relations existing between Professor Blaisdell and Elizabeth Alvord to reach the other members of the Faculty, and after that his life was made hideous about it. There was never a faculty meeting or a faculty dinner at which he was not reminded of his fair failure. For Elizabeth was undeniably lovely, one of the beauties of the College. She was immensely popular, too, with such of the professors as never tried to teach her anything. She was always gay, always entertaining, always ready with a joke or a funny story, and she never by any chance wanted to talk shop. When the Students' Club gave a tea she was always well in the forefront of the receiving committee. When a new student arrived, she was sent for by Prexy, and that student was intrusted to her care. When a girl fell ill, it was always Elizabeth who went to see her, who brought her books, who would even, if the student's earnestness demanded it, attend alien lectures and report them to the invalid. On these occasions she would take notes with a brilliancy and a grasp which would have made many an eager learner green with envy. But she always interpolated little personal remarks—the color of the professor's necktie, the progress of his cold, the rate at which Miss Perkins stared at him, the point at which Mr. Maimer fell asleep, and the word which Miss Jones said when her fountain

pen ran dry. All these things she would set carefully down, and she was quite capable of handing a report, thus decorated, to the professor who gave the lecture. You will easily see that these little characteristics, though agreeable enough in themselves, were not calculated to endear her to a man like Blaisdell. He generally accepted her remarks with a weary patience, and answered them with a silent inclination of his heavy head, though I sometimes thought I saw a flash of something which, in a more human being, might have been what scientific books call "the dawn of apperception."

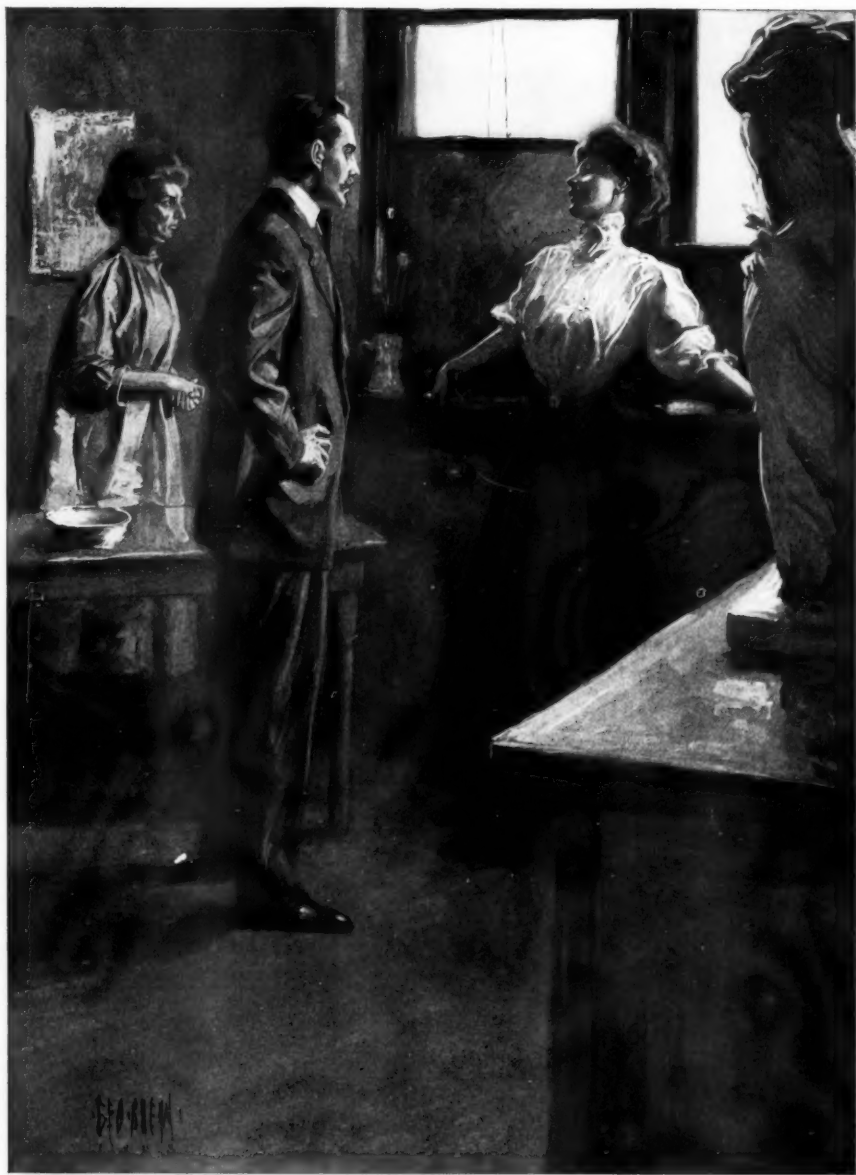
Week after week went by. The Art Department fell into step and marched steadily toward the Christmas holidays, and the spirit of the new professor did its good and perfect work. No one was ever late, except Miss Alvord. No one ever "cut" a lecture or a drawing hour, except Miss Alvord. No one ever answered the professor's Socratic questions with a conversational "I wonder now," or "I've never looked into the matter," or "What is your own theory? You've formed one, surely," except always Miss Alvord.

She was ever just short of open rudeness, or open rebellion, and she had a way of carelessly supplying the correct answer often enough to keep her standing on the books. But she never answered eagerly, proudly, as the other hypnotized students did. She always chose a difficult question, and she would produce the explanation in a detached, uninterested way, as though she had found it on the floor, declined to be responsible for it, but submitted it as an interesting object.

Then for some days she would play the rôle of Puck, and turn the well-ordered studios into pandemonium. One morning Mrs. Magrotty, the oldest of the post-graduates, hauled her drawing bench and board to their accustomed place, rubbed her glasses, adjusted them carefully, stared at the empty shelf before her, orientated herself by the casts and pictures round about, and then broke into a shrill:

"Why, Professor! Professor Blaisdell! Do step here a moment. Some one has eaten my model."

"Eaten your model?" repeated Blaisdell, while Elizabeth, in unseemly mirth, doubled over her board. "Eaten your model, did you say?"



Drawn by George Brehm.

"She was not in the least embarrassed."

"Why, yes," maintained Grandmother Magrotty, "eaten it all, and left nothing but the core."

And Elizabeth's only explanation was that she liked apples, and adored grapes. She was not in the least embarrassed, but I think Mr. Blaisdell was as he glowered at her. There are punishments prescribed for her offense, but she had rather outgrown them, he sadly realized.

She never did outgrow her healthy young appetite, and I often thought it was that which so endeared her to our Margaret. She could eat anything at any time, and the fair smoothness of her complexion, the radiant health which never failed her, spoke volumes for the power of her digestion. So did Margaret, insistently. She loved John, also on account of his capacity, and to him would she make her moan:

"That poor little crabbathawn o' yours gets no good of the little bit she picks. Not enough to keep the life in a bird has passed her lips this day, an' me makin' an' mixin' to try could I tempt her. If she was mine, as she is yours, I'd be in dread she was marked for a decline."

In vain I protested; in vain I referred to my quite satisfactory weight. Margaret's parting slap was always the same:

"Look at Miss Elizabeth, now; she'd eat all before her an' bloom like a rose. If that one runs short of wittles it's my belief she'd eat whatever came to her hand and thrive on it."

"Of course I should," Elizabeth would laugh; "I'd find food on a desert island. I just wish I was cast away on one." And superstitious people might think that she brought her adventure upon herself by tempting the fates like that.

The adventure originated, innocently and remotely enough, in the donation of a collection of marbles, newly discovered in a Grecian island, to the Museum of Art. Now the curator of the museum was a friend of our professor's, and Blaisdell was granted a private audience with the foreign ladies and gentlemen, or with such portions of them as had survived the centuries. He found them charming. I suppose their perfect calm and poise appealed to him. And he secured his friend's permission to convoy his students to see them, before the public should be admitted to that wing of the museum in which they were embowered amid

tropic verdure—borrowed for the formal opening from the Horticultural Hall—so that the beholder could form some idea of their appearance in classic days and groves.

Now, whenever Professor Blaisdell thought of his class, he thought of its fifteen or twenty young men and its ten or twelve young women who were really talented, and to whose teaching and advancement he devoted all his energies. It was his graceful habit to ignore the post-graduates and to disregard the flippant youngsters—Elizabeth and me, for example—who were taking the art course because it was easier than any of the others. There was no one to warn him that several of his predecessors had steered several excursions to different quagmires of boredom and discomfort, and that his younger students were bound by a horrible oath to attend no more of them. Only among the post-graduates, hungry for Eastern Culture, was this method of education tolerated. And on the day set apart for the Grecian sculptures, only three undergraduates rallied to the call: Elizabeth, because she wished to see Blaisdell writhing among the post-graduates; young Blair, because he scented an opportunity for confidential speech with Elizabeth; and I, because of a disagreeable sense of responsibility for John's friend and my own.

Elizabeth gained her object promptly. The Professor began to writhe immediately upon seeing the serried ranks awaiting him on the campus, and I was aware that, for a second's space, the excursion hung in the balance. But duty, and his own desire to look again upon the marbles, conquered our leader's indecision, and presently the cavalcade set out.

Some days in their earliest dawn are marked for failure, and this was one of them for Professor Blaisdell. Even the weather betrayed that conscientious educator, and drizzled miserably as we made our way to the nearest line of trolleys. You know how many different agitations beset the timid, middle-aged traveler. How she loses her purse, and then discovers it in the deepest dark of her Boston bag. How she draws out her handkerchief, and a shower of peppermint drops follow; how she trips up the conductor with her umbrella, and then entangles it in her neighbor's millinery; how in dozens of different ways she is miserable,

distraught, and flustered. All these vicissitudes and many more overtook Professor Blaisdell, and in each of them he was appealed to, until his temper, never of the best, seethed beneath his correct frock coat.

We reached the Museum wet, miserable, and bedraggled. There were a further series of *contretemps* in the vestibule, when the doorkeeper inexorably tore umbrellas, Boston bags, box lunches, and rubbers from the students, and when the amazed curator underwent a hasty introduction and a fire of questions. The Museum is always a beautiful and inspiring place, but on that day it was a veritable fairyland. Palms and ferns were everywhere, and the statues shone among them like the Gods and Goddesses they were. And the wide marble staircase was banked with orange trees bearing, after the wonderful manner of their kind, bud and leaf and flower and fruit. Elizabeth marked the latter with a cheering eye, and I think she was daring young Blair to get one for her—Eve to the life! When we had wandered to our hearts' content among the new marbles, some one proposed that, being in the Museum, we ought to go through it thoroughly—it was one means to Eastern culture—and the Professor, with the air of resignation which so especially exasperated Elizabeth, languidly agreed to act as cicerone. It was, I think, at about this time that I first missed Elizabeth, but I was so busy keeping Mrs. Magrotty quiet and preventing her expressing to Blaisdell her opinion of the altogether about us, that I had no time to run my friend to earth and to protect the decorations. Besides which, I sympathized perfectly with her boredom, and knew that if I had been fancy free I should have chosen, even as she had, to wander off with young Blair instead of being herded from room to room with a lot of steaming, mackintoshed females. When at last it was over, and we halted at the big front door, Professor Blaisdell counted his charges, and discovered that two were missing.

"Where is Miss Alvord?" he said, holding me responsible, as everyone did, for the eccentricities of Elizabeth, and I could only answer hopefully, yet apologetically, that I thought she must have been tired and that we should find her at the college.

But she was not there, and, though I waited until six o'clock, she did not come.

Young Blair, however, turned up, and reported that she had left him to rejoin us early in the afternoon, when he had stolen away to visit some friend of a later vintage than those among the ferns and palms. Then I began to grow uneasy, for, with all her faults, Elizabeth is a darling, and, with all her spirit, she is not the sort of girl to do anything really unmaidenly or rash. I hurried to the apartment, but she was not there. We waited half an hour for her to come to dinner, but she did not come. Then I rang up John, who was as blessedly reassuring as he always is. By this time old Margaret was in tears, and my dinner was a most uncomfortable one. Its climax was a frightfully burned apple pie, and I was wondering whether to do violence to Margaret's feelings or my own constitution when John arrived. He affected to treat Elizabeth's disappearance lightly, but I knew him well enough to see that it was beginning to trouble him. It was by that time half after seven, and quite dark.

"There is only one thing to do," said he, when another half hour had gone uneventfully by. "We'll ring up Blaisdell and get him here. He must learn not to scatter maidens about his path. He took her out; he must be made to bring her back."

I had no great confidence in Professor Blaisdell's interest nor in his power, but John blithely summoned him from his apartment on the floor above, and he was presently vowing that no power in Heaven or earth—or any other place—would induce him to conduct another excursion. It was worse, he vowed, than a fresh air fund outing, and he would be antecedently condemned if he had ever before heard of people, adults, he called them, who were foolish enough to get lost in a simple little trip of a few hours' duration.

"That's all very well," John reassured him. "Nobody wants you to conduct another excursion. We only insist that you finish the one you began, and find the sweet young lady who went so blithely and confidently forth into the world with you, and whom you heartlessly abandoned."

And then John began to discourse upon the charms of Elizabeth, and I began to help him. But our words were as nothing to the woe and lamentations of Margaret. She soon identified the ponderous stranger, who seemed to take up all the cubic feet in

our miniature *salon*, as the guide who had abandoned her darling, and she had given vent to a surprising amount of feeling before I could get her comfortably shut into the kitchen. I kept her there only by reminding her how hungry our poor lost one would be when she should be restored to us.

We thought and puzzled and thought, but we could get no farther than the fear and the hope that Elizabeth had been left in the Museum. Professor Blaisdell, looking like a man convicted of the blackest crime, finally determined to go back to the classic groves and look for her. He rang up his friend the curator, and found that the doors had been locked immediately after our departure, and would not be open again till nine o'clock the following morning.

"I should like to return there this evening," we heard Blaisdell say. "I—ah—mis-laid—something this afternoon. Yes, I should wish to go to-night. Immediately, if you can arrange it so. Yes, of considerable value. Oh! no, not a watch; nothing like that. The article is valuable mainly for its associations"—"I should not wish," he explained to us, "to let my friend know that I lost a young lady. It might strike him as being, ah—unusual—to say the least."

"So it might," John acquiesced. I was speechless.

Finally Blaisdell hung up the receiver and turned to us. "Miss Blake," said he, "I hope you will find it convenient to accompany me. The watchman at the Museum has orders to admit us on the presentation of my card; and you, Wentworth," he went on, turning to John, "you won't desert us?"

"Oh! no," said John, "I'll uphold you; but when you next take your little ones out for the day, you had better tie blue ribbons to their necks and lead them. This 'Little-Bopeep-has-lost-her-sheep' attitude seems hardly natural in you."

It was only by the exercise of great tact and strength that we separated Margaret from her bonnet and shawl and dissuaded her from accompanying the relief expedition, and as we were waiting in the outer hall for the slow-climbing elevator, she dashed, or rather lunged out upon us and forced a tissue-wrapped bundle into Professor Blaisdell's breast pocket.

"'Tis a sangwich for the lamb," she

rumbled. "'Twill stay her till I get the feeding of her again."

I was dreadfully uneasy about Elizabeth, but I was assured that she would be found, now that John had undertaken to find her; and even Professor Blaisdell began to be interested, and to lay out plans and to discuss what had better be done if our quests should prove unwarranted, and we did not find the child in the Museum. The watchman had his orders, and supplied us with little electric searchlights, with which we went flashing through the building like three giant fireflies. Professor Blaisdell soon wandered away from us, and John and I were left among the orange trees.

"What will he do when he finds her?" I asked, after some more personal conversation. "Do you think he will scold her?"

"I have been wondering, too," he answered. "He is really, you know, a very fine fellow, though neither you nor she believes it. I wish I could be watching."

"Oh! so do I," I breathed, "but of course we can't." And yet, after all, we were. We found her first. Poor little Goldy Locks, asleep on a bench, with her hat off, her coat rolled into a pillow for her tired head, and orange peels radiating all about her on the floor. Such a pathetic, forlorn, "Alas, I have no one to love me" little figure, with her heavy hair half loose, and her cheeks flushed with crying. She has always denied the crying, but when John turned his searchlight on her face her eyelashes were wet. And I don't see why she was not entitled to any amount of tears. It was a horrible situation in which to find herself. Locked into that great, dark building, all hungry and tired and lonely as she was. I was just about to touch her when John caught my hand.

"Let him find her," he suggested. "You and I can watch."

So we crept behind a person sans head, sans legs, sans arms, sans everything, and waited. Elizabeth, with the whimsical fancy which never deserted her, had chosen to go to sleep beside the statue of the poor little Babes in the Wood, and there she lay, as helpless and as pretty as the marble children beside her. And there the Professor, flickering toward her like a searchlight gone mad, found his valuable article. For some seconds he was perfectly quiet. But the light played over Elizabeth, rested

on the gold of her hair and the fairness of her face, thrown into such brilliant relief by her pillow of Persian lamb and lynx. Then it crept up to the statue, then down to the orange peels, then back again to her. And she was lying just as the little sculptured girl lay, with one hand under her cheek, and the other open, palm upward, beside her. For a long time he studied her face and watched her gentle breathing. And no wonder he was surprised. He had never seen her without the light of mischief and mockery in her eyes. With him she was always on her guard, always defiant, hard, and brilliant. No wonder he found it hard to recognize this pink and white lovely little girl child, gathered into a sad little heap in the corner of a bench. She looked half her size, and a quarter her age. Then he stooped and touched her hair; put one heavy wave, which had fallen across her cheek, back. I hardly breathed, for even I, to whom Elizabeth was so accustomed, cannot touch her without awakening her, and yet she slept serenely on.

Stooping so he caught sight of the tears on her eyelashes, he seemed more bewildered and more upset than ever. He caught his breath sharply, and Elizabeth stirred. Instantly all was dark again, and John and I, crouching behind the statue, were beginning to think he had lost the combination of his lamp. It was very weird and eerie to wait in that great, dark hall, with enormous statues looming around us, and to hear nothing except our own breathing and the faint, far-away clang of a trolley car. And then, just as I felt the silence unendurable, Professor Blaisdell turned on his lamp again and touched Elizabeth authoritatively on the shoulder. In the first instant of her awakening she beamed, absolutely beamed upon her enemy. She explained afterwards that she had forgotten there was such a thing as an enemy in the world. So for the moment Blaisdell was only somebody she knew, and she was radiantly, dangerously glad to see him, and Elizabeth dangerously radiant is not to be ignored. So he shook hands with her inanelly, and then produced Margaret's message before she was quite awake. When she saw the tissue paper and the fringed napkin she nearly, or I imag-

ined it, threw herself upon his broad chest, and she was in a whirlwind of chicken mayonnaise sandwich, and Professor Blaisdell was urging her to caution, when John and I bore down upon them. Presently we went out into the night, past the bewildered watchman, who saw four go out where he had seen but three go in. Altogether the events of that night might have puzzled the management, for, as I passed the orange trees upon the stairs, "I marked with one eye," as the Lobster says, that they bore, according to generous habit of their kind, leaf and bud and blossom. But no fruit. And even to this day Elizabeth's dauntless appetite balks at the merest flavor of oranges.

"For they were the cause of all the trouble," she explained, late on that historic night. "I wanted one off those foolish trees—wanted to see if they were real—and I had to wait so long to let everyone out of the way that I was caught. I shall never forgive Harry Blair. I asked him to get me one. And later I ate dozens of them. They *were* real—and nasty. As decorations they're beautiful, but as a diet!"

"You found what you lost, sir?" the watchman accosted Blaisdell respectfully.

"Thank you, I did!" answered the Professor, parting with a tip which made the watchman more than ever sure that he was suffering from a multiplying vision.

"Ah! sir," he went on, "them big buildings is treacherous places to lose your valuables in. It's not everyone that finds them again. You're very lucky."

"I am," said Blaisdell. "I'm sensible of that."

Yet John and I knew that for the second time in one day the Professor had lost something at the Museum of Art.

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Elizabeth, clutching my arm as we moved off under the trees. "I suppose I'm done for now, Marion. This is the worst thing I ever did. He'll never get over this night."

"No, child," I acquiesced, as I saw that our cavaliers were waiting for us, and that the eager look that I loved so well on John's face was shining now on Edward Blaisdell's. "No, child, I don't think he will."

SPOOKS AND TELEPATHY

BY G. STANLEY HALL



MORE than twenty years ago a small group of brilliant Englishmen organized a society to study what they called the supreme problem of all ages, viz.: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Not content with the mere faith and hope of the ordinary Christian, but rejecting the vulgar proofs of ghosts by the common ruck of spiritualists whose faith rested on mediums and dark séances, they were convinced that the time was near at hand when with the marvelous development of science, man was to know whether he was a mere pillar of dust thrown up by a rude whirlwind, or whether, as Plato suggested, his soul, if he had one, might blow away if he chanced to die during a high wind. They set to work by new methods, and soon attracted to their ranks hundreds of intelligent and titled men and women in England. They not only collected and printed hundreds of mostly first-hand experiences with ghosts and apparitions, especially of those dying or just dead, but sought, and thought they found, manifold proofs that strong mental impressions could be conveyed from one mind to another at a distance, in other ways than through the eye, ear, or any organs of sense. They named this extra-sensory transition "telepathy."

By the methods of these men, very many who had doubted whether their personality would survive death and whether they should ever meet with their loved ones in a life beyond, reestablished their faith and died happy in it. "We have demonstrated immortality to all candid minds," "The probabilities that the soul survives the body are at least some thousands to one," "We have made connections with the next world," are the triumphant phrases used

by various members of the group. Telepathy was thought to favor this conclusion, because it showed that the soul was independent of its bodily organs.

Now I do not even raise here the question of immortality, but will leave it just where it was. But I impeach all these methods of approving it. One slogan was: "Let us collect as many testimonies of ghost-seeing as possible, for every new witness adds another stick to the bundle which will in the end become so big and strong that nothing can break it." So hundreds of most sincere witnesses told, with all circumstances, of their own weird experiences, and these were printed and criticism rather defiantly challenged.

But this was a gross and preposterous methodical error. If every man and woman living had dreamed of hovering and floating it would not make levitation any more probable. Everyone who has had a hard bump on his head may see sparks, but this would not make the sparks real. Very many have at times "heard voices," but they were only subjective. It is hard to realize that your intimate friends, especially if they died suddenly and afar off so that we did not see the corpse or the interment, are really dead, and this has a good deal to do with "revenants." Moreover, no ghost was ever seen to do or say anything important, but all their reputed acts and words are so trivial as to intimate that such a life as they lead must be boring, and to suggest a parody of Homer's—better the meanest mortal on earth than the king of all those who throng Hades. Till comparatively recently the whole world believed that the sun went around the earth, but this consensus does not add an iota to the probability that it ever did so. The list of once universal superstitions is a long one, but it proves nothing.

So of telepathy. Once, working very late at night, I had an intrusive presentiment that something was happening to my sister, five hundred miles away. I noted the hour, wrote and posted my letter before retiring, only to learn in due course of time that nothing had occurred and at that moment she was sleeping peacefully. Such autonomous suggestions are common and occasionally there is a coincidence, but, although there are vastly more misses like the above, it is usually the hits on which tab is kept. For years I have had three sealed envelopes, privately marked so that I alone know the contents of each. In one I have written perhaps my most vivid emotional, in another my keenest intellectual, and in another my strongest volitional experience. I have over and over given one of these to clairvoyants, one of whom had such faith in his powers that he came fifty miles twice to see me, and at the same time I focused my mind as intently as possible upon the events and words in the particular envelope they were seeking to penetrate; but, though many have tried, no one has yet made the slightest approximation to success.

This is the best test I have so far been able to think of, because, were it withstood, the foundations of my skepticism would begin to totter. When anyone can so control conditions as to say in advance at such a time and place: "I will demonstrate telepathy to all who come as chemical affinity or the existence of ions are demonstrated," then I will believe. But how can I, as a scientific man, accept such an old, upsetting thesis as telepathy, clairvoyance or clairaudience on the hearsay evidence of some one whose ability to eliminate all sources of error I cannot possibly trust, although his integrity of purpose may be absolutely unquestioned?

For the last decade I have been purchasing conjurors' tricks. I now have quite an assortment of them, and although my performances are extremely crude, some of them are sure to deceive every one not in the secret. It is, I believe, a wicked though vastly exhilarating experience to have one's friends thus for a moment completely at one's mercy, and to listen to their labored and, alas! not infrequently superstitious theories about how it is all done. When the explanation is given, it is so simple and almost idiotic that there is not only

disillusion, but some mutual disgust, on my friends' part that I will descend to such gross means to deceive them, and on my own that they did not see through it all at once.

One rather intelligent spiritualist to whom I explained a new method I had paid five dollars for of producing a spirit message written between two sealed slates, chose to believe the ghostly "patter" that came with the trick rather than my explanation, and said at last: "I believe you are a real medium and that the writing was done by spirits, but you are a traitor to them because you are ashamed to confess their aid, and invented an explanation which, because it seemed more scientific, you thought more befitting your dignity." How can one deal with such credulity? I tried to have my visitor repeat the trick, but he refused, saying in substance that he did not propose to jeopardize his beautiful faith in the continued existence of his departed friends and their ministrations to him by going through any such spurious imitation of the real phenomena of the spirit world. He had the invincible "will to believe," and so believe he would. Very likely he got more out of his faith than I out of my doubt. And so, if pragmatism is true, he was right and I wrong. Or perhaps a true pragmatist would say "we were both right; he from his standpoint, I from mine." *Videant consules*, which means let the new-viewy philosophy of practice decide between us.

Now I do not and will not attack anyone's sincere religious faith. My spiritistic friends are welcome to all the comfort they can get out of their belief. Far be it even from me to deny that it may be true. Indeed, I often wish I could believe in it a little myself, although I would deliberately prefer annihilation to the kind of idiotic, twaddling life it appears that these inane ghosts of the dark séance live. My point is that there is not one iota of logical proof that a mind of a sincerely scientific cast can possibly accept, and that the whole matter remains up to date just where it always has been, an affair of the cloud land of wish, temperament, faith without sight, *fides querens intellectus*, but seeking in vain for real knowledge. I would only commend honest, earnest quest.

But these psychic researches seem to me not unlike that of Saul, who went out to

seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, in the sense that in their search for material proofs of immortality, they have found and collected a very precious body of data for that section of scientific psychology which deals with border-line phenomena between the perfect sanity which none of us attain and the distinctly morbid illusions, impulsive acts, and imperative ideas, and atavistic, psychic survivals of the old, barbaric, but universal belief in spirits all about us. Science, in Kant's well-known simile, is a solid, rock-bound island, built up by tiny contributions from hundreds of individual lives, but set in the midst of an unknown and tempting but foggy, uncharted, and dangerous sea. In this sense, even telepathy or "supermundane percolation" is of the sea and not of the land. Spiritism in its cruder forms is the very sewage of all the superstition of ages, and it is the common enemy of true science and true religion. Culture of every kind began in the denial of its claims. To clear up its dense jungles and to drain its fetid morasses is one of the chief endeavors of science. When we have the "dreams of a visionary" explained by those of a metaphysician, we envisage the very central stronghold of the enemy of all true, intellectual progress.

To begin with the most vulgar forms of so-called spiritism and mediumship, the intending student must first carefully study sleight of hand. Without knowledge of its methods he is absolutely helpless. I have purchased apparatus and the teaching that goes with it, so that I am able to do not only slate writing, but letter reading and materialization, each in several ways, so well that I nearly always deceive. There is a curious fascination about it and I have realized how easily I could become some kind of a hierophant or mystagogue with a cult. I must, of course, insist upon certain conditions. One cleverer than I in the business might easily balk me, although even with such an one I have a certain advantage in knowing some particular shift or device he may not know. Yet to see my visitors gape and stare, instead of impelling me to rest in their wonder at my performances, which has an exhilaration all its own, makes me feel compunction at allowing their credulity to exalt me, especially when no small part of my immunity from detection is due to the fact that they

respect me too much to suspect me of descending to and taking pains with such petty and detailed modes of deception as I must. Then, too, my diathesis is not to pose as a miracle monger. I prefer to explain my methods and to show my sometimes interesting and costly apparatus; that is, to expose myself afterwards. This is a matter of conscience with me also, and I am through and through a teacher.

Thus no investigator in the field of spiritism is worthy of attention who has not exhausted all the sources of error in this field where, if there are spiritual phenomena, they are only residual and to be demonstrated after all known methods of producing the effect have been exhausted. If my mother suddenly produced the slate writing I do under the same apparent conditions, but told me it was done by spirits, I should be indeed unhappy, torn as I should be between my trust in her integrity and my knowledge that she might do it in the same way I did it. Are there two ways of doing the same thing—one by natural and one by spiritual means, so that only the character of and our respect for a medium decides which to accept? What I can do as a trick could never convince me of spiritual agency. This common-sense principle then invalidates all the manifestations of conjuring in all those fields where it can produce similar results. This is an assumption of two of the best studies yet made in this field,* although the latest of them, after an admirable treatise on fraudulent, adds some hundred pages on what he calls genuine spirit phenomena, viz., raps, telekinesis, the levitation and elongation of Mr. Home, fire tests, and Mrs. Piper. Curiously enough, these latter he has not personally investigated, according to his own methods. They belong more in the psychological field, and it is easy to believe that an expert who brought to bear some acquaintance with border-line psychosis would explain these; and if as ignorant of physical deceptions as Carrington is of psychic, he would, conversely, credit the slate and materialization phenomena and eliminate as spurious those which this author calls genuine.

* David P. Abbott: "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums." Chicago, The Open Court Pub. Co., 1907. 328 pp.

Hereward Carrington: "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism." Boston, Small, 1908. 426 pp.

This brings us to our second requirement for any investigator worthy of credence, viz.: that he have a knowledge of exceptional facts and laws in the field of psychology. This is a vastly harder condition to meet because the field is more complex and our knowledge of psycho-physics is less developed, making the danger of error, even for trained men, greater. In the first place, the more honest and truth loving a man is, the less is he able to appreciate, or even recognize, the fact that there are minds which passionately love falsehood and deception, not only preferring it when truth would better serve their purpose, but loving, as a drunkard loves his dram, to look at white and vow that it is black. There is a mania to deceive and to be able to do so; especially to be able to deceive those of superior ability, knowledge, and standing has a peculiar fascination for some, either because it attracts an interest and attention they could not otherwise win or because it gives a sense of superiority over those they can fool, or again because truth seems tame compared with the morbid titillation they experience from violent ruptures with it.

The plain, true man, intent on knowing facts in this shadowy domain, should read the lives of the great impostors, the confessions of simulators and dissimulators, and study the story of hystericals and malingers and the genetic psychology of children's lies; then he will learn how human nature is veined and beaded with love of falsehood and imposition, which has had its own apostles and martyrs, as truth has had, and how there are men and women in the world all about us who will do, dare, and suffer all things in the service of the lie, conscious, deliberate, and elaborately systematized. It is their meat and drink to serve their father which is in Hell. And what chance has the honest truth lover, who thinks others are like himself, when he undertakes to investigate such psychic inverts? His simple mind they understand perfectly and use.

It would be invidious even to mention the eminent men who, in the last thirty years, not to go back toward the dawn of history, have been deceived to the top of their bent by such characters, chiefly by young and apparently unsophisticated girls. A number of these have been elaborately studied, made the theme of learned treatises,

prompted new, weird theories of the soul and the body, and even of the universe, and then in the end they have either been detected in or else confessed to the grossest fraud. And then, strangely enough, these eminent dupes have turned to others of similar ilk, who have not yet been detected, for further elaboration of their theses. Masters of the physical and natural sciences without the lifelong training in abnormal psychology now needful to know it, have been led strange dances by seeming ingenues. Some of these naive *Backfische*, with their braids of hair sedately hanging down their back, apparently paragons of innocence and unconscious, childlike sincerity, have really been preternaturally and plenarily endowed with all the craft and cunning to be found in the soul of woman—a field so vast that even psychologists are now only just realizing that as yet they know almost nothing about it. How these budding girls love to create situations and sensations! Older women with persistent adolescent diatheses have reveled in the attention they attracted in clinic, hospital, or in séance parlors with great savants eagerly noting all they said and did, who never dream of the precious subterfuge and wile their coy and bland exterior concealed. Such pathological specimens may mature as witches, or suggest harpies, sirens, or, if they become wives, fit the phrases of Kipling's "Vampire."

Again, as nine-tenths of an iceberg is submerged and hidden, and as it follows aquatic rather than aerial currents, so most of the human soul is unconscious; but it is just that part, with its own laws of which we know so little, that dominates trances, second states, hypnoidal conditions, etc. Consciousness is only the small fraction of the soul that projects above the horizon, threshold, or sea level, into the light of day, and is seen and felt; and if it were conscious, would itself wish and feel other things, but would not be aware of its own sunken bulk. The iceberg simile limps if pushed too far because the subliminal psyche is of different texture, and is more or less partitioned off from the super-liminal soul. But it is the latter which has to do the observing and studying of the former dark and more racial self.

Thus the former is vastly simpler and

easier to know and so has been that part chiefly exploited by the literature of psychology. The latter, however, is more co-extensive with the genus homo and so is a vaster and harder problem. Even yet scientific psychologists are prone to be superstitious about it. Those who regard it as higher than consciousness are right in that it is better organized, and dominates mind and will more completely; while those who deem it less perfect than consciousness are right in so far as it is immeasurably older, has left less knowledge of itself, is more instinctive, intuitive, and undiscursive. It has wondrous power to make sick or well, to kill or cure. It acts noiselessly, darkly, and often instantly, but gives no sign. It is the sugared-off resultant or the deposit of about all the once conscious processes since the phyletic history of the soul began. Consciousness is only that superficial aspect of it which is in the trial and error stage of being made.

Now when the sun of consciousness sinks, and all the countless star suns afar, most of them older and greater, come out in our souls, and we realize that our waking personality is only a tiny part of the psychic cosmos within us, then we understand that other systems and constellations, which the night side of our life reveals, may follow very different laws and reveal new elements and forces, because here we are reduced back to the pre-scientific stage of ignorance and superstition. But just as details, and proportions, size, numbers, distances, satellites, and stages of stellar evolution vary in it, as no single law of our own solar system is violated in the remotest astromic spaces where all are copiously illustrated, nevertheless, there are new ones. So unconsciousness differs endlessly and widely from consciousness. Yet it so far gives no sign of anything very diverse in kind.

This means that there is no clairaudience or clairvoyance save through the regular channels of sense, no powers in the depths of the soul different, save in degree, from those seen in ordinary life, that the deep instinct to ascribe supermundane power to unconscious states is only one outcrop of the profound interest of the individual to subordinate himself to the race, and that if there are coincidences between presentiments and events, this may be increased when we learn to use both our minds in

some sense as we use binocular, which presents more "veridical" objects than does monocular vision. From animism up, man has anthropomorphized, and now his newly discovered racial soul is again ascribing objective reality to its own subjective processes. Of old the racial soul was long haunted by belief in ghosts, and now that it is rehabilitated, it vociferates this inveterate belief with its first raucous utterances. It thought itself able to leave the body and visit distant places and persons, so now this atavism crops out as telepathy. Of old it held to visions, and this old faith in its new form becomes divinization, e.g., by crystal-gazing. Possession was once a universal faith. Its present recrudescence is the theory of control by spirits of people now dead. Once the rapt state inspired to vaticination and perhaps even to poetry; now it finds lost articles or tells what steamer or train to take. Once the ghost stood forth plainly, an awful apparition; but now he leaves his veritable presence to be inferred from some characteristic gesture, phrase, or ambiguous platitude scrawled on slate or paper, or, at best, he appears only as a shimmering, glinting, phosphorescent sheen, glimpsed in a well-darkened séance chamber. From all of which I conclude: Thirdly, that the student of these phenomena must be deeply versed in genetic psychology, and must know how the primitive savage and the modern neurotic mind works. But we are not yet very far advanced along these lines; and that brings me to my most important thesis, viz., that occult phenomena of the kind so copiously recorded by the so-called psychic researchers must first be used for all they are worth in interpreting the past evolutionary stages of psychic development. Otherwise, we can never successfully deal with the tendency of human nature to crassify its thoughts and wishes into realities; we can never evaluate the momentum from the time past which is in us all to believe in spirits and psychic miracles, instead of recognizing that the reign of law in this field is just as complete as in the world of matter.

I have visited scores of mediums, clairvoyants, etc., and once called systematically on everyone who advertised in New York and Philadelphia. I was earnest, open-minded, and seeking to help the Seybert

Commission appointed under a bequest for such investigation. Twice years ago I visited Mrs. Piper with a distinguished friend. At many a private séance, I have been given messages purporting to come from dead relatives who informed me that they are happy, are watching over me, that I have had great trials, losses, or shall have them, but usually that some great good is just impending, etc. The tone of such communications is usually optimistic and general. Some, however, give details which, by a little straining, I could make fit in to actual occurrences in my life. Other recipients of such messages do this and receive these vaticinations with passionate and sometimes pathetic joy.

The greatest bereavement of my life—such a one, indeed, as rarely falls to the lot of man—came without warning, and put out the two lives dearest to me, under the most painful conditions when I was quiet and happy a few miles away where I could not be reached for hours afterward. Where was telepathy or the psychic researcher's theory of the influence of the dying upon their friends, set forth in Mr. Gurney's "Phantasms of the Living"? Is my soul exceptionally opaque and those of my believing friends exceptionally translucent or receptive to such influences? Is their desire to know or to commune stronger than mine, and does wish bring its gratification to them and not to me? Are they so predisposed to believe that all their dice are loaded, and are they lynx-eyed for every confirmation while I am bat-eyed? Dr. Hyslop writes me I must make no conditions, but merely go in mask, skull-cap, and kimono to conceal my identity, and look on for at least ten sessions and see what happens, and that even then I may get nothing. I can hardly believe that any one could talk or otherwise "manifest" that length of time without getting something that seemed apposite to my case, for I have loved, trusted, had and lost friends and money, been deceived, had accidents of diverse sorts, and narrow escapes, mislaid articles and sought them, and then unconsciously remembered and found them, had strokes of good luck, also misfortunes, been ill, etc. A believer instinctively tries and perhaps makes great efforts to find in all his experience instances that fit the suggestive intimation of the

seer. Perhaps, other things being equal, older people with more experience or more vivid memory of the past are more likely to find fits. Perhaps she is an attractive ladylike seeress, and he as a man rather inclines to help her out, and may thus gallantly want to identify a shadowy face that appears in the dark. It is hard to be coldly scientific while such palpitating, human interests are involved.

Again, why is Mrs. Piper so secluded? Time and again I have written to her mentors, past and present, to help me to meet her. Their answers, always negative, would make a unique article: she is giving them all her limited time and energy; a new sitter, especially if skeptical, would just now interfere with their experiments; she gives only tests of a certain kind, presumably not my own; she is resting for a season and sees no one not in her contract with them, etc. We are told and may well believe that she is honest and sincere, but that eliminates only one of the many groups of sources of error. Who can repress admiration for Dr. Hyslop's sincerity, patience, and courageous advocacy? And yet we cannot accept his methods or conclusions.

Of course, we must investigate; I have hardly ever read a published study that did not shed light upon psychological themes. For myself, I think I would like to believe, but I cannot upon the evidence. How the Creery sisters, in the early days of the English society, fooled the savants, yet confessed later, one after another, that they had been impostors from the first! So long as proof for the stupendous and revolutionary claims of the psychic researchers rests upon the dream of A., the vision of E., the never-repeated tests of this or that student, the weird experience of some truly good and honest lady at some accurately specified time and place, noted at once and verified later, etc., we cannot possibly eliminate coincidence, incompetency of witnesses, abnormality of the process, errors in verification, the fallibility of human testimony, all compatible with the most perfect sincerity and intentional honesty.

Given full conviction of immortality and belief that the soul lives on after the body dies, and the feeling is very natural in these days of science that proof of it *must* be forthcoming. God or the universe are somehow wrong, are not dealing fairly

by us, if we cannot add knowledge to faith. Besides, physics in these days of magnetism, X-rays, and ions, predisposes its devotees in many ways to belief in action at a distance, and is this possible in the natural and not in the psychic world? This would be intolerable. Is the natural world superior to the spiritual? Is the psyche to be outdone by mere force? Thus the will to believe is in many minds too strong to be held in check by logic or science.

While I am not impressed or surprised by the fact that several physicists have become prejudiced toward some form of ghostly belief, especially in view of the marvelous developments of their science, there is one class of learned men the conversion of a single member of which would impress me, and that is the psychiatrists. Those who most often see trances, seizures, hypnosis, visions, ecstasies, and deal with extreme sensitives, dreamers, and those most hyper-impressionable, and those who deem themselves clairvoyant or clairaudient to agencies others do not perceive, have never in a single case that I can recall found in such experiences of their patients anything whatever suggestive of objective facts. It is they, who should know most of the exceptional in human nature and experience, who are thus most incredulous of the existence of spiritual powers or supermundane agencies. To them, the very diathesis of "mediums" is abnormal, and their experiences are purely subjective. Why has none of them tabulated the extravasations of madhouse patients to see if such a census of illusion might not have some basis of truth? Every vestige of the old theory of possession by disembodied spirits or other agencies, which once dominated medicine, is repugnant to the medical consciousness of to-day.

The sound psychologist must to-day, in my opinion, study all such phenomena with more care than he has ever yet done. This he is now doing. The results thus far point to the history of the race for ultimate explanations. The phenomena are devolutionary, are suggestive of the past and not of the future, are all infra- and not super-normal, sub- and never super-liminal, are analytic and not synthetic recrudescences of what has been often distorted and inverted, but never prophetic of what has been in the life of the individual or the

human race that is to evolve. In this domain we have received about all the help neurology is able to give us at present, and we are turning to classification of symptoms and their groups, and still more fundamentally to the detailed description and analysis of cases. But beyond all this lies a new dispensation in the field of borderline phenomena that will explain many, if not all, characteristic symptoms, illusions, morbid groups or experiences, by referring them to the history of the race and regarding them more or less as recrudescences with reversionary traits, as we are now just beginning to explain a few instincts in animals.

It would seem vulgarly sensational to issue a form of defiance to all the ghosts of all the dead, good and bad, antique and modern, to all the spooks that ever haunted your houses or castles, to every hero of every blood-curdling story ever told, to come and do their utmost, however much it would harm the body or soul of the inquirer in this or another world, provided only they could thus give convincing proof that they exist. Yet nothing less than such a challenge I have often heard a friend of mine make who vows he wants to believe but cannot and who lived tranquilly with this reiterated defiance on his lips until his natural death occurred at the age of eighty-three. Many, I fancy, are in about this state of mind. I have now a modest fund at my disposal and a committee, and we will welcome and reward anyone who will come to us and demonstrate either spirits or telepathy. But they must conform to *our* conditions and not impose their own, and their demonstration must be to *our* satisfaction, or failing this they bear their own expenses. These are the conditions under which the discovery of a new force of commercial value would be placed.

As to modern ghosts, from the neurotic Fox sisters down to our day, what did they ever teach and what have they ever said or done to give us an exalted ideal of another life? Must we not rather agree with Flournoy who said in substance that modern spiritualism is calculated to make him hope that death is an eternal sleep or annihilation for both ourselves and our friends if the alternative is to lead the puny, trivial, puttering life of the seance or the psychic research ghosts?



The Red Tapir

by Frances Pennimacoor. DRAWING BY ROY C. NEIL



LONG rows of long-faced women sat on benches against the wall staring into space and seeing in it nothing of interest, amusement, or comfort. A dozen "female clerks" beyond the rail looked unutterable things at piles of paper before them. At long intervals they shuffled them. Untidy stacks of pamphlets and bound reports littered the floor. Dusty letter files, overfed and rudely crowding one another, lined the walls up to the ceiling. One on the top shelf had quarreled with his neighbors, and had been thrown wounded on his side. For all the long time that I afterwards knew that room no good Samaritan ever lifted that poor, maimed letter file, or for that matter ever touched any of them.

This was the outer office of the Superintendent of the City School System. I was one of the long-faced women waiting.

My father had been a prosperous manufacturer in Trowville, but the mill that made him unmade him, too. He would not sell to the combination; it was *his* mill. His joy of life was running it. Neither would he shut down. Grim and determined he threw his earnings and his life into the hopper. He died.

When the executors were through there was nothing left but me and my clothes. I was reputed to have a good education. A dear old professor in Trowville College when I graduated urged me to teach in the Trowville schools.

"It is a noble, missionary work, Frances," he said. "Take your merry heart into a schoolroom. Give back to

the nation what it has done for you in school and college."

I never regretted those two happy years. They taught me more of practical knowledge than all the rest of my studying and reciting. But my father needed me and I resigned.

When I found myself called upon to earn my living in earnest, teaching was the immediate and natural idea that came to me. I thought at once of the city, because Peter Whiting, a graduate of Trowville College, was superintendent. He and classmates of his had often been at our house in the old happy days. More than that, the President of the Board of Education had lived at Trowville, and knew my father.

Therefore, I was sitting in the outer office of the school system.

After a long wait my turn came. An important young woman, with her head in the air, beckoned to me with a crooking gesture of the finger, and said solemnly, "The superintendent will see you now."

I went through another room of records, pamphlets, and reports, and then into the private office of the head of the system. It was an arsenal of papers, envelopes, and letter files. Superintending schools has become a science, and a very formidable one. Peter Whiting seemed to realize that. He was not as he used to be. His talk was in a low voice, and he glanced furtively around when he was speaking. I think the motto of his speech must have been "It's better to travel than to arrive." He seemed moving but came nowhere.

"Undoubtedly there would be vacancies when the Committee of This reported to the Committee of That. He would refer

me to So-and-so." He spoke without animation, interest, or inflection. All the time he seemed itching to get at work upon the pile of papers upon his desk. Even while talking to me or while seeming to answer my inquiries, he would take one of the reports in his hand and caress it with his eyes. I left. But Sally Howland, a Trowville girl, called on me. She

him analyzed. His wife and I are friends. I would be glad to go with you, my dear, but you will do better alone. Prink up to your highest register. After you are appointed, you can ignore him."

I did call at Mr. Pringle's office, in the wholesale butter and eggs district. I found him a perfumed, flat-haired smiler, with fat, pudgy hands, a weak mouth, and



"The superintendent will see you now."

had become a newspaper woman. She brought her old-time brightness and sparkle with her.

"You must see the president," she said, "Sam Pringle. I'll give you a note to him on *The Chronicle* letter head. Sam's full of politics and hope. You can manage him, Frances. He is putty in the hands of a good-looking woman. He likes to be 'it' with the ladies. I know him. I have

an uncertain eye. He was surprised to find that I sought work as a teacher and rather clumsily admired me. He was not openly offensive. He promised to look out for something for me.

A week ran on, and although Sally Howland cheered me up and brought from the superintendent a list of possible vacancies, I began to grow anxious. Then I received a note from President Pringle ask-



"He clumsily admired me."

ing me to come and see him. This time I was directed to his private office. The president was slopping over with affability. He said that I was too able for a teacher and that he had secured for me an appointment as principal of one of his schools in the best section of his city. I was as hearty as I could be in expressing my gratitude to the owner of the public-school system, though I would a thousand times have preferred that some one else had obtained the place for me. The president shook hands with me, and I went forth resolved to satisfy the parents of the children but to keep as far away from the president as possible.

In the first resolve I met with surprising obstacles. I had the country idea that I was going to help children learn to read, write, cipher, and say "Pardon me" when they went before a lady. Nothing of the sort. All the principals nowadays have their photographs taken sitting at a roll-top desk with an official document in the hand.

There is a game in which the players follow clues of thread stretched all through a house, over tables, back of pictures, up stairs and down, to find at the end of the string some trivial thing not

worth hunting for. They do that in school now. We go following mazes of red tape back through the dead past of achievement, to find, after laborious running down, nothing that we didn't know before or that ever makes any difference after. The findings are collated, tabulated, summarized, filed away, and forgotten. I counted the pictures on the walls; I took invoices of the apparatus; I divided the books into new, half worn, and old; I wrote detailed biographies of the educational life of every teacher, her length of attendance in different institutions, the books on psychology and pedagogy she said she had studied. I analyzed every woman every month and expressed her parts as "personality," "ability to see what is going on," "promptness and accuracy in making reports," "use of apperception," etc., etc. I made of my bright Miss Riley, for instance, her professional picture, which looked thus: A, B+, A—, A, B.A—, B, B.+A. That's what a teacher looks like to a modern superintendent.

We all had card catalogues in which the intellectual history of every child was recorded from the day he entered school. On the little unfortunate's card you could trace his wonderful jig-saw growth, reach-



"I analyzed every woman."

ing intellectual eminence at the last of every term, and then dropping to the lowest depths as he began with a new teacher. A man in the central office could tell you all the different guesses that had been made by every child in the city.

My resolution to throw joy and delight into the lives of children had to be postponed until I had learned double-entry bookkeeping. But my other intention, to beware of the lady-killing president, seemed successful.

He called upon me at the school a number of times and shook hands with our young lady teachers all through the classes, but my school never was especially popular with him.

When the term was drawing to a close I was almost exhausted. I had found a dozen dear, good girls among my teachers. Sally Howland had been a never-failing delight, but I had frittered away the whole of my time on trivialities. When I considered all the worthless things I had been called upon to do, I felt as though I had been writing names in water.

One hot Friday afternoon, toward the close of May, marked the beginning of a crisis for me. There was a stack of

blanks several inches high upon my desk, all due next morning for the superintendent's annual report. He was intending to make it specially valuable this year. He had been reading the reports of other superintendents, and had discovered things for us to investigate and tabulate. I had not then learned to "estimate" the answers to official questions and had worn myself out with summaries of child study, details of environment, and the number of children nearsighted in the left eye. I had a rack-rock headache. Had I been in any other work I might have gone slowly for a day or so and caught up afterwards, but that will not do in systematized schools. You have no hand in the management of your own time; every moment is provided for, and there is an inspector, or a director, or a supervisor, or an assistant superintendent, or the great man himself, hourly and momentarily imminent.

Now of all unwelcome persons in the world, Mr. Samuel Pringle, redolent of "Rose-in-bloom," came into my office and invited me to go riding with him. I pleaded unfinished reports and he dismissed them with a gracious wave of his jeweled hand. He was the president of the board

and he "could excuse any of his girls from reelin' off red tape." I pleaded illness, my head was almost splitting. He knew that the air would do me good.

The result of the interview was that Mr. Samuel Pringle was unmistakably vexed. He did not attempt to conceal his fretfulness. Evidently he classed me as an ingrate. I had injured my chances of reelection. Before me rose the dreary prospect of a woman looking for something to do, as I heard the wheels of the president's disappearing road cart.

Distressed almost to distraction by these things, I gathered up my report blanks and left the deserted school building. On my way home I stopped at a drug store for something for my headache. Red wafers was the newest thing. Every available spot in the store was brilliant with the vermilion signs advertising this preparation. I took one and went to my room to work. I did not go down to dinner, but figured away on my "comparative statement." The drug I had taken had but slight effect upon me. I went back and told the pharmacist that I had some work that absolutely required a clear head that night. I would be willing to spend all day Saturday and Sunday recovering from any effects if necessary, but I must have a strong stimulant until I completed my reports. He advised another red wafer and compounded some powders, which I was to take every twenty minutes until I felt better. He said that some felt unpleasant effects, but in eight or ten hours that would all pass away.

I swallowed the red thing and went home and took three powders immediately. Afterwards I took no more. They opened my eyes till I felt like an owl. They seemed to stretch the muscles of my face like the skin of a drum, but they cleared my brain until I could add figures even in double columns and get results that proved across and diagonally, as figures in school reports must do. There was one entry, however, that would not come right: the number of boys. I traced the discrepancy down to room No. 8. It showed thirty-six boys in one place and thirty-seven in another. The higher number had already been reported to the superintendent on a special kind of report and could not be changed. Search as I would I could get

only thirty-six as the total of the boys. So exact was the system of records that we had to show in "diary sheets," on lines numbered consecutively, the names of the pupils in our charge. An expert in the central office was assigned to detect discrepancies in the diary sheets. After they had passed beneath his evil eye they were laid away forever.

I studied the faulty diary of teacher No. 8. At length I found the day when she had written her boys' names wrongly, by leaving one blank line at the top so that her last boy was numbered thirty-seven. Poor Miss Blakelock! No sweeter, brighter woman ever came into a school. Boys adored her. But her constant terror was reports. Her records wore her to a frazzle. Should I take her diary to the superintendent in the morning and set him and his office force scratching, correcting, and readjusting the great summaries they had made? I knew the petulant rebuke I should receive. I knew the printed reprimand that would be sent to me and to the little Blakelock girl, setting forth the futility of "trying to teach children the indispensable quality of accuracy unless those in charge of them are inevitably correct."

"Fix it up," whispered the evil one.

"Be in every point of honor, nice," said my conscience, repeating the motto on the school wall.

"Think of the trouble you can save to many if you fix this little thing right here," said the bad voice.

"Be sure your sin will find you out," said conscience.

At last the Devil won me over. I would for once practice the secret trick of clever school teachers. I would fabricate a boy. What name should I christen him? A grimly humorous idea possessed me to call him after the superintendent whose great claim to fame is his ability to make two reports to grow where one had grown before. So I determined to call the boy Peter. But all the other boys had two names. I thought that Ananias would be a good one here and so wrote it "Peter Ananias."

I carried forward the correction through the arrays of penciled footings and trial balances upon the big sheet itself, and then drew the whole thing off laboriously upon



"The number of children nearsighted in the left eye."

the superintendent's copy, using the black ink for boys, the purple ink for girls, and the red ink for totals, according to the Handbook, page 96, sec. 3. Then I addressed the great envelope to the city superintendent and thought black, purple, and red thoughts. I noticed I had not crossed the "t" in "city," so that I had addressed the city superintendent. "That spells 'silly superintendent,' I reckon," said I, and the foolish thing seemed to me a great witticism. I determined to send it so. But I must have been hysterical, for I could not control my unseemly mirth. I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks and I shook like jelly. I had balanced the red-ink pen upon its bottle and I saw it about to fall. I jerked my hand forward to save it, and—oh, shade of Martin Luther in his cell!—I upset the bottle! The field of my labors became a scene of carnage. I used to faint at the sight of

blood. A lump settled in my heart. I looked in the glass to see whether my hair had turned white. I saw only a despairing face trying hard not to be weak.

It was now past midnight. I must finish before morning. The printed circular No. 619 emphasized the fact that the superintendent MUST (that's the way he prints it) have the report the first thing on the morning of May 28th.

I had several times during my unhappy year suffered the mortification of receiving a "hurry call" for delayed reports, and once a curt telegram had come to me because of some delay. I could not afford further to risk my position by any bad record at the superintendent's office. Whatever the cost, I must have these documents ready. So I prepared to walk to school to get a fresh blank. I presume, being a self-supporting woman, I should have been more courageous as to walking

alone at night; but I was very much disturbed. I reached the side entrance of the school and found my hand so unsteady that I could scarcely unlock the door. Once inside I found the place so dark and ill-smelling and so inexpressibly strange that it required the strongest exercise of my will to keep on my errand. I am ashamed to confess that the thought of my home life a year ago, pictures of the happy days in an unsystematized school coming upon

hook. But, no, it moved! It seemed to be crowding itself into the corner.

"Who is it?" I dared to say. Then in a strangely familiar voice, a voice that it seemed to me I had heard a thousand times, yet could not locate, there came from the cowering figure:

"I am little Peter; Peter Ananias." My first state was of bewilderment. Then I seemed to try to think that I was in a dream. I closed my hand so tightly



"I am Peter Ananias."

me all of a sudden, shook me with uncontrollable sobbing. I leaned against the railing of the stairs and almost collapsed with mingled grief and terror.

At length I groped my way to my office and by the light of a street lamp coming through the window I was able to locate the drawers containing the blanks. I rolled the whole assortment into a bundle, which I grasped tightly in my hand, and turned to start for home. As I crossed the room my heart stood still. There was some one standing behind the door! It might be my mackintosh hanging on the

upon the keys I held that I could feel the pain. I saw the light from the window casting strange shadows from the globe on my desk and the huge hand bell. I heard the large clock ticking in the hall and the paper rustling in the waste-basket as the mice labored to get the remnants of a luncheon. I was awake. There could be no doubt of that. This was no dream to vanish with morning.

"I am Peter Ananias, your little boy," the thing repeated.

I heard the rap of a policeman's club on a building across the way and his slow

step on the flagging. Should I raise the window and call out? No. He would find me here with this creature at midnight. It was better for me to try concealment. I sprang toward the door and pulled it shut from the outside, but after I had locked it I saw the dark figure in the very doorway I had secured, and it said in that familiar but puzzling voice:

"You can't lose *me*, mamma."

I gained the street door, I know not how, with the dark figure close behind me. I tried again to lock the door. The figure trotted along at my side. I held my head away, but knew it was there. We passed but two persons: they were men. They looked at me with suspicion. They turned around and stared at us after we had passed. The boarding house was dark and quiet. I knew that I must take this creature with me whatever would be the outcome. He was mine. He could not be left behind. I went to my room, the dark thing following me. I closed the door and lit the drop light. There was a heavy green cloth shade draped over it that prevented much illumination in the room, except upon my study table. My companion crouched in the farthest corner. As I turned my eyes upon him I shud-

dered at the unspeakable ugliness of his face. There was a spasmodic twitching of all the features, then in some horrible manner they seemed to meet together into a formless mass, with a sound like crumpling paper, or at times to disappear behind blue-black stains. Then they would take form again.

I noticed what I had not seen before, that he carried in his arms a little red animal like the rubber elephant I had bought that day for a kindergarten class.

"What is that, Peter?" I said.

"That's a tapir, mamma," he said, "a red tapir. Don't you know about red tapirs?"

"Why, I think I do, but you tell me."

"The red tapir, *tapirus rufus scholasticus*," said the boy as if reciting from an encyclopedia, "is a genus of the family *pedagogicus*. Its habitat is the jungle of the educational system. It is about the size of a common ass. Its favorite food is dates, which it consumes in large numbers, preferably in a dry state, though it will swallow almost anything that comes in its way. It has been known to devour man. The skin is thick and beautifully marked with figures. When hard pressed it makes a violent resistance. It is



"I played with my visitors until morning."

rarely killed and is increasing in numbers throughout America. When young it is a favorite pet."

He took from his pocket a spool of red-dish tape and laid it before the ugly little brute, which with its long snout, like a red finger, unrolled the long band upon the floor, and then rolled it up again, and repeated this several times, sporting with it like a kitten. Then it leaped upon a chair, curled itself upon the cushion and went to sleep. I loathed the thing and I loathed the other presence that seemed resolved never to quit me.

With mind almost frantic I took up my work. I transferred to the fresh blank the comparative summary of my different rooms and all that in them is. In the small hours I finished and proved up. Through it all, the thoughts aroused by the loathsome companions in my room exhausted me so that I seriously conjectured whether I should be able to survive until daybreak. But a worse experience awaited me. When I tried to sleep the things crept in beside me. Once when I did close my eyes one gripped me by the throat, and the other laid its nose on my forehead, so that I called out in anguish. Mrs. Barton came outside my room and asked what she could do. I ran to the door and cried that I had suffered from a dream, but was all right now. I abandoned all thought of rest. I dressed myself and lit the gas and played with my ugly visitors until morning. First I bedecked them from head to foot with little bows of red tape, which I made by splitting up some ribbon that I had. I tied them on the blue-black, crinkly, wiry hair of Ananias. He strutted up and down and wagged his red-tufted rat-tails so fast that in place of his head there was only a scarlet blur. The tapir whirled like a pin wheel of vermilion fire. Then I made for both of them little paper trousers and coats and hats out of report blanks, and they began to look too cunning for words. The columns separated by the red lines made pretty stripes for the trousers. I gave them pens for swords, and with a piece of string I fastened ink bottles on them for canteens, binding around them pretty belts of the same red tape. I unpacked some little red tapers that I had saved from Christmas, and stuck them into other ink bottles and lit them.

My mimic army strutted up and down the room. The report blank that made the cap for Ananias was so folded as to bring to the front the words:

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

I thought they made the funniest picture I had ever seen in the world, but by some contrary tendency I wept at it. Then I took a "course of study" and chewed it up, with which I pelted the ridiculous pair. Ananias threw the pellets back with great glee, but every one the tapir could reach he ate, occasionally quenching his thirst with draughts of ink. I think at last I fell asleep in my chair from sheer exhaustion.

I did not go down to breakfast in the morning, but at half past seven I prepared to take my reports to the superintendent's office.

"Where are you going?" said Peter Ananias, who with his little pet was still with me, though by no means so ugly looking now that I was getting more accustomed to him.

"I am going to the superintendent's office," I replied.

"Then I am going, too," rejoined he. "I want to see the silly superintendent. He needs another boy. He wouldn't want a girl, would he?"

"No, dear; a girl wouldn't balance."

When I stole out of the house holding my large package of unfolded reports, I was much concerned how to conceal my companions as much as possible. We reached the office, and the boy, with the tapir under one arm, clung to my skirts and seemed in terror lest he should be recognized. I shared the same dread.

Superintendent Peter Whiting came in while I was waiting, and Peter Ananias, like the weak coward that he was, hid tremblingly behind me. The superintendent did not see him. Just then I saw that Sally Howland was there, waiting for some story for her paper. From the look upon her face I was sure she had seen my distress and the clinging cause of it. I lost my courage. I repented of my sin. I threw aside all efforts at concealment. I took the erring diary sheet and showed the place where I had made Peter Ananias to set right the totals. The superintendent's face took on a deeper shade

of annoyance, but that soon gave way to the interest of tracing down the error. He swept his practiced eye over the whole sheet.

"Here is the original discrepancy," he cried, with a Sherlock Holmes effect. He pointed back to a date in April. He rapidly changed all the other totals affected, and then took up a steel eraser and went to work on the line where I had written the false name of Ananias: I felt the figure at my side writhing in pain. I looked and saw him disappearing in streaks. His legs were entirely detached from his body. There was a slash of nothingness across his breast. I saw my own face in the contortions of pain looking at me. As the superintendent made the last stroke with the eraser, I heard my own voice cry "Oh!" and as Peter vanished in the air, and the red tapir rushed at me I fell in a faint.

Sally Howland was the only person present when I opened my eyes to find I had been carried to a sofa in a room adjoining the main office. She took me to her home in a carriage. On the way I fainted again and she sought help in the drug store.

"I understand," said the pharmacist, when he saw me reviving. "This lady was here last night. She must have taken the powders all at once, or else be more susceptible to them than is usual. But it's funny why she should cling to that little rubber elephant that she is squeezing in her hand."

As soon as I was able, I wrote to the man in Trowville who had been writing to me. It was the shortest report I ever wrote. All it contained was "Yes, dear."

OUTWARD BOUND

By ETHEL ALLEN MURPHY

FREIGHTED with fancy, golden, frail,

There by the marge of day,

The new moon rears a slender sail,

Filled with the breath of the evening gale,

And over the bar of sunset pale,

Into the dreamlight gray,

Fearlessly steers for the mystic deep—

Into the night away.

Let us be sailing, soul of mine,

Far from the cares of day—

Unfurl your sail so fragile and fine,

Filled by the breath of the night divine,

And over the senses swift decline,

Out of the dream-light gray,

Steer for the deep of the unplumbed sleep—

Into the night away.

WHY MONARCHIES ENDURE

BY W. T. STEAD

WE have been resting undisturbed in the thought that the world-tendency is away from monarchies and toward republics. To this impression comes a flat contradiction from the pen of one of the most forceful and thoughtful of English journalists, a publicist of strong personality, whose opinions upon a wide range of subjects command the attention of readers everywhere. One does not need to affirm exact agreement with the views expressed in the following article to recognize the very great interest that they possess. Few men have wider acquaintance with the world and its affairs than has the distinguished English author and editor who here declares that "mankind is normally monarchical." It is not merely to the history of the past that he appeals for proof of his contention that the monarchy rather than the republic is the system of government that is to last. He looks at the world as it is to-day, and offers as his conclusion the opinion that the drift now is toward the monarchy. Mr. Stead's presentation of the matter is clear and interesting, but there is still room for divergence as to his conclusions.—THE EDITOR.



HAVE been asked to explain why it is that the so-called effete monarchies of the Old World are not showing more signs of crumbling into the ruin confidently anticipated by good republicans since the American Revolution inaugurated the era of the rights of man. Alas! the answer is very simple. It is all because of the Old Adam in human nature.

Monarchy is the measuring rod of the ineradicable savagery of mankind. If all men were philosophers, or all men were saints, the thrones might be sent to limbo, diadems put up at auction and crown jewels sent to the pawnshop. But, unfortunately, the masses of men are neither philosophers nor saints. Whatever may be the case in the free and enlightened republics of the New World, the inhabitants of the older continents have not yet emerged from the low level of comparative barbarism, in which life seems almost insupportable without a sovereign, and social order thought to be impossible under a republic. That

is the all-sufficient answer to the question which you have submitted to me.

To American citizens this may be sufficient. But nothing can be less philosophic or less saintly than to pass by in disdain on the other side the unfortunate majority of the human race which has not yet risen sufficiently high in the scale of civilization to appreciate the benefits of pure republicanism. It might, however, tend to facilitate the understanding of what Old Adam has to say for himself if I were, as devil's advocate, to explain why monarchy survives, assuming for that purpose the point of view of a political observer in a European state. In doing so I hope I may be allowed a license in virtue of the duties committed to the holder of such a post, who is surely entitled to the compassionate sympathy of mankind, since he must appear to all good Americans to have accepted the demoralizing, if not degrading, rôle of attempting to make the worst of the better cause.

Mankind is normally monarchical. The monarchies endure because they are deeply rooted in the constitution of the human

race. We may resent this or deplore it. But the fact is indisputable. Historically, republics are exceptions. Since the dawn of history, say eight thousand years ago, nine nations out of ten have always been governed by kings. At the present day nine men out of every ten on the world's surface are the subjects of monarchs. Nor can it be said that monarchy wanes with the spread of civilization. Nothing is more remarkable in the last quarter of a century than the revival of monarchy.

There was once a strong republican movement in England. It is extinct. In Italy republicanism was a religion. It is now merely the shibboleth of a party. Spain tried a republic and abandoned it. The simultaneous assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal consolidated instead of shattering the dynasty. When the most republican of northern nations severed its connection with the Swedish crown, the Norwegians immediately created a new monarchy. Not even the influence of the students trained in the American College on the Bosphorus could give the republic a chance in Bulgaria. The glories of ancient Hellas could not induce the modern Greeks to restore the republic. The present generation has crowned new kings in Serbia and in Roumania. Russian revolutionists are tolerably radical, but no serious party and no sane politician has proposed to replace the autocracy by a republican president. Outside Europe the ancient monarchy of Japan has proved in victory what the imperial throne of China has proved in defeat, the utility of the monarchical principle. Outside the American hemisphere, there are to-day only two republics of note, the ancient confederacy of the Swiss cantons and the not yet forty-year-old French Republic.

If a plebiscite were taken to-day throughout the world, and every man and woman were compelled to vote for monarchy or republic, not only would the monarchical majority be absolutely overwhelming, it would be greater to-day than it was fifty years ago. It is imagined that democracy is essentially republican. The truth is exactly the opposite. Democracy is essentially monarchical. Never was the political life of Europe more democratic than it is to-day, and never were European sovereigns more firmly seated on their thrones.

There is no paradox in this. It is in the nature of things. It springs directly from three things: the division of labor, the specialization of duties, and the need of a common standard, or central rallying point constantly visible from all points of the compass.

To some observers the puzzling question is not why European monarchies endure, but how long will American republics contrive to perpetuate their existence. In Latin America, the superstition of republicanism is wearing very thin. It can hardly be maintained that in Mexico the republic is other than a mere simulacrum. The Roman Empire kept up for centuries the nominal form of a republic, and President Diaz is as scrupulous as any of the Cæsars in refusing a kingly crown. But few European rulers grasp a more absolute scepter. He does not attempt to found a dynasty. Therein he also resembles his Roman prototypes. A monarchy is not necessarily hereditary. And the significance of the Mexican dictatorship lies in the fact that it is regarded with despairing envy by half the republics in Central and Southern America. In Venezuela President Castro is walking in the footsteps of President Diaz. In Colombia the president is dictator in everything but in name. In some other republics farther south, the formality of a presidential election is often little better than an impudent farce. Of government of the people, by the people, and for the people, there is but little trace.

In the United States, the sacred cradle of republican ideals, there are many who openly proclaim that the process of Mexicanization is plainly visible. The immense personal authority of President Roosevelt, his amazing energy, his masterful personality and the extraordinary completeness with which he embodies and expresses the moral, social, and political ideals of the average citizen, illustrate the better elements in which monarchy springs up. He has repudiated with emphasis any ambition to be elected a third term. But if the American republic were to-morrow threatened with serious civil turmoil or dangerous foreign war, could even his passionate refusal prevent his being compelled against his will to remain in office until the republic was out of danger? The instinct of the democracy in times of crisis is to

rally round the individual who is known and trusted. Before that imperious instinct, constitutional interests and traditional precedents are but as the withes by which the Philistines bound the sleeping Samson.

This, however, is dangerous ground. Let us return to Europe and take each of the monarchies in turn. I begin with Great Britain. Since the Romans evacuated the country, fifteen hundred years have passed. Of these only ten have witnessed even a nominal republic. Between 1649, when Charles the First was beheaded, and 1660, when Charles the Second was restored, England was a commonwealth in name, but during most of that time one Oliver Cromwell

Made his simple oaken chair
More terrible and grandly beautiful than throne
of English king
Before or after.

In the slow but steady evolution of democracy in Great Britain, the old, almost absolute monarchy of the Tudors and the Stuarts has become a "crowned republic" whose "crowning common sense" has been shown in nothing so much as in keeping the crown on the republic. Forty years ago there was a great republican movement among the English workmen. The present king, when in his prime, was wont commonly to remark among his intimates that he never expected to mount the throne. Victoria the Best was to be the last of English sovereigns. In the early seventies the movement culminated. The illness of the Prince of Wales, which sent the nation to its knees, recalled to the public mind the long tradition and the practical utility of the monarchy. From that time the progressive triumph of democracy kept pace with the increasing popularity of the Throne.

I remember in 1887 creating a public scandal by publicly asking the question whether the Throne would survive the demise of Queen Victoria. Ten years later such a question would have seemed not so much scandalous as ludicrous. To-day there are socialists in Parliament and in the country, but no republicans. Every conceivable reform is publicly discussed, but no one in the press or on the platform ever moots the establishment of the republic.

When we ask what are the causes of the amazing revolution in public opinion we find, as usual, that they are many and subtle. The old enthusiastic faith in republicanism as a religion died with Mazzini. The French Commune gave it a death blow, and the sober, drab commonplace French Republic wrote its epitaph. The reputation of the monarchy profited by the remarkable combination of domestic virtue and political wisdom exhibited in the person of Queen Victoria. She was no infallible stateswoman, but she averted war with the United States, saved England from war with Germany, and embodied, as no sovereign had done since Queen Elizabeth, the imperial instinct of the race. At the same time that she was wise and potent in council she was the beloved mother of her people, to whom they turned instinctively in every hour of national crisis or private grief. A third element was the growing self-consciousness of the English-speaking race as a unit.

The colonies are all republics in essence, but there is not one that would not feel that the disappearance of the diadem would weaken the bonds of empire. And yet the fourth factor must be mentioned, a growing sense of the utility of keeping a sovereign to be the servant of his subjects. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has publicly declared that he regards King Edward as the most useful ambassador for peace of all those who are in the diplomatic service of the empire. If this is the deliberate judgment of the author of "Triumphant Democracy," it is not to be wondered at if Englishmen regard their king as one of the most useful assets of the empire.

The greatest stimulus to the monarchical revival in Europe came from Germany. The rise of Prussia from a third-rate state to be the overlord of the continent was the work of the Hohenzollerns. They represented the monarchical principle and they triumphed all round. When they unified Germany and crushed France they proclaimed with thunder peal the utility of monarchy in the modern state. Nothing succeeds like success, and monarchical Germany was supremely successful. It was the statescraft of Bismarck and the genius of Moltke which founded the German Empire. But neither one nor the other could have achieved anything if he had not had a mon-

arch at his back. The Emperor William was no genius. Bismarck often wrung his hands in wrathful despair over his sovereign's stupidity. But despite that stupidity, the Prussian king and German emperor was indispensable. The personal loyalty excited by his person, the constant presence of a stately figure as the gonfalon of the Germans, the instant obedience which he could command in the army and in the civil service, were indispensable elements in the making of the German Empire.

The present Kaiser, a younger Roosevelt born in the purple, if not quite the ablest of Germans, is far the most striking personality, the most all-pervading influence, the most constant stimulus to be found in the empire. He is a born journalist, a flamboyant orator, an Admirable Crichton on the throne. It is almost impossible to conceive of Germany without the Kaiser. A man deeply religious, intensely earnest, full of vibrating vitality, he makes plenty of mistakes, but it is doubtful whether even the Social Democrats would prefer to replace him by a president. Certain it is that if they did, the German Empire, as an organic unit, would not long survive.

If we turn to France we find the only republic among the great powers. France hewed off the head of her king one hundred and fifteen years ago. Of these one hundred and fifteen years, only forty-five have been republican. The first republic gave place to the first Napoleon, the second to the third. Not until 1870 was a republic firmly established in France. At first it was a republic without republicans. Afterward it developed into the humdrum republic of Loubet and Fallières. It has at least one great merit. It has survived. And it has kept the peace. It has survived because it has kept the peace. And it has kept the peace in order that it might survive.

Nothing can more signally illustrate the deeply rooted conviction of the republicans themselves that the republic is more or less ephemeral and unnatural, than the dread, constantly expressed and instinctively acted upon, that war, whether successful or unsuccessful, would be fatal to the republic. In the ecstasy of victory, the successful general would be acclaimed as the savior and therefore the ruler of France. In the re-

sentment of defeat the nation would turn and rend the institution which had not saved it from disaster.

The republic has undoubtedly stood France in good stead. It has piled up her debts, but it has made her the banker of the world. "Ideal France, the deathless, the divine," "the poet of the nations" who "wails on forever after some ideal good," has not been much in evidence. But in the place of the France of St. Louis and Jeanne d'Arc there has arrived a comfortable, somewhat stodgy France, whose politics are banal and whose aspirations are essentially materialistic. Her neighbors sleep more soundly because there is no monarch wielding the Sword of France, but to be regarded as *une quantité négligeable* has never been a cherished object of national ambition.

How far the republic has given France a pure and an efficient administration it is difficult to say. Certain it is that in France you hear endless stories of the way in which the public service is sacrificed to the interests of the relatives of deputies. And equally certain it is that the Germans always speak with the most sovereign contempt of what they regard as the rottenness of French government. They may be wrong, but the revelations made from time to time by the French themselves as to the state of the navy seem to afford some justification for the disparaging estimate of the Germans.

From France proceed to Italy, the classic land of republicanism. Here if anywhere in Europe, the republic might be expected to have struck deep root. The glories of the Roman republic are among the imperishable memories of the human race. Even in the middle ages Rienzi's brief and romantic adventure showed that the republic was still a name to conjure with. The Venetian republic lasted longer than any other republic in history. The dazzling romance associated with the fortunes of the Italian republics has still irresistible appeal to the imagination of mankind. In the middle of the nineteenth century the apostolate of Mazzini and the knight-errantry of Garibaldi led to a brief resurrection of the Roman Republic, and the religious enthusiasm aroused by the republican propaganda led many to expect that when the Bourbon and the Hapsburg were driven

out of the peninsula the people of Italy would be content with nothing but a republic. So far from this being the case, the unification of Italy was achieved by the monarchy of Savoy, whose dynasty sits secure in the city of the Cæsars.

To-day the republican cause excites no enthusiasm, even among its own partisans. There is not a statesman in Italy who would replace, if he could, the king by a president. It is everywhere realized that the stability of the existing institutions is far more effectively secured under a monarch reigning by hereditary right, than by a president whose election would revive ancient rivalries and endanger the foundations of the state. There are few abler men in Europe than the present king, no one who has been more carefully trained for his supreme position, and no one who could more loyally accept the conditions of the modern kingship in these democratic days. The only criticism I heard in Italy was that the king was too constitutional. So far from abusing his prerogatives in order to exert personal power, he is accused of shrinking from the exercise even of the legitimate influence which belongs to one placed as moderator above the strife of parties. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, the monarchy in Italy makes for peace, for progress, and for the steady evolution of democracy. After fifty years' experience the deliberate judgment of the shrewdest political nation in Europe has decided for the monarchy and against the republic.

In the other Latin countries, the monarchy holds its own. In Spain there have been revolutions and changes of dynasties, and for many years their monarch has been a child. A desperate attempt was made under the ablest orator in Europe to found a republic, but the enterprise foundered in disaster. In Portugal, where the example of Brazil exercised a certain republican influence, not even a dictatorship culminating in two assassinations has shaken the devotion of the people to the throne.

Elsewhere among the minor states the same phenomenon is everywhere manifest. Not even the personal vices of Leopold can provoke the Belgians to advocate a republic. The only complaint of the Dutch against their sovereign is that she has not yet borne an heir to the throne. Denmark

is radical to the backbone, but the Danes are content with their king. The Swedish dynasty is hardly a hundred years old, and was founded by a Frenchman, but the loyalty of the Swedes to their king could not be greater if he had been of the blood and lineage of Gustavus Adolphus.

Norway, Roumania, Serbia, and Greece have all provided themselves with kings within living memory, and now Bulgaria also dons the regal circlet. There remain to be considered the two great eastern empires, Russia and Austria-Hungary. In Russia we see an autocracy under a Tsar who by temperament is incapable of being an autocrat. Under Nicholas II the monarchy has been reduced to an irreducible minimum. Living secluded in his palace, constantly menaced by assassination, invisible to the majority of his subjects, an absentee sovereign in a period of revolutionary stress, there is not a sane man in Russia who would deny that even in this attenuated relic of monarchy there lies the only security for the cohesion and the existence of the empire. There are one hundred and twenty million inhabitants of Russia in Europe and in Asia, of whom it is doubtful whether twenty million have even heard of such a thing as a republic, and it is certain that not one million would establish a republic even if they were invited to do so to-morrow. There is such a virtue inherent in the very institution of monarchy that it supplies a greater safeguard to the state than the greatest genius of the best president, who might be elected by universal suffrage.

But the most signal illustration of the utility of monarchy is supplied by the experience of Austria-Hungary. The complex congeries of warring races, of rival religions, over which Francis Joseph has reigned for fifty years, could not have been held together without a sovereign. The empire has been revolutionized. It has been ejected from Germany and from Italy. From being the most conservative of feudal despotisms it has become the most democratic of states. And as the net result of all the permutations of politics, the emperor-king is more firmly seated on his ancestral throne than when he was first invested with the scepter. This is due no doubt in great measure to his own exceeding sagacity, industry, and good sense. He

ha won universal respect by the impartiality of his judgment and his patient persistence in the path of duty. But if he had been twice the man he is, he could not have accomplished half of that which he has achieved if he had been the representative of a party constantly preparing to appeal for the votes of the electorate.

Sovereigns in a modern state are carefully trained for the duties of their high office. They are taught from infancy that they must scrupulously respect the sovereignty of the people. They are secluded from the strife of parties. They are saddled with immense responsibilities and are bound over under tremendous penalties to respect the limitations of their position. They alone tower aloft, permanently visible before the eyes of the multitude. The nation accepts them as its personification

and is linked to them by the innumerable intricate ties of domestic life. They supply the stately central figure without which the pageant would be meaningless. They combine the glamour of history, the majesty of the throne and the personality of a human being whose life is constantly spent from the cradle to the grave before the gaze of his subjects.

We hear much of the coming federation of the world. There is no doubt that the idea of a World state has made much progress of late years. But there was no wiser word spoken at the recent conference at The Hague than the remark that nothing would contribute more to the peace of mankind and the avoidance of war than the installation of some great impartial peacemaker who would act as the Francis Joseph of the world.

CHOICE

By JOHN RANDOLPH STIDMAN

AFTER all, and after all,
Since ever the world began,
Just two have lived, and two have died,
In lowly mien, in lordly pride,
The rogue and the honest man.

After all, and after all,
The classes are but two;
And both are rich and both are poor,
And both still know, as they knew before,
The things that they ought to do.

After all, and after all,
Escape it we never can;
Only the choice of one have we,
And you must be and I must be
A rogue or an honest man.

THE SPOTTED PIG OF MAGGIE

BY JAMES GARDNER SANDERSON



HE heavy snout of the roadster projected itself suddenly from behind the privet hedge, and the car slithered out of the twilight noiselessly, shrieking and roaring a protest a moment later as the clutch came out and the emergency shot on. The Honorable Dennis Coogan withdrew the battery plug, and as the engine died leaned back, removed his gloves and consulted his watch.

"Thirty-five and three quarters from me office; not so bad," he muttered. Then as the quiet of the house called him to consideration of things other than speed, he sounded the horn impatiently. Coogan did not like to wait, but for five minutes the silence seemed to deepen. Again the horn blared, and then again, and at the last a final angry imperative summons. "HONK! HONK!"

For a moment the soft rustling of the maples gave back the only reply. Then the farther hedge by the barn parted and a small bowed figure stumbled breathlessly over the brow of the hill and up the drive.

Coogan turned downward an impassive gaze, regarding him quietly for a full minute, while the little old man grew smaller and wiped his nose in his sleeve.

"I towld you, Mickey," he said softly, "that the last time you kept me waiting was the last."

The hunchback raised his eyes imploringly. When the brogue came on Coogan and he spoke softly, his world knew that generosity was the only saving grace invokable. Mickey knew both the grace and the anger.

"Dinny, boy," he begged.

"Was th' last," said Coogan inflexibly.

"Ye'll move out of your house to-morrow. Come to me to-night for your wage."

"Dinny," gasped the old man pleadingly.

But Dennis Coogan was climbing down from the car and proceeding up the steps of his summer home.

"Wirra! Howly Saints," moaned the old man. "Is it lave me bit house ye bid me, Dinny? Is it turnin' me an' Maggie out widout a place to lay our heads ye'll be doing, Dinny?"

"And the little pig," said Coogan somberly, from the top step.

"Ochone, then, 'tis he that's the lucky little pig, for this tin minutes he'll not be worrying. Sure 'twas that kept me, Dinny—the little pig. Oh, the Black Day!"

Out of the garbled lamentations of his servitor Coogan gathered the impression of a pig in distress. The animal had been noticed, and he was betrayed to interest.

"What'll ye be tellin' me?" he asked shortly.

"Thim bloody railroads," whimpered the old man.

"Faith, thin, a killed pig is pork," said Coogan.

"'Twas a spotted pig," replied his servitor, straightening a shade under his deformity, "and it was Maggie's."

Coogan turned and entered the house.

The affairs of the day had not been marching well for the Czar of Dalton. Cassidy, his chief political lieutenant in the county, had brought a smoldering disaffection to a crisis that afternoon and had openly shown insubordination in the matter of an appointment. An arch enemy, one Gettstal, whom Coogan had deposed politically, had been moving underground, and Cassidy, the lieutenant, had fancied possibilities of a more advantageous alli-

ance. It had been necessary to shear his power and reduce him to the ranks, for Coogan played the game alone and shared his throne with no one. Moreover, he was a good hater, and he hated Gettstal. When he had finished with the aspirant he had been discharged from his position, ousted from a City Hall sinecure, three banks had called his loans, a landlord's warrant had been served on his furniture, and his grocer refused to send him a peck of potatoes on credit. Coogan never used half-way measures in quelling a rebellion.

While the result had been a thorough victory, the incident had somewhat ruffled his temper, and old Mickey Calligan had been unfortunate in the psychology of his tardiness. Coogan was democratic, and his servants called him by his first name, but there was little contempt in the familiarity. Mickey knew the mind of his master seldom changed, and that there was small chance that his too vinous incapacity should remain longer on the pay roll. For two years—since the day that Coogan had picked him from a starving living at boot shining in a Fifth Ward saloon and placed him in charge of his grounds—Mickey had known a home. The little weazened, weak-eyed hunchback as a result adored his master above all else in the world—except his granddaughter Maggie. His wife, his son, and his son's wife were dead. There was no one but Maggie.

Consequently, Mickey went dumbly to the barn and packed his few belongings. He knew where Maggie was, and when he had done he went through the hedge with his lantern and down the bank to the track. He found her just within the right-of-way fence, and he sat down to comfort her, for Maggie was only seven, and she was crying bitterly.

The little pig lay with its head in her lap, his eyes closed forever. Where the cruel bar of the engine had struck lay a purple stain. It was a very small pig, and it had not taken a great deal to make an end to its happy, trotting life. He had not even squealed, Maggie told her grandfather between sobs, and, oh, he was such a good little piggie! A fresh shower of tears followed each tribute, and Maggie wept bitterly, bowing the tear-stained quaintness of her face in woe over the clay of her pet.

"Acushla," pleaded Mickey, kneeling and encircling the little figure, "don't be takin' on so. Grandpap'll get you another pig. Sure 'twas only a tiny wan."

"I do—don't want another wan," choked Maggie. "I want this wan. He was my piggie and he wasn't doing anything at all."

Mickey considered helplessly. "Whisht, now," he at length cajoled in hope, "wud ye not like *two* little pigs?"

But Maggie refused to be comforted. "'Tis this wan—'tis my piggie I want. Oh-h, dear; oh-h-h, dear!"

Mickey sniffled back evidences of his own rising grief, and beat his brains vainly for an offering of aid. Maggie eased into quiet weeping and the pig lay still.

Into this circle came Coogan. Appetite had waited on good digestion; his cigar tip glowed in the night. The pig had intruded on his thoughts as the memories of his recalcitrant henchman of the day had slipped away, and he had somberly sought the scene of the tragedy. In the flickering lantern light he looked down upon the old man and the little girl.

"Ye were walkin' on the track, Maggie?" he inquired dispassionately at last.

"She was comin' home from huckleberries," answered Mickey. "'Twas on th' crossin' there. And th' engine did not whistle at all at th' curve. How was th' poor girl to know?"

Coogan looked up the track; the crossing was at his feet, and the red light of the station signal twinkled on its pole beyond the bend not more than two hundred feet away.

"A public crossin'," he mused. "'Stop, look, and listen.' Did ye do that, now, Maggie?"

Maggie nodded vague affirmation. Then grief overcame her again. "My piggie! Oh-h, my piggie!" she whispered chokingly.

"Mavourneen," urged Mickey again. "Don't cry now. Pappy'll get you another bit pig."

Maggie sprang to her feet passionately. "I tell you—" she began, and Coogan interposed.

"'Tis this pig she wants, Mickey. Have ye no sinse at all? Wait yet." He stooped and picked it up in both his hands, scanning it, while the little girl watched breathlessly. "Aha!" he continued in triumph,

warning the old man by a nudge as he spoke. "'Tis as I thought. Hush you, now, Maggie. The little pig is not dead at all. To be sure he's very sick, but I think if I sent him to the pig hospital in th' city he'd get all well."

"Oh-h!" said Maggie rapturously, clasping beseeching hands.

"All well," repeated Coogan. "Come, now." They went up the hill together, Coogan carrying the spotted pig. At the door of Mickey's house next the barn they paused. Mickey's box stood in the center of the floor ready for the carrier. His master surveyed it.

"Ye can unpack it, Mickey," he said gently. "I'll be needin' you to take the pig to the hospital."

And that night after Maggie was sound asleep the lantern flickered over slowly turned sod. The little spotted pig went to rest, decently interred at the hands of a little old hunchback living in Heaven after an evening at home in Hell. When Maggie waked in the morning the piggie had gone to the hospital. It might be long or it might be soon before he came back, but come back he would, safe and well, for Coogan had said it. What Coogan said he also did. And Maggie possessed her soul in great impatience.

Within a day or so after these occurrences a letter of which the following is a copy was received at the executive offices of the Dalton & Northern Railway Company.

DALTON, PA., Apr. 30, 1908.

AUGUST J. GETTSTAL, ESQ.,
President D. & N. Ry. Co.,
Gettstal Building,
City.

Dear Sir:—On last Thursday train No. 4 of your Company wantonly ran down and killed a spotted pig at the Eastbourn crossing. My client, Mr. Michael Calligan, has instructed me to notify you that he considers the loss of the pig, together with his mental and physical suffering arising therefrom, to have damaged him in the sum of ten thousand dollars. I am authorized to bring legal proceedings in the event of a failure on your part to make some prompt adjustment of this matter and I remain awaiting your early reply.

Very truly yours,

L. STUART LANG,
Attorney-at-Law.

In due course the usual reply found its way to the letter basket of the attorney for the plaintiff.

DALTON, PA., May 18, 1908.

L. STUART LANG, ESQ.,
Attorney-at-Law,
Union Bank Bldg.,
City.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your letter of April 30th to Mr. Gettstal and referred by him to us regarding claim for spotted pig, we have to say that upon investigation by this department we are not of the opinion that the claim is tenable. We must decline to make any settlement therefor.

Very truly,

E. J. GEIGER,
Mngr. Claim Dept.

Coogan happened to be in the lawyer's office when this gage of battle arrived. He read it, as Lang tossed it over to him, and smiled with relief.

"Faith, I believe I was afraid for a minute he would settle," he said, "just when I had me mind made up for a fight. And now have ye got the bit bill drawn yet?"

Lang removed a pigeon-holed file for inspection, and Coogan browsed over it in silence for five minutes. "'Tis all right," he said at last decisively. "'Twill make him sit up. And when can ye take it down?"

Lang consulted his memoranda. "Friday?" he asked.

Coogan nodded. "Ye'll go first to the Pinnsylvania, Lackawanna, and the Lehigh, and put thim wise," he commanded. "After that, rush it through. Meanwhile you might start th' two-cint rate bill going and have one of the boys get up a statement to file in the lawsuit, just to keep them busy."

"What's the end to be?" asked Lang curiously.

"Why," said the boss blandly, "nothing in particular. Only that the Dutchman's been butting in again. It's going to cost him money and make some for me. Thin he's going to git me wan spotted pig."

Lang grinned, but Coogan soberly took his hat from the floor and his departure. A little later he stopped off at his brokers, and left instructions to sell D. & N. Ry. on Saturday morning, offering it down in lots of five hundred or a thousand to the

best advantage of the market. He happened to know that Gettstal was long of his own stock.

Let the following events be not readily comprehended, it should be known that the Honorable Dennis Coogan held absolute control over a certain carefully selected portion of the State Legislature. As this control represented the balance of power, it was a business asset. When, therefore, any legislation inimical to corporate interests was up for discussion at Harrisburg, Coogan's position was not without strategic importance. It should also be known that the Dalton & Northern Railway extended from Coolton to Hazleville. The route was not over seventy miles in trackage, but it tapped every village in the Luzawanna and Wyerne valleys—villages so close together as to form almost one continuous town. The traffic was enormous.

On Saturday morning a bill was presented in the House of Representatives providing for a universal maximum two cent per mile rate throughout the state for the passenger traffic of all railroads within its border. Gettstal merely grunted when his secretary showed him the telegram from the D. & N.'s Harrisburg attorney. The "two-cent bill" raised its head regularly every session, and was as regularly beaten to subjection by the big roads.

"Led de Bensusy dague gare uffit," was what Gettstal's gutturals sounded like. His meaning was that the Pennsylvania lines might, in his opinion, be trusted to perform their usual part. And so for a week the sagacious Teuton gave his attention to other things—mainly to the attempt to protect D. & N. on the New York Stock Exchange from an inexplicable heaviness.

By the end of the week Gettstal had become somewhat perturbed. D. & N. still sagged, and his brokers had called twice for heavy margins. Moreover, disquieting reports were filtering in from Harrisburg, for the big roads were strangely passive on the matter of the two-cent bill, and its progress toward final passage appeared unobstructed. These two circumstances were in themselves enough to cause some anxiety.

Added to these causes came a strange series of incessant petty annoyances. A daily postal card from Mickey Calligan demanding immediate satisfaction in the

matter of the little spotted pig became a regular feature of Gettstal's mail. They came in forms of entreaties, polite requests, stern demands, and ordinary bills, and when his secretary received orders to destroy them unread, others appeared in the mail delivered to his residence. The scrawly writing and misspelled words pursued him relentlessly, and in the end, as was intended, drove him to a frenzy. He called in his own legal department.

"There's a liddle pig lawsuit," he said without preamble. "Vot are you doing about it?"

The head of the department smiled. "Can't recover," he replied tersely. "Needn't worry; contributory negligence on the part of the pig."

"Kill it!" ordered Gettstal, waving his hands angrily. "File babers; arresdt Calligan. I am being boddered to death!"

The startled legal man withdrew, and Gettstal gnawed at his mustache. His secretary entered noiselessly and deposited a telegram on his desk. He tore it open and cursed. Then he wrote out a check for more margins. The next day he left for Philadelphia.

But though his reception at the hands of the officials of the Pennsylvania and of the Lehigh was in no sense lacking in courtesy, a peculiar apathy confronted him on the question of the bill. A similar situation met him in the offices of the Lackawanna, in New York.

"The people seem really to want it this time, and if it is coming our directors think it may as well come now," was the general tenor of his consolation, and Blake of the Pennsylvania in reply to his suggestion that forces be joined to fight the issue cleared his throat and placed his finger tips judicially together.

"Mr. Gettstal," he said, "we have defeated that bill and saved your bacon for years. We feel this crisis is one in which your road in its turn ought to spend its own money—not ours."

In such wise it came about that Gettstal went himself to Harrisburg, and Harrisburg held its revelations. Twenty-four hours were sufficient in which to learn that the "Coogan crowd" were behind the legislation.

And if Coogan had little love for Gettstal, Gettstal hated Coogan with a

hatred that blistered. Coogan had deposed him as political boss of Dalton; Coogan had fought him in half a dozen of his more or less nefarious business enterprises; Coogan had always won. In this last move Gettstal was not suspicious of anything but political aggrandizement, for to father a successful two-cent bill meant the absolute solidifying of the rural vote. Nevertheless, he saw red. It was necessary to defeat the bill for his own interests, and doubly necessary if by doing so his ancient enemy could be crushed.

Consequently he fairly leaped into the arena. And after but very brief parleying the overpowering argument of his ammunition prevailed. It seemed surprisingly easy. Coogan's own men wavered and broke, proving both approachable and tractable—for varying considerations. The bill failed of passage on final reading, and Gettstal grinned savagely as the last legislator unostentatiously strolled into the room where the bulky envelopes lay on the table. It was cheap at five thousand; Gettstal opened champagne at his lonely dinner that night at the Lochiel, and reached Dalton satisfied the next day.

He plunged into the accumulation of his work with the zest of victory. The skies seemed cloudless. D. & N. held firm on the exchange, and he slept the night through for the first time in weeks. Then, from what the star reporter of the Dalton *Daily Wolf* called the blue empyrean, the bolt shot crashing forth.

Twenty minutes after the market opened on the following day his brokers wired for more margins. D. & N. broke ten points in as many minutes. Before he had time to trace the cause the afternoon dailies were on the street with an extra edition. His secretary entered in a panic and laid a copy before him. Across the front page the display type screamed it at him.

REPRESENTATIVE CLAFFEN INTRODUCES GRADE CROSSING BILL

The D. & N. Has 1,000 Crossings on Its Line
MUST BRIDGE THEM ALL AT AN ESTIMATED
COST OF OVER \$1,000,000.

The room swam before Gettstal's eyes, and the sweat crept out upon his forehead

like the first drops of blood from a razor cut. He choked. Then he caught himself and snarled a command to his operator to get Harrisburg on the long distance. Ten minutes with his ear at the 'phone gave him the news. The bill was Coogan's; the country districts were solid for it, the corporation interests against it, and Coogan held the balance of power. For a moment he exulted. What had been done once could be done again. Coogan's men could still be bought. Then the great white light came and he realized that the bill he had spent his money on—the two-cent bill—was never meant to pass; that it had been merely a diabolical diversion of his arch enemy to put money into the pockets of his faithful henchmen—a sop from his own pocket to keep Coogan's watchdogs good-natured toward their master.

In the silence of the revelation the ticker in the corner whirled, and the unrolling tape chatteringly began its record of slaughter. "D. N. 90-1000, 87½-1000, 85-500, 83½-1000, 81-500, 80—" Then Gettstal lost himself. Ten points more meant ruin. The news of the bill was on the street. The ticker laughed at him. With an oath he hurled an inkwell into its chuckling mechanism, shivering its glass into a thousand sparkling crystals. The machine reeled, but the tape snakily continued its unrolling. As he stood staring at it, shaking with fear and passion, his secretary, driven by panic to forgetfulness of orders, entered again and laid a postal on his desk. Gettstal read it.

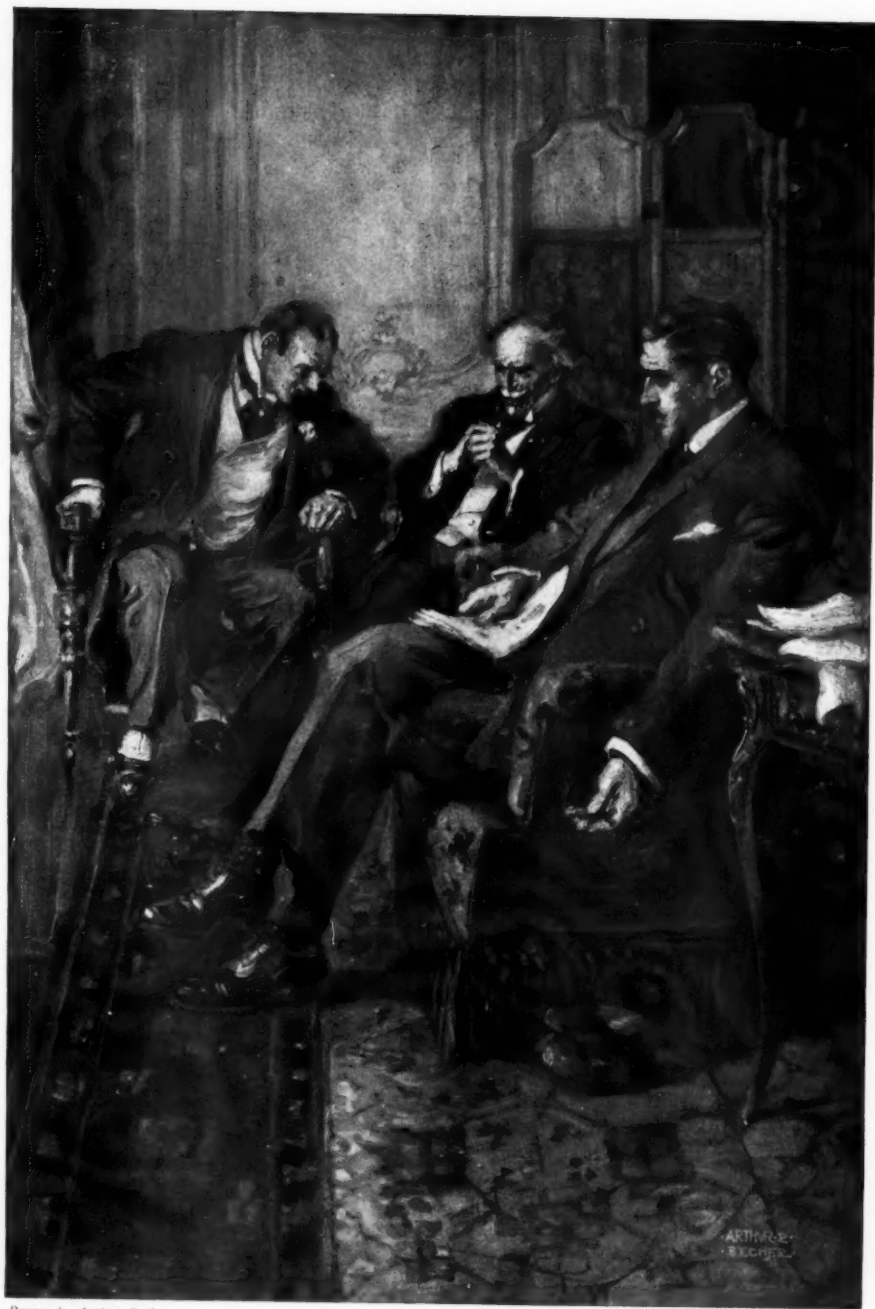
Deere Sir:—My Maggie must have her little spotted pig.

Respectfully,
M. CALLIGAN.

Then he collapsed in the arm chair. Ten minutes later he appeared at Coogan's office, walking a block oblivious to the stares of pedestrians and minus a hat or coat. There was room in his mind for one thing alone.

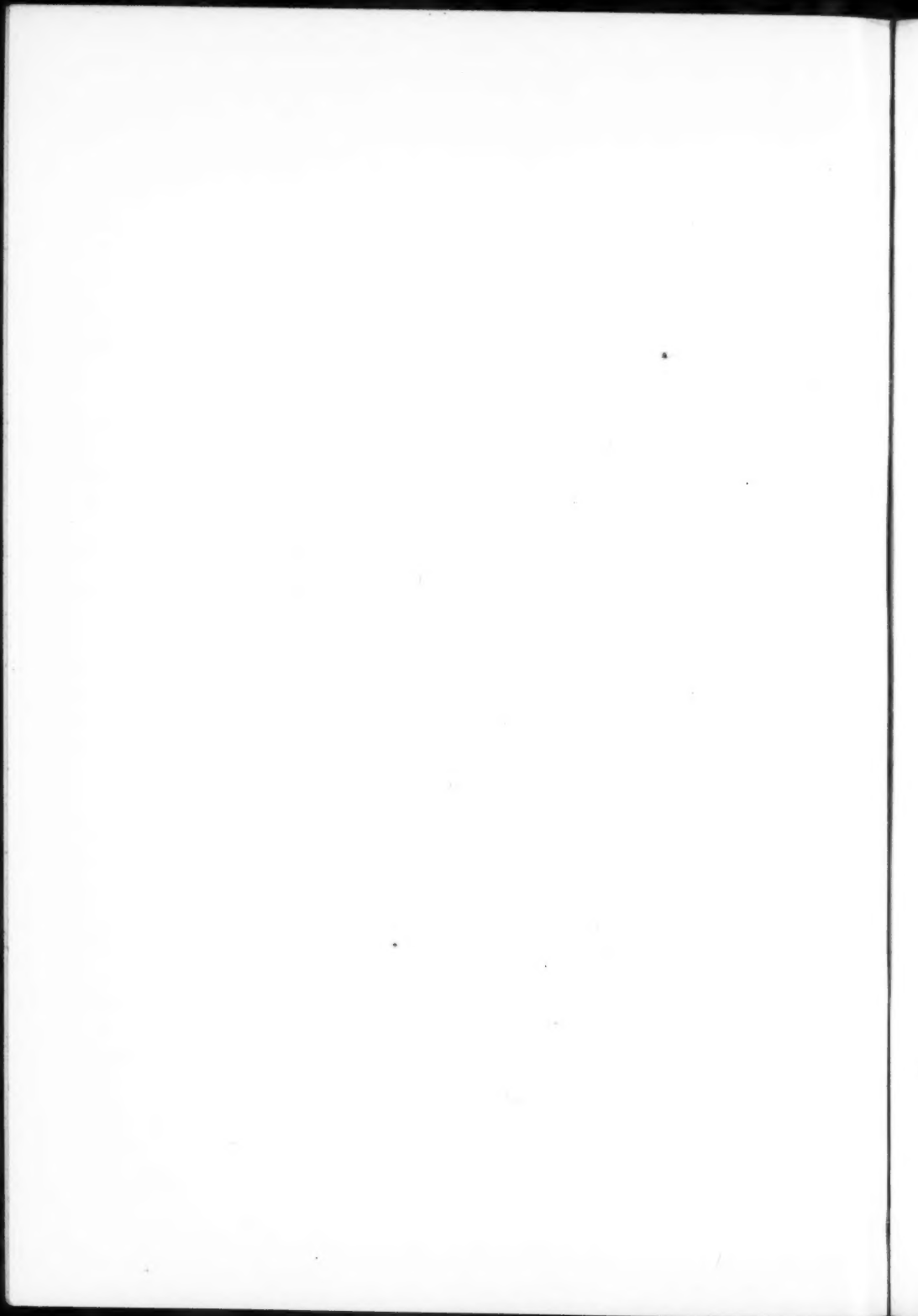
Coogan had left orders to admit him; he had counted to a nicety on the moment. As he entered he deliberately completed the signing of some vouchers before he spoke or acknowledged his presence. Then he leaned back and surveyed him unemotionally. Gettstal winced.

"Well?" he said.



Drawn by Arthur Bocher.

"A peculiar apathy confronted him on the question of the bill."



Gettstal threw out his hands. "Why?" he asked. "I am ruindt. Why?"

"Why?" repeated Coogan. "And you don't know? Yes, you do, Gettstal—only you don't remember."

"Vot do you vant?" asked Gettstal dully.

"Nothing," said Coogan. "At least, nothing you have. For you have nothing." He turned back to his work. There seemed finality in the words, and Gettstal rose. His pendulous lips trembled, and he stumbled as he turned to the door. Coogan watched him sardonically. As his hand touched the knob he spoke.

"Wait yet," he said. And as Gettstal turned back he continued placidly: "Some time ye'll learn, August, that th' Irish are hard to beat. How much did you spind on the two-cent bill?"

"Fife dousandt dollars," said Gettstal, blinking.

"And you had how many shares of D. & N.?"

"Seventy dousandt."

"Average?"

"One hundredt and fifdeen."

"It's at 80 now, and I've got it. Ye can settle at an even hundred, and I'll withdraw the grade crossing bill. I'll take your word for th' price."

Gettstal started forward dazed. His entire fortune in the grasp of his conqueror, and an offer to give half of it back! It was not Gettstal's way, and he could not understand.

"Don't joke," he said.

Coogan looked at him. For a fleeting moment pity shone in his eyes and fled. "I'm not joking, Dutch," he said grimly. "I don't want it all. There wouldn't be anything left for the next time."

Gettstal shivered at the sinister meaning and the cold shot into his marrows. Again he threw out his hands. "There vondt be any negst dime," he said.

"One other thing," said Coogan. "Your road killed a little spotted pig back of my house a while ago. Th' pig was Maggie Calligan's pet. But for that—your refusing to settle—and for another bit thing—you'd not be here. Now do you mind Tom Cullen, who lives next your crossing on Elm Street?"

Gettstal nodded uncomprehendingly.

"Go you now," said Coogan, "as you are to Tom's. Get th' little spotted pig he has been keeping for me—he'll know, for I told him you'd come for it—and carry it all the way back here in your arms. Put it in my automobile outside. Now! D'ye understand?"

Again Gettstal nodded. He was too weary, too broken to care for humiliation. Even the surprise at the sudden advent of the spotted pig into the whirling rapids of his overthrow came to him but dully. At least the postal cards would cease. He turned to carry out the command, and Teutonic curiosity even in that moment impelled a question. It couldn't have been all about a little pig.

"Why?" he asked timidly.

Coogan rose and strode to him. A sudden angry light came to his eyes.

"Cassidy," he said curtly. "Get out."

Within an hour, still without a hat or a coat, the President of the Dalton & Northern sweltered up Washington Avenue carrying a little spotted pig. That people laughed meant nothing to him—yet—but Dennis Coogan knew what it would mean a week later and felt satisfied.

In the twilight hour of that night a tall, lean Irishman with a stern face and deep-set greenish eyes sat on a three-legged stool on Mickey Calligan's front stoop weaving a garland of maple leaves. At his feet a little quaint-faced girl divided her attention between the task and a little black and white pig clutched in her lap.

"Even where the engine hit him is all gone," she said happily.

"Aye," replied Coogan gravely, "th' pig hospital is a wonderful place. I'll be takin' you there to see it some time, Maggie."

Maggie sighed in sheer ecstasy and the pig squealed.

Coogan surveyed his work. "I think that's th' way my mother in the old country used to do it," he said contentedly, slipping the garland over the pig's neck. And as the little pig freed himself in disgust and fled over the lawns, Maggie pursued him among the trees, her happy laughter ringing through the quiet of the dusk.

The little hunchback at work in his potato patch straightened on his hoe and wiped his nose.

CHILDREN IN MANY MOODS

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THE CONQUEROR

BABY, baby, where have you been?"
"I fell down uh mud."
"You've dirtied your dress and scratched your skin!"

"I fell down uh mud."
"What on earth is a mother to do
With a bad little, sad little boy like you,
Who doesn't do what she tells him to?"
"I fell down uh mud."

"Didn't you hear me call you back?"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Yes, and you crossed the street-car track!"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Suppose you had been hurt awfully bad,
Poor mamma would *cry* so if you had;
Do you *want* poor mamma to feel so sad?"
"I fell down uh mud."

"Supposing a horsey had come that way?"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Or a choo-choo auto had—listen! say!"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Gracious heavens, he'll drive me wild.
Was there *ever* such a persistent child?
Oh, mamma's not pleased because she smiled!"
"I fell down uh mud."

"Haven't I—didn't you—listen, dear!"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Don't you say that again! You hear?"
"I fell down uh mud."
"Can't I leave you without a guard?
Didn't I say to stay in the yard?
I've a notion to spank you—spank you hard!"
"Ow wow wown uh wud!"

"There, there, sweetheart; *that* didn't hurt."

"I—FELL—DOWN—UH—MUD!"

"Come to mamma; who cares for dirt?"

"I—fell—down—uh—mud."

"Mamma will cuddle him; stand on her knees;

Put your arms 'round her and give her a squeeze;

Tell her you love her. Now, whisper it; *please!*"

"— — — — — uh mud."

THE STEPCHILD

WHEN I was little, papa used to tell
Long stories to me every single night,
And mamma, 'cause she wasn't very well,
Would lie by me and hold me—just as tight!
But *mother* says I'm most half grown
And ought to go to bed alone,
And making fools of children isn't right.

When I was little, papa used to be
A growly dog, and then I'd be a cat,
Or else he'd be a bear a-chasin' me,
Until I'd run to mamma, where she sat.
But papa doesn't want to play,
Since mamma went and went away,
'Cause mother says I'm much too big for that.

When I was little, papa used to hold
Me on his lap and cuddle me, and let
Me cuddle him, pretendin' we was cold,
And mamma never seemed to mind or fret.
But when I go to kiss him now,
He tells me not to make a row,
'Cause mother *hopes* I'm not a baby yet.

Once mother went away, I don't know where,
And papa was alone, just him and I,
And so I went and climbed up on his chair,
And then got on his knee, and by and by,
He cuddled me, and rocked me, too,
Like him and mamma used to do,
And then I felt so good, I had to cry.

LEST YE BE JUDGED

IF mamma put out papa's cloe's
When he got out of bed,
En ef he wanted others, s'pose
He'd like it if I said:
"Now, papa, don't you dare to pout!
You'll ketch it if you do.
Put on those cloe's er go without,
Like mamma tells you to!"

Supposin' when he went to wash,
I kind of made a stamp
En hollered: "Mind you, don't you slosh
En get it on your gamp!
You do what mamma says to do,
En we'll excuse those tears.
You better hurry and git through,
Er else *I'll* wash your ears."

En dinner time, s'pose I had et
'Bout ever'thing in sight,
En lots of 'em I wouldn't let
My papa have a mite,
En then at pie-time, s'pose he'd ast
To have just one more slice,
S'pose I should tell him: "Don't you dast!
You *know* you've had it twice."

En s'posin, when I spilled the ink,
En papa scolded good
En ast me why I *wouldn't* think,
En ever'thing he could,
En when he'd talked a awful while,
Supposin' I should say:
"Oh, papa, don't be such a *trile*;
Do run away en play!"

Supposin' he'd been good en had
A penny fer his pay,
En then was just a weenty bad,
Supposin' I should say:
"Oh, papa, you're just bad. No use
To tell me what you *meant*.
You know that isn't no excuse;
You *gimme back that cent!*"

THE BAD CHILD

COME, Little Badness, and climb to my knee;
Put your head down here and cry on my shoulder.
For badness in you is like badness in me,
Only my own is the older.

If you were a papa and wore a high hat,
I wonder if you would be talky and bossy,
And then when your little girl answered, like that,
Would you say she was ugly and saucy?

If you were a mamma and wore a long skirt,
I wonder if you would grow weary of service,
And then when you scolded and made her feel hurt,
Would you say she was "naughty" or "nervous"?

If you were the strong one and I were the weak,
When you punished me, then would I thank you?
And when I was crying, too sobby to speak,
Wouldn't I long to spank you?

THE EMISSARY

THE Emissary came from the far back yard,
Where the desperate gang lay hidden;
The dog and he,
And the Sisters Three,
By the bank of the kitchen-midden.
Deftly he dodged the hired girl's guard
And eluded the mother's watch and ward
And came to the Ground Forbidden.

He battered hard at my bolted gate,
And his words they were wild and many:
"I make this din
Till you let me in,
Or my name shall be known as Denny!"
I threw the bolt and he marched in straight,
And into my teeth he flung my fate,
As he roared: "We want a penny."

Then I hurled defiance at all his tribe,
But the Messenger knew his duty.
In the name of his band
He outreached his hand,
And oh! it was grimed and sooty.
And though no reason can I ascribe
For the shame I own, yet I gave the bribe,
And the Black Hand grabbed its booty.

THE WORK-CHILD

THE hands climb up the clock so slow;
Looks like they'd never reach the top.
And after, they're too tired to go,
So they just crawl and almost stop.

The sun is shining out of doors
And on the dusty window-pane;
It's dusty, always, till it pours:
And then I watch the washing rain.

Then, when it's cleaner, I can see
The clouds run 'round the sky and play;
I wonder why a kid can't be
A cloud like that, and blow away.

I get so tired a-standing here
And doing just one thing all day,
And all next week and all next year;
I want to go outdoors and play.

Sometimes I think I'm this machine;
Sometimes I wonder if *it's* me.
I wonder who's the kid I seen
This morning, climbing on a tree.

It must be nice to have a tree
And swing way out on every limb;
I wish he had to work like me;
I wish that I could play like him.

I do play some. Sometimes I hire
This shop, the women, and the men,
And then I give 'em all the fire—
But take 'em all right back again.

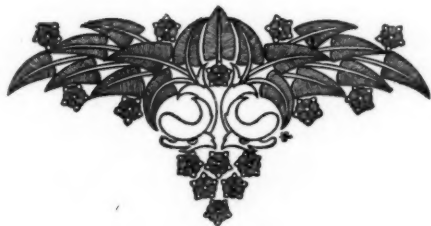
Except the kids. I fire *them* all
For good, and tell 'em go and play.
But pay-day, if they'll come and call,
Their envelopes will have full pay.

'Cause no one's docked for being late,
Or even when the shop's shut down;
And they all say their job is great
And I'm the best old-man in town.

And if they all washed up at night
And dressed before the whistle blew,
I'd only tell 'em: "That's all right!"
And they'd all offer me a chew.

But I get tired of *playing* play;
I want to try some real play once.
I want to get outdoors, by day,
And do all kinds of crazy stunts.

I wonder how much does it cost
To have a tree, like that, to climb;
I wonder if that clock has lost
Its way, and can't find quitting time!



A TIDE IN AFFAIRS

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE



AT ten o'clock in the morning, in response to the mayor's proclamation, the citizens of the little water-beleaguered town, in Southern Illinois, flocked toward the old sandstone court house and passed up the steps worn hollow by the feet of two generations of their forefathers. A grave body it was which gathered in the circuit court room; a body which needed no calling to order, and which opened its proceedings informally with a fervent prayer by a young minister in a rusty frock coat. A moment of silence elapsed before the presiding officer, barely rising from his chair, said diffidently:

"Our honorable mayor, Preston Duke-low."

The mayor—a square-chinned, aggressive-looking young man, with Indian-black hair—quietly arose from his seat near the front and stepped up on the platform. He wore a sweater and rubber boots, and his clothes were spotted with dried mud.

"I haven't much to say," he began, abruptly. "I have just come from a special meeting of the Common Council, called to adopt certain resolutions to tide us over our present deplorable state of affairs. I call them resolutions rather than ordinances, for they exceed the authority granted us by the constitution of the state. Yet they seem necessary for our welfare, and I want to ask you all, my fellow citizens, to coöperate with us in giving them the force of law.

"First, further food supplies being uncertain since the sinking of the *Louise*, we have decided to confiscate all food stocks now on hand, and to take charge of their sale. A fair price will be charged those

who have money. Those who have no money—and these are many, since all work is at a standstill—will be furnished plain food gratuitously. Receipts will be given merchants for everything taken, and payment therefor is guaranteed by a score of our most substantial citizens. Secondly, all saloons will be closed at twelve o'clock noon. There will be no more drunken negroes reeling through our streets by day, and prowling about our back yards by night."

He paused, as if challenging objections, while his dark, fearless eyes slowly canvassed the crowded room.

"The levee is the only thing that stands between us and destruction, as you all know. Incredible and diabolical as it may seem, an attempt was made last night to cut it on the north side. Hereafter," and he weighed the word impressively, "any person discovered on the levee after dark will run the risk of being shot on sight, without challenge. A challenge might forfeit the levee guard's own life; and as these guards are not hirelings, but representative citizens, we will not unnecessarily jeopardize their lives. I beg of you, therefore, to shun the levee at night, and also to remain at home after dark as closely as you conveniently can.

"In case of a break in the levee, the court house bell will sound the usual fire alarm; but to avoid any unnecessary panic, it will no longer ring for fires. For the same reason the church bells will no longer ring for services. If you hear the alarm, run for the nearest refuge, and instruct your children to do the same. These refuges are brick houses whose second stories will be safe, and they are all placarded. Find out which one is nearest your home, and learn to make your way to it in the

dark. However, I want to say that no break is feared. The levee shows no sign of weakness anywhere, and the seeps are neither larger nor more numerous than they were a week ago. Moreover, we have plenty of sand bags on hand to plug or wall them with.

"This is all, I believe. If any man feels injured by our action, he can have recourse, in due time, to the courts. His only immediate course, however, is to obey."

He bowed with Napoleonic brevity, and turned toward a side exit. Before he reached it, however, he was confronted by Newberry Hundreth, a tall old man in a battered silk tile, a tobacco-spattered shirt front, and a huge and very dirty Byronic roll around his wrinkled neck.

"You — young whelp!" he trembled out, shaking his lean fist in the mayor's face. "I was mayor of this town ten years before you were spawned, and now you have the impudence to say you'll confiscate my goods!" For an instant an invisible hand clutched his throat and shut off his speech. Then he added, with wickedly blazing eyes: "If you enter my store, curse you, my nigger will blow your brains out!"

Dukelow flushed at the unexpected onslaught, aggravated by a laugh from some one near by. But making no reply, he passed on out, with an odd, set expression about his lips which a stranger would have taken for an embarrassed smile. But the stranger would have been mistaken. It was not a smile.

He returned to his official den in the little town hall—he had long since abandoned his own business—and occupied himself until five o'clock with signing orders, listening to complaints, and reading the reports of the committees who had charge of guarding the levee, distributing sand bags, food, and clothes to the indigent, and moving pianos to places of safety. Then, instead of going home to supper, as usual, he lighted a cigar and walked down Willow Street to where it ended in a flight of stone steps that led to the top of the levee.

A few rods away a knot of men clustered about the government river gauge, as they had been clustering there for ten days now, while the clear, placid Ohio of the summer months had swollen and, dis-

colored beyond recognition, was swallowing the bank inch by inch, as a serpent swallows an over-large quarry, and blotting out the landscape until, for mile upon mile, there was only a waste of yellow water, bearing upon its agitated breast the spoils of many a fair valley and bottomland farm—houses, trees, haystacks, dead cows and horses, and occasionally, on an uncertain perch of driftwood, a hapless barnyard fowl, drooping and dejected but not yet dead, and bound for a bourne from which he would never return.

"What's the reading?" asked Dukelow.

"Fifty-four and four tenths," answered some one.

The mayor stood for a moment with his foot on the top of the iron gauge, which was exactly level with the top of the levee. The figure just under his sole was "57." In other words, a further rise of two and six tenths feet would spill the flood into the cuplike area which fourteen hundred men, women, and children called home. However, as the rise now amounted to only a tenth of a foot every three hours, it was almost certain, in the light of experience, that the flood was within a foot of its maximum height. Therefore, what was most feared was not an overflow but the effect of the uncalculable pressure of water against the levee, or the undermining of its sandy foundation.

Turning from the group about the gauge, Dukelow made his way toward the Ohio House—a big, three-story brick structure which had been erected when the steamboat was King of Transportation in the Middle West, and when Shawanoe had hopes of becoming a metropolis. The hotel abutted on the levee, and its single noteworthy feature was a summer house which swung airily out over the levee and the steep, willow-lined bank below. On summer moonlight nights, when the dark Kentucky hills loomed vaguely on the other side, and the silvered river lost itself in misty distances to right and left, this veranda was a favorite resort for the village sages; for, though the rest of the low-lying town smothered in a motionless, humid torridity, here the valley zephyrs seldom failed to stop and play with the woodbine and the honeysuckle which clung to the broad eaves.

But on this late, muggy February after-

noon it was a cheerless place, and Dukelow puffed moodily at his cigar. To the anxieties of his situation was added a bruised heart. Forced to fill an office which he would have gladly resigned, he had been nagged and bitten the past week at almost every turn, and one or two of his friends had shown a lack of nerve at a critical moment for him.

But nothing had as yet stung him like old Newberry Hundreth's attack at the court house. For Newberry had already grievously injured him in the matter of a sale of a stock of hay to a government contractor. By opening his mouth, by exposing the treachery through which Newberry had substituted his own hay for the mayor's, Dukelow could have made Newberry's name a byword and a hissing among his business associates. But as this would not have rectified the wrong, Dukelow had chosen to hold his peace. His hay—some nine hundred tons, and representing all his savings—would have to be sold in the spring at a loss of two or three thousand dollars. Newberry's, after delivery at New Orleans, en route to Panama, for government mules, would net him a profit of four or five dollars a ton.

This stock of Newberry's, which was still held at his risk, was stored in a warehouse standing outside the new levee, but inside a loop formed by a segment of the old levee, which had been joined at each end by private enterprise to the new structure. At this point the old wall was less than a foot lower than the new one; so that, though Newberry had been unable to get any flood insurance on his hay, his warehouse was considered perfectly safe.

It was toward this loop that Dukelow presently sauntered. The place was deserted, for the official patrolman confined himself to the main levee, and Newberry was too penurious to hire a private watchman. The water, of course, was nearer the top of this old levee—perilously near, it would have seemed to one not born on the fickle Ohio—and Dukelow stood for some time near the middle of the loop, watching the threatening eddies of the swift, turbid flood. He would have been more than human could he have avoided the thought that, if this hay should be submerged, Newberry's loss would be his gain, and would yet make possible the home for

his wife and babes that he had so long striven for.

However, shaking off these poisonous ruminations, he walked on. At a distance of three or four rods he suddenly paused at a familiar sound—a sound which, of late, sometimes came to him in his dreams. It was the purling, half-melodious bubbling of a seep! Even in the failing light Dukelow quickly located it, for it was large enough to throw off a runlet that had flattened a path for itself through the dead grass. The water was clear, indicating that it was as yet simply filtering through the sand. It was only when a seep had fretted a channel for itself, so that the water retained the clayey hue of its parent outside, that it was watched. Yet a seep of the magnitude of this one was not negligible at any stage, and had it appeared inside the main levee, it would at once have been marked with a red flag. The mayor paused. Was he thinking of a red flag? He had sworn to protect the lives and property of his fellow citizens. *Lives and property!* He walked slowly on, with his hands behind him, his chin sunk upon his breast.

A short distance beyond the juncture of the old and the new levees he met a guard. "Billy, do you boys patrol the loop?" he asked.

"No, sir. Instructions are not to leave the main levee."

"Old man Hundreth has hay in that warehouse."

"Yes, sir. And I'd like to see every blamed stem of it go floatin' down the old Ohio to-night. He turned me out of a house once when I was out of a job."

"Would a break in the loop have any injurious effect on the main levee, do you think?"

"Sure not. If the loop broke, that space would simply fill up with water. There wouldn't be no pressure to speak of on this levee—not half as much as there is on the north side, where there's a current. But the loop won't break. It never has, and it surely won't with old Newberry's hay behind it. The devil will look out for that."

A misting rain was drifting down, and the mayor set out for home. Arriving, he found dry clothes laid out for him and his extra pair of rubber boots, full of hot oats, standing before the grate fire. At the

sound of his footsteps, his wife hurried in from the kitchen. She held back a little timidly until he had unstrapped a .44 revolver and dropped it on the bed; then she wound her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, I shall be so thankful, Preston, when this dreadful flood is over!" she exclaimed. "To think of your having to carry a weapon like that in broad daylight! I never, never want you to be mayor again."

"Don't worry, Addie," he answered with a grim smile. "I have had my sip of official ambrosia, and find it distinctly unsuited to my taste."

After supper, when their two little girls had been tucked away in bed, Adelaide renewed the subject.

"Preston, this flood has impressed me differently from any that I have ever passed through before. Maybe it is because your life has been attempted twice, but somehow I am beginning to feel as if this town were under a curse. I want to leave it. And if it weren't for my mother, and your father and mother both, asleep on the hill—safe from this hateful flood, thank God!—I should never want to come back. When old man Hundreth defrauded you out of that hay contract, and snatched from us the little nest that seemed all but in our reach, I cried about it for a week every night, long after you had gone to sleep. Yet I am coming to believe that his rascality was providential for us. It leaves us freer to go than if we had started to build. Oh, I want to go so bad! I want to get away from this terrible water—and the negroes—and the saloons." She clutched him tightly. "Oh, darling, they will be so furious about your closing the saloons. Maybe—maybe they will try to shoot you again!"

"I'm afraid my girl has a case of nerves to-night," answered Dukelow, soothing her brow.

She curled up in his lap like a kitten, and while he gazed reflectively into the fire she gazed into his eyes.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "Mrs. Dorn told me what happened at the court house. And Mr. Dorn said you behaved like a Marcus Aurelius. Press, that's what I love most in you. I have loved you since I began to wear my hair on top my head;

and it wasn't because you were handsome—though you were—or so fearless, or anything like that. It was because I never saw you angry; and because, no matter what happened, there was always a godlike serenity, to me, about your face." Her eyes suddenly misted over. "I shall never forget the time Miss Ketcham whipped you so cruelly, when you wouldn't tell who put the kittens in her desk. I think it was the only time you were ever whipped in school, and I know the pain was more mental than physical. Yet you stood so still, when you could have overthrown her with one hand; and you came back to your desk with a subdued, sad smile, but just as unruffled as you left it; while Miss Ketcham, with her hair half way down her back, looked like a fury. I cried right there in the school-room."

"I fear you were a very sentimental little lass about that time," murmured her husband.

Yet he remembered the incident well. It had marked an epoch in his life. From that day it had been a grand, a solemn pleasure to him to rise superior to the slings and arrows of fortune—to the trivial accidents of the day as well as the supreme crises of the years. Yet of late—for the last two or three years, perhaps—something had been slipping away from him. Ideals that had once seemed as solid as granite cliffs had become as thin and wavering as wreaths of mist, and after the day's scrimmage of barter and sale, it was becoming more and more an effort to lift himself into that pure ether of contemplation where no foul thought or desire could live.

And now to-night, with his cherished wife in his arms, with tens and hundreds of thousands of men and women up and down the Ohio valley watching, praying, suffering, succoring, he sat ruminating about a hole in a mud wall, through which, by his silence and inaction, he had invited the dreaded flood to steal in and avenge his private wrong. Again and again, it is true, came the impulse to go out into the night and warn Newberry of his danger; but each time his smoldering sense of outrage and injury would burst into flame and drive the impulse back.

He got but little rest that night, much as he needed it. He banished, by sheer

power of will, all thoughts of Newberry; but he no sooner fell into oblivion than he saw water, yellow and constantly growing yellower, leap higher and higher, and it apparently touched the vault of heaven; and dancing fantastically in the up-rushing column, like balls in a garden fountain, were bales of hay of every size, shape, and color. It was a wonderful sight, and people flocked from miles about to see it. But soon they took their eyes from the water and fixed them accusingly upon Dukelow, when he saw for the first time that they were hollow and red from weeping. Next, they angrily pointed their fingers at him, shouted tumultuously, and fell upon him; and he, in mortal fear, fled through valleys, over mountains, across deserts, for what seemed an eternity to him. Then he awoke. But he had no sooner wooed sleep a second time than there the people stood again, watching the wonderful fountain. Thus it was throughout the night.

He arose a little before daylight, the dream-fear so fixed upon him that he shivered as he dressed. It was all nonsense, he told himself. No seep on the south side, as Billy Burt had truly said, had ever yet developed into anything serious. And this one in the loop was, a thousand chances to one, still bubbling away as harmlessly as a wayside spring. Yet nothing short of seeing was believing with him now, and, answering Adelaide's drowsy inquiry, he told her that he could not sleep longer.

He stepped out into the chilly, dripping dawn. Water, water, all about, in the air and in the ground, from which it oozed at the pressure of his feet. At the Ohio House he was joined by a guard whose breath was pretty thoroughly alcoholized, and whose progress through the sticky clay of the levee was rather unsteady. Dukelow despised a tipsy man, but any company was welcome now, and the two tramped along side by side, with the river lapping, lapping, just a couple of feet beneath them, like the drippings from the chops of some huge and hungry beast.

At the loop Dukelow halted Blessinger with a "Hark!" Fog veiled the warehouse and inclosure, so that nothing could be seen; but each man looked steadily into the eye of the other at the sound of running water—not the lapping of the river or the trickle of some insignificant seep,

but a sturdy, regular flow. The next moment the bank of fog had shifted, and the startled pair saw that the lower end of the loop lay under many feet of water. The warehouse, standing on much higher ground, was just wetting its feet. But, worst of all, was a huge seep, running a stream that would fill the loop bankful in a few hours.

"By God!" exclaimed Blessinger. "Newberry's hay will start for New Orleans ahead of time! But, Duke," he added, half apologetically, "you may hang me if I heard a sound since I came on watch at two o'clock."

Dukelow's face was white, and again he trembled violently.

"Call out the sand-bag crew!" he commanded thickly. "I'll get a load of planks down here to protect the main levee from the wagon wheels."

But Blessinger only stared, as if his chief had gone insane.

"Great heavens, Duke! It will take two thousand bags to plug that seep now."

"Then we'll put in two thousand," answered Dukelow, fiercely. "Fly!"

But before even a falcon could have flown, much less the fuddled guard, the old levee, for a space of perhaps fifty feet on either side of the seep, slowly began to sink, at the same time curling inward, like pie dough under the fingers of a cook. At first the water poured over in a thin, noiseless sheet; but in a few seconds, with a hideous roar, it dashed through the gap its sappers and miners had made, swept seethingly across the intervening space, and hurled itself against the main levee like a baffled beast of prey. The two stunned spectators were drenched with spray, but before they could move from their rooted tracks, the loop had filled and all was as still as before. However, Newberry Hundreth's warehouse, immersed to the eaves, slowly turned about as on an axis. The motion continued until the building stood at right angles with its foundation; then it listed slowly, very slowly, to one side until, with a mighty wash of waters, it turned completely over, like an expiring monster of the deep.

At about the same instant the court house bell began its blood-curdling tattoo of alarm, the watcher evidently supposing the main levee to have broken. There fol-

lowed a pandemonium of such noises as only maddened, terror-stricken humanity can make. But Blessinger, dashing down the street and shouting out the true cause of the alarm, soon allayed the panic, and it was not many minutes before a stream of curious men, women, and children was flowing toward the scene of the break.

Almost the last person to arrive was Newberry Hundreth, coatless and hatless, leaning on his daughter's arm, shaking as from a chill, and whimpering like a child. Two men half carried him to the top of the levee. With fixed eyes and twitching throat he gazed for a moment at the wreck of his warehouse. Then, without a sound, he toppled over like a ninepin. Dukelow was about to spring to his aid when a restraining hand was laid upon his arm. Turning, he faced his wife.

"Oh, Preston," she asked agitatedly, "whose carelessness is responsible for this dreadful thing?"

It was supposed that old Newberry had burst a blood vessel in his head. But he was still alive the next day, and word was given out that he would probably pull through, in spite of his eighty-four years. The following morning Dukelow softly knocked at the front door of the old-fashioned house.

"The doctor's orders are for him to see no one," answered Mrs. Forbes, a widowed daughter with whom Newberry had long lived.

"I don't think that what I have to tell him will excite him in the least," answered Dukelow.

"Very well. I reckon it's something important, or *you* wouldn't be here. Preston Dukelow, it's ten years since you crossed our threshold," said she bitterly.

Preston made no reply and she led him in. In the sick room the old man lay with closed eyes. His hollow sockets, bloodless face, and clawlike fingers crossed upon his breast, gave him the look of a corpse. He was not asleep, though, and as Dukelow softly approached the bed he opened his eyes with a quivering sigh. If he recognized his visitor he made no sign.

"Newberry, I have some good news for you," began Dukelow cheerfully.

"There can be no good news for me in

this world again," murmured the sick man, wearily.

"It's about your hay," continued Dukelow, cautiously.

"Oh, my hay, my poor hay!" whimpered the dotard, with streaming eyes.

"Don't cry. You'll laugh in a moment. But, first, do you recognize me?"

"Yes," after a long stare. "You are little Pressie Dukelow."

"Yes, and I have come to make good your loss on that hay, Newberry. I consider myself responsible for it," he pronounced slowly and clearly. "I knew, twelve hours before the break occurred, that there was a seep in your levee. But I didn't report it, and did nothing to stop it. Hence I have come here to offer you my hay to replace what you have lost."

Newberry gave only a listless attention at first, but at the end his eyes were shining and his faculties were awake.

"Preston Dukelow," he cried, shrilly, "do you mean that? Or have you come here to devil me into my grave?"

"I mean it. Here's the bill of sale."

Newberry scanned the paper suspiciously.

"Yes, it's a bill of sale all right," he cackled with sudden elation. "But you owed it to me, Pressie. You're only makin' up for the wrong you done me. And you ain't paid me yet for this spell of sickness, or for my doctor's bills. Oh, that doctor has been here twice every day, and he charges a dollar a call! A dollar," he moaned, "to look at your tongue, and feel your pulse, and measure out a penny's worth of powders."

"I'll pay his bill, too."

The statement seemed to soothe the old fellow, and he lay in a pleased reverie for some time.

"How much hay you got?" he then asked, abruptly.

"Nine hundred and twenty-five tons."

"Then you're twenty-five tons short. I had nine-fifty. How you goin' to make up the difference?"

"I'll buy you twenty-five tons more," said Dukelow.

"That's right," returned Newberry, with a touch of cordiality. "When you undertake a thing, do it up right. You owe it to me, you know, Duke—every cent. And be careful about the grade of hay in

them extry bales. Them gov'ment fellers air so pa'tickler, so pa'tickler."

The last came slowly and he closed his eyes as if dozing off. But soon he opened them again, in a quick, watchful way he had.

"Preston, do you know how that gov'ment feller come to buy my hay instead of your'n?" he asked, guardedly.

"Yes. You lied to him about the age and quality of my hay, and hired two other men to do the same."

The old man did not deny the charge. His eyes merely gleamed out of his bushy brows like a weasel's out of a brush heap.

"If that's so, why air you givin' me your hay now?" he asked, finally.

"For a reason, Newberry, that I couldn't make you understand. So the less said the better."

"Tain't 'cause you've been converted?"

"No."

"Tain't 'cause you like me—fur you don't."

"No, I don't like you. I don't know of many that do."

"Tain't 'cause you want to be 'lected mayor agin. 'Cause nobody would have known you seen the seep if you hadn't told on yourself. And if they had knowed, they wouldn't have expected you to give me your hay, after what I done."

"No. Most people—everybody, I fancy, but one—will call me a fool for doing it—if you choose to make the transaction public."

"Who is the one that won't call you a fool?" asked Newberry, curiously, half suspiciously.

Dukelow did not answer for a moment.

"My wife, Newberry. She doesn't believe that two wrongs make a right."

"But she wouldn't have knowed, neither, if you'd 'a' kept still!" exclaimed Newberry, as if refuting this explanation.

"She doesn't know yet. She may never know. But I know. That is where the shoe pinches."

This was too subtle, apparently, for Newberry's code of ethics. Yet, when Dukelow arose to go, he suddenly brought himself to a sitting posture.

"Wait a minute! You've ruined yourself!" he almost shouted. "And I know why you done it. You done it because you

wanted to do right. I want to do right, too. I've always wanted to do right, when I set down and thought about it. But I know I ain't always done it. Oh, no, I ain't always done it. I didn't do right by you. It was because I'm so stingy, so stingy, oh, *so s-t-i-n-g-y*," and he wrung his withered hands piteously over the last drawn-out words. "I've been afraid to die, but if God will only let me git up again, I'll always do right by everybody. I'll do right by you, Preston, this minute. I'll give you half your hay back and call it square."

Dukelow shook his head.

"I'll give you three quarters of it!" cried the old man, holding out the bill of sale the length of his trembling arm.

"Newberry," explained Dukelow, kindly, "it isn't a question of hay with me. I could have kept it all in the first place."

"I'll give it all back, then—all, all, all!" he waived.

Again Dukelow shook his head.

"Don't you see that if I take the hay back it will leave me just where I stood before I came here?"

"But *me*. O my God, where does it leave *me*!" moaned the dotard.

"Newberry," answered Dukelow, firmly but kindly, "you will have to figure that out for yourself. Maybe you won't want to give it back so badly when you feel better. Good-bye."

That evening the water came to a stand. By morning it had fallen an inch. In a few days it had returned to its bed. The bent, drift-lodged willows began to erect themselves again. The little town dried itself out, washed off its sediment, and picked up, as best it could, the loose threads of commercial and social life that had been dropped several weeks before. Dukelow reopened his warehouse and elevator—as a tenant this time, but with a firm and dogged courage.

Even old Newberry Hundreth again mixed in the affairs of life, despite his advanced age. In due time he shipped his hay to New Orleans, and was reported to have made a handsome profit, though no one knew how much he had paid Dukelow for it. When the weather became settled, he began driving through the country again, buying calves and mules, as he had

done for over half a century. It was on one of these drives that he was caught in a downpour of rain. He came down with a heavy cold that night, and on the third day after died of pneumonia.

Dukelow, at his wife's request, attended the funeral, and she went with him. The little city of the dead was several miles distant, in order that the silent inhabitants might be safe from high water; and as the couple drove slowly homeward, between thickets of blackberry bloom, with bob-whites calling sweetly from the old rail fences, Adelaide said to him, with a little perturbation:

"Preston, the old man out-maneuvered you twice about that hay, after all."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Well, he came to me, shortly after he had made the shipment to New Orleans, and told me all that had occurred between you and him." Her voice broke slightly, and she gave his hand a glad, proud

squeeze. "He said he was going to leave me a legacy exactly equivalent to the sum he had received for the hay—something over nine thousand dollars—and asked me if I would accept it. He pleaded so earnestly that I finally told him that I would—if I could persuade you to take my view of it, after his death."

There was silence for a minute or more, and then Dukelow asked quietly: "What is your view?"

"That if the old man could return to earth some time, purified of all his dross, and found that we had not accepted the legacy, he would be grieved—if one may speak of spirits as grieving. And, furthermore, I think that one who has been as true to himself as my dear husband has, ought to be willing to give another a chance to be true to himself."

Dukelow took her hand. "That's a rather solemn way to put it, Addie, but doubtless you are right—as usual."

"SAGES ARE NOT REALLY WISE"

By DON MARQUIS

*S*AGES are not really wise
Till they read in Folly's eyes
Wisdom that escapes the schools,
Love that puts to rout all rules.

Tell me, sages, what love is!
Silent?—Oh, what fool would miss
Kiss or laughter, glance or sigh,
Waiting for your slow reply?
Sages, tell me, what is life?
Mumble you of "joy" and "strife"?—
While you definitions give
Fools like me rejoice to live!
While you labor, dig, and seek,
Dull of eye and gray of cheek—
While you study, delve, explain,
Define, examine, think, refrain,
Search to find the meaning of
Life and Death and Joy and Love—
Laws discover, reasons frame—
You forget to play the game!

*Sages are not really wise,
Lacking wisdom to revise
All they teach and learn in schools,
By the laughter of us fools!*

JACK ASHORE

By HARRIS MERTON LYON



I F you happen to be standing on South Street some fine day of the spring or summer—after the winter has thawed and the ships have begun to fly—and you see a scrawny little man, who looks as if he might be a gardener out of a job, coming toward you with a flour sack full of clothes under his arm, you may be pretty certain that his name is Jack Tar and that he has just signed articles to ship out of the port o' New York that very day. You are apt to be disappointed, for he will not have a single one of the earmarks by which you would look for a seaman—no natty blue "sailor suit," with neat white anchors embroidered in the collar, no pancake hat (such uniforms go only with Uncle Sam's ships, private yachts, or regular lines), no "roll" to his walk, no flavor of the salt sea about him. He may set his feet down rather peculiarly, as if he is not quite surefooted, he may wear a blue flannel shirt, and he is almost certain to smoke a short clay pipe; but for the rest he is a decidedly unromantic appearing person, and he has had a most unromantic time of it ashore.

He has been robbed by everybody he has hailed, and he is glad to get away from land again. That is the whole thought in his mind. He no doubt imagined he wanted to get back to New York; but this was when he was on the other side of the world. Now that he has been in New York, he is anxious for the smell of Asia. As one grizzled jackie put it, in a barroom down by Catharine Slip: "I wanten get back to where they burn punk and wuship Booders. It ain't much of a country, but when I'm on this side I allus start rememberin' the Chink boats in the harbor at Hongkong,

an' the ol' Bubblin' Well road to the race-track in Shanghai, an' the soocay in Singapore. I don't expect I get any better treatment over there than I do here in South Street; an' I've got a girl in Baltimor'—yes, I reely have, tho' she ain't the one in the song—so I s'pose I ought to be satisfied with Sandy Hook. But I ain't. My kick is that nowadays it ain't excitin' enough."

It used to be different back in the olden times, in the '80's and earlier, when they shanghaied men off James Slip, and when Catharine Street, and Cherry and Roosevelt and Water streets used to be filled with sailors' boarding houses instead of with the Yiddish sweatshops and the Italian pickle venders of the present day. In those times you couldn't walk north on Water Street of a balmy evening without getting into a fight; every door that was not a lodging-house door led into a saloon and dance hall, and upstairs they had an empty room or two where a four-round bout was always in progress, the men before the mast always being great fighters and loving to watch a little harmless mill. You couldn't get a job downstairs as waiter in the barroom if you could not box, and you certainly would not be able to hold your job long if you could not box well. Sailors that are getting their five dollars a night now before New York's anæmic little athletic clubs for a short "go," used to browse around from Harry Hill's to the "Bucket of Blood" of a Saturday night twenty years back, fight a half dozen battles, and come away with forty or fifty dollars in premium money. There is a broken window even yet down on Oliver Street through which the terrible Swede knocked a Jamaica "nigger" for Darby McGowan in the spring of '93, and many a darker house can boast its darker feat of violence.

Take the East River shore of Manhattan Island anywhere from the Battery to Brooklyn Bridge and you may call that a good sailor neighborhood. Of course, there are other villages of sailor folk within the city limits—over in Brooklyn, down on Staten Island, and on the Hudson River side—but that one which clusters about the big stone pillars of the Manhattan side of "the bridge" is first by right of age and tradition. Here, in rambling old brick houses, of two and three stories, in dingy, narrow streets, with rotting sidewalks and noisome cellars, in dark stairways and alleyways, seamen have come and gone and rioted almost since the time the Dutch first brought over their cargoes of rum, spices, tobacco, and molasses. To-day the cool shadows of the Bridge lie athwart the neighborhood, and the rumble of the Brooklyn Elevated is heard overhead.

Historians hold Jack responsible for the first deterioration of the Bowery. It once was the Fifth Avenue of the town, but, beginning on South Street from Coenties Slip, up and down the water front, the dives started to creep in and fill the whole lower east end of the Manhattan city. They did not require much law in those lurid, buxom years, and whatever happened that wasn't right was hidden beneath the fog of navy cut, blown up from Jack's inevitable clay pipe, and was drowned beneath the plunkety-plunk of some yellowed and cracked piano. Sailor men were more or less of a luxury in the late '70's, and the police, therefore, let them alone.

That end of the big city was packed full of the sea drift of the Seven Oceans; Polacks and Swedes from the north rubbed elbows with Chinks from Hongkong, by way of 'Frisco, with "smoked Irishmen," as the sailors called the blacks from the Antilles, with Hindoo coolies who had floated from Suez up past Joppa and Naples across into the lower Bay. Jack ashore then was the same as he is now, hot after three things when he has his pay in his pocket—wine, women, and song—and all of them as bad as he can get them. There are, alas, but few ascetics before the mast.

Kipling has written a stirring, dramatic ballad about one "Fischer's Boarding House"; but Water Street in '85 was lined with any number of such domiciles. "Fischers" galore hemmed that thorough-

fare. When you rolled along its narrow, grewsome walk, it seemed as if the whole place was a racket of music; singers of ballads vied with the plucked tinkle of cheap pianos, while in the "dago joints" a myriad of concertinas wheezed their rollicking songs of the sea beneath the flare of dim gas jets. Nigger bucks in their quarters patted juba to the twang of banjos, and Dons in the "Casa Española" thrummed weirdly on their guitars. The women, like the liquors, were the very dregs of the city. Here was life with the skin off. Nowadays it is even much the same, with perhaps the same old pianos doing duty; but the graphophone has come into vogue, and from Gansevoort Street to the South Ferry along West Street you can hear its tinny clamor among the oaths and scuffling of the longshoremen.

The old-time places all had "runners"; and the "runner" who stood guard over each boarding house knew the whole game. You may search the city with but little success for members of this ancient profession to-day. You will seldom find one, because—well, there are few boarding houses



"His name is Jack Tar."

left in New York, though some there be in Hoboken and Brooklyn—and seamen are too plentiful to require any searching for. Once on a time the boarding houses used to take in a tar upon the strength of his bundle of clothes—Jack's ever-present lares and penates—just as a modern hotel views your trunk with conciliatory eye. It was the "runner's" business to meet the incoming ships and to hustle trade for his master; then, once he had the Jackies landed and they began to "run up" a board bill, the runner and his employer set about hunting a berth for their delinquents. They interviewed outgoing vessels, saw the captains, and arranged to ship their men. In all this transaction Jack was regarded as merely so much chattel. When the articles had been signed, the boarding-house master received a note from the captain for whatever the sailor's board bill amounted to, this sum being eventually deducted from his pay.

To-day, though Jack is more independent, there are some six or seven of the old-time boarding houses still doing business in pretty much the traditional sailors' boarding-house

fashion. The proprietors are agents in a more professional sense. They house their men, collect their money, lend them money—even sometimes clothe them—much as a guardian takes care of his ward. The "runners" of yesterday have gone into the dry dock of old age, or else into the service of the employment agencies and the various consulates. Of old the "runner" was generally a versatile soul. He could strip and do his six-round "mill" upstairs with a pugilistic seaman, don his clothes, descend to the piano and sing,

"Oh, my poor Nellie Gray,
Up in Heaven they say,
They'll never take you from me any
mo-o-ore,"

then spend the remainder of the night and morning waiting on the drinkers or tending bar.

To-day, as has been said, all this has not completely disappeared. It will linger on in the doings of men as long as men come and go over the waters, but there is now no shanghaiing in New York. Indeed, except for the oyster boats down at Baltimore, there is probably no shanghaiing anywhere beneath the Stars and Stripes in this year of our Lord. But a quarter century ago if you walked along the shore front in Quebec, or New York, or New Orleans, or East Street in 'Frisco, and happened to step in a moment for a slug of whisky, you were apt to wake up two days out to sea with nothing but a pair of shoes and a "donkey's breakfast"—which, in the parlance of the sea dog, is merely a straw mattress.

A seaman to-day, able or ordinary, because of the introduction of steam, is little more than a salt-water laborer, needed only for scrubbing down decks, polishing rails, and going about with a paint bucket. There are more men nowadays than there are berths to go around, and you may easily pick up vagrant followers of the sea any night in Washington Street or West Street who would be glad to be impressed into service, even by violence. The reason of this is because when men were once lured to America by tales of wonder, they shipped as seamen to the port of New York merely in order to work their way across, and after the vessel finally came into port, abandoned



"When they shanghaied men."



"They did not require much law in those lurid, buxom years."

it to make shift for themselves. Wherefore the sailing masters were continually put to it to find new men. One could not sail without a complement of crew, nor lie in port more than a certain number of days without paying a forfeit. The result was that men were got by fair means or foul—and the foul means was to shanghai them.

There is little or no ill treatment suffered by sailors at the present time. The various consulates and the Legal Aid Society see to it that the men get their rights. If any indignity is offered to a seaman on the high seas, the first thing he does when he gets to this port is to rush to his consul or to the Legal Aid offices and lay his case and his claim before their tribunal. Like the Children's Court, or the S. P. C. A., these authorities use more or less arbitrary functions, but in the end justice is meted out, even though it be a captain who is guilty and the meanest sailor who is accusing him. The consulates also act as employment agencies, and thus help their countrymen to find berths.

For Jack-out-of-a-job to-day, and unwilling to enlist in the navy, where he must be

able to pass an examination, there is but one familiar industry for him to take up—that of longshoreman. Here he can make his twenty or thirty cents an hour, perhaps more, for a few hours each day, living by free lunches and that whisky which is called on the painted board outside "the purest whisky in the western hemisphere." It retails at five cents a glass, and will help him forget his former prosperity and his present estate. For, if ever there is a class of humankind which realizes that the inevitable progress of man, especially of the workingman, is downward through hard luck to ultimate misery, when he shall be irretrievably insolvent and without friends, that class is composed of longshoremen. They are the lees of sea fare. They come, indeed, from all the walks of life, their only requirement being that they have strong backs and impervious digestions. One old sage who imparted to me that "a mon wer a fool to luk to his friends fer help," had been in his palmy years a fight promoter; had matched Dan Creedon, Bob Fitzsimmons before he knew he could fight, Kid Lavigne, and others; had afterwards be-



*"He had been in his palmy years a
fight promoter."*

come a bartender uptown, then down by the water, and had finally gone to work as I found him, trucking in cargoes for a company of stevedores at Peck Slip. Navvies, paddies, thugs from the Bowery, coal-passers, porters and the like, are Jack's working fellows in this employment.

The boarding houses of yesteryear, as has been said, are most of them gone. Jack has become more independent and has taken to the cheap Bowery lodging houses, where he can secure a bunk for ten or fifteen cents. In Brooklyn he lives along Atlantic or Hamilton Avenue, the resort of Germans, Scandinavians, and Italians. No longer does the master of the house, or the "runner," act as Jack's shipping agent. Instead, along the Battery part of South Street, around in Whitehall, and among the Poles, Slavs, Low Dutch, and Italians back of West Street, you will see employment agencies, with their "runners," which attend to all that, for a moderate commission. The business has been systematized, a rate is charged, and the jolly tar is handled pretty much as the professional agent

handles cooks or chambermaids. He is sent packing off two thousand miles to sea with the romance of a world of Africas and Asias staring him in the face, but the agent thinks no more of it than if a janitor were being sent up to Harlem to take charge of a flat. The captain of a tramp steamer, up from the tropics, say, with a cargo of sugar, puts it off at the Brooklyn wharves and starts to make up his crew for another trip. He needs men. He places the order with one of the agents who has turned the trick for him before, one whom he knows can be depended upon to find him the sort of men he needs. That ends it so far as the captain is concerned. Probably the first notice he takes of his new service is when the Jackies come down the bay on a tug to where his ship is lying. After that, Jack's mail, if he has any, will be forwarded from one Sailor's Mission to another, clear around the globe, for he is apt to turn up at "Number 9, Hong-kong," or somewhere east of Suez before the cruise of the tramp is done.

Sailors' Missions are more popular than might be thought, considering the roistering spirit of the frequenters. When Jack is in port, no matter his age, race, or religion, if he hasn't a girl or a family, he is pretty apt to turn up at the secretary's desk—that is, after his money has been spent elsewhere in traditional pursuits. Snug Harbors, be it said, with their free reading rooms and their beds and their general assistance, seem to be ideal places for the mariners to go to—when they cannot get in anywhere else and are drifting rudderless through the surge of the city.

The use of these institutions is not a matter of religion with him so much as it is the necessity of keeping body and soul together. To accomplish this bodily comfort he is willing to undergo a little temporary treatment for his soul, if his benefactor insists upon administering it. However, the sea legend runs that as long as his purse contains coin he is going to cling about the less charitable resorts. As long as he has money, Jack is a happy-go-lucky spend-thrift; and twenty-five or thirty dollars is a millionaire's treasure to a man who gets but sixteen or eighteen dollars a month in summer as an ordinary seaman, and scarcely more than half that in winter when labor is cheap. He has a large heart and gen-

erous; perhaps because the boundless element he spends the most of his years upon has influenced his imagination, perhaps because as a wanderer from port to port he has broadened his feeling for humanity. He spends with a lavish hand. It may not be much, but such as it is, it is given with a fine freedom and a brave air of largesse conferred. In passing, it may be well to note that the able seaman draws a larger wage, earning twenty-five or thirty dollars in summer and about eighteen dollars a month in winter.

As to Jack's carelessness of money, those who cater to his wants are well aware of it. Everywhere he is considered prey. From the Jew outfitter with the hole-in-the-wall establishment down by the water front, where Jack buys his socks, thread, tobacco, sheath knife, razor, and other supplies preparatory to a long trip—if he be an Italian or a negro he always includes several red bandannas and a red-checked flannel shirt—up to the Bowery resort where he sits with his girl over a drinking table, the motto is never to let him get away with any money in his pockets. For this one reason alone the police about such districts as Jack chooses for his nocturnal skulkings are kept busy, especially on Saturday nights.

Saturday nights! Then is the time to see Jack ashore in all his glory. There are dozens of resorts in the city, some up the Bowery around and beyond Chatham Square, some in the Hungarian basements back of West Street, others here, there, and everywhere on the East side, all of which depend upon his saturnalia for their existence. It is a picturesque scene, full of sordid colors and tense with the brutal enjoyment of life, strong with the strength of men and of women who are half masculine, reeking, rich in vitality, elemental—this night scene in a sailor's drinking hall on the Bowery. A long, low-ceilinged room, crowded crazily with chairs and tables; an old piano with warped keys, fingered by a white-haired derelict, who probably smokes opium during the day among the "Chinks" around in Doyers Street; heavy, loutish young fellows in neat white jackets slouching hither and thither and bawling, "Wai-ai-aiter! Who wants the waiter?"; the floor sprinkled with sawdust in preparation for the dance; and



"Everywhere Jack is considered prey."

then the crowd drifting in, one, two, three at a time, in various stages of early intoxication—that uncouth, young, blotched, sullen crowd, each integral individual of which is a study in himself! Tobacco smoke begins to choke up the air; noisy laughs and the rattle of glasses are heard. The piano starts a two-step, and an asthmatic accordion joins in, the tune being the "St. Louis Tickle"; and forthwith Jack and his girl, and the Bowery loafer and his girl, and all the parasites of mean places and their girls, arise from the tables to stumble and walk and whirl their way around the confined, sawdusted space in the center. It is a curious mingling of humanity, low but not repulsive, unclean but picturesque. The women have come down through all the stages of their careers from one-time luxury to their present baseness. Amongst the seamen it is at times almost uncanny to observe the boyish, clean young face of some sailor lad, not yet out of his teens, staring with clear, bright eyes upon the swirl of fleshly wrecks about him.



"Jack and his girl whirl their way around the confined space."

Yet he came there of his own accord, impelled perhaps by some Jack Tar tradition that here was the place for him to begin life. Under the yellow haze of the lights are to be seen occasionally the trim blue uniforms of soldiers, and at times a quartermaster with the little wheel embroidered on his sleeve. Brawny fists thump the table, and tanned forearms are bared so that Jack's tattooed marks will show. O'Reilly, who used to put the blue-and-red ships and anchors on by hand twenty years ago, now uses electricity to do his tattooing — there's the modern touch! Faces that have been creased and ruddied over by three decades of ocean wind, tropic sun, and salt spray light up with the joy of living, for Jack is ashore; and at his merriest! After all, it is a picture full of the color of life, jocund with lightheartedness, free, and vigorous, and glad. Whatever he may be, the man before the mast really goes through his life with, as Horace said, "his heart bound 'round by triple brass." He is no weak, sickly soul, querulous and desperate in the face of things.

This is the life of Jack off duty. On duty he is a sturdy workman, methodical, regular as the ship's bells, as punctual as a clerk at his desk or a milkman on his morning round. The pity of it all is that he gets nowhere. His whole life, from the time he takes to the sea as a lad until the declining years he spends in some seamen's alehouse or charitable mission, is made up of just these things—a trip out and a jamboree ashore. Some of his fellows may work up to be quartermasters or boatswains themselves—there is one chance in a hundred; some may take to the fishing industry; here and there one of them finds a snug berth for his old years, caring for boats at a summer boating place. Up and down the coast there are always positions in which he may decently grow old and end his fever of unrest.

Generous, roving, unstable, childish, the sailor spends his life almost entirely in the simple elemental business of living and dying, careless of his money and his time, hale and hearty, humorous and wholesome to the last.

THE ROSY WREATH

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

I SENT thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be——"

"It is a rosy wreath," I said rather uneasily, interrupting her. "Irene, dear, isn't it a little—well, not loud, but conspicuous? It's lovely, of course, and you look sweet in it, but I can't help wishing it was—well—quieter."

Irene, turning round and round before the glass in the hall with a radiant face, took no notice of me. The hat was an enormous white mushroom covered with pale pink roses. There was a garland of pale pink rosebuds carried round somehow underneath the hat, below the brown coils of her pretty hair. Her cheeks were the color of the roses in her hat. She wore a new full, soft, white dress and a chiffon scarf stenciled with more pink roses and green leaves. It wasn't half an hour since the rain had stopped. She couldn't possibly have been dressed more unsuitably for this weather, and yet——

"Why don't you go and see the Clitheroes instead?" said I. "You can go all the way by train, and Robin's staying there. Put on a motor cap and a mackintosh, and go and see the Clitheroes."

"Thank you," said she calmly, "I prefer to dress like a Christian, and call upon the Blakely Bruces. And I don't intend to run after Robin."

The pavement was wet and shining in the watery sunshine; the sky still full of rain. I watched her down the street. Each person who met her, and came on under my window, *must* have thought her unsuitably and extravagantly dressed, yet each passing face as I saw it was wreathed with a smile which could hardly have been

contemptuous. Irene tripping down the wet street was in fact a sight to make the old grow young. One swallow doesn't make a summer, but Irene had done her best. She had gone to call upon the Blakely Bruces, and it was a two-mile walk—a lonely walk when she left the town behind her, and no shelter that I could remember. I had carried her waterproof and umbrella and goloshes down to the hall, that she should not forget to take them, and she had left them there and gayly started off with her new chiffon parasol as a protection.

In less than three-quarters of an hour the sun went in again and it poured. I hoped she would be safe at her journey's end by that time, but remembering her Louis heels, and little uncomfortable shoes, I groaned. Of course the Blakely Bruces would send her home in the brougham, or telephone for a cab. If I could only feel that she had reached Four Meadows before the deluge fell! When it rains on the west coast, it *does* rain.

The Dean and his wife called while she was away. They were staying at the Hydro just down the street and thought it such a pity Aunt hadn't been able to come to the seaside with us. They asked me if Irene's engagement to Robin wasn't going to be announced soon, and whether I didn't find her rather a handful, and I was so longing for anybody's sympathy that I told them what she'd done that very afternoon, and they said that my post was no sinecure, and sat at the window with me to watch for her. Afterwards I was sorry they had. We waited and waited, and at six o'clock the rain was still pouring down and no sign of Irene. Perhaps the Blakely Bruces had kept her to dinner, or ought I to send a cab? The

Dean thought so, certainly. And then, just as I was going to ring about it, the dreadful thing happened.

A wagonette full of noisy men drove up and stopped at our gate and Irene, bare-headed, a brown bandbox on her knee, her unsuitable pink and white almost hidden under a man's white mackintosh, rose from their midst, and a young man jumped out and carefully held an umbrella over her as she descended. The rest of the party seemed to be singing choruses, but they all stopped and shouted as she came in, and she stood on the steps and waved, actually waved an affectionate good-by to that unspeakable crew.

I ran out when I heard her step, and told her about the Dean and she giggled and said, "What a lark!" and perhaps she had better go straight up to her room. I said I thought she had. I don't know how I got rid of the Dean and his wife, who were extraordinarily eager for details, but they went at last, and then I flew up to Irene.

"I've saved my hat," she said triumphantly. She had got into her blue kimono, and was brushing out her damp hair vigorously.

The hat—mountain of roses that it was—lay on the bed.

"Oh, what a time I've had!" said she. "Goodness! *Wasn't* it wet?"

"You should have worn a short skirt and a sensible hat," said I severely.

Irene smiled.

"Ah!" said she, "that's where you're wrong. As it turned out, it's quite as well I *did* look nice. You never know what you may need, or where your destiny will carry you."

I stared at her.

"Who were those dreadful men?" I asked angrily. "And how could you drive home with them? You know what the Dean is for gossip, and you are so much talked about already——"

"How should I know he was watching out for me?" she demanded. "And they were dears, all of them. You wait till I tell you——"

"I'm waiting," said I coldly. "What time did you leave the Blakely Bruces?"

"I didn't go to the Blakely Bruces."

"Not go? Then where have you been all the afternoon?"

Irene giggled.

"I've been in a public house," said she demurely.

"Irene!"

"The Merry Bottle."

"Irene!"

"It *was* merry, too. It got merrier and merrier as the time went on——"

"Are you mad, Irene?"

"Oh, dear, no," said she gayly, "but I've saved my new hat, and I thank my stars for that——"

"I suppose you had to shelter," said I doubtfully, "but I didn't know that there was a respectable hotel so far out of the town."

"It wasn't a hotel," said she promptly.

"I don't even know that it was respectable. It was a little inn at the crossroads. You know the place with the pump outside and the bench under the window and——oh, it *was* fun!"

"Fun?" I sniffed. "Waiting alone in a stuffy horsehair inn parlor on a wet afternoon? I know the kind of place."

Irene smiled.

"I wasn't alone," said she.

"Irene!"

"I wasn't such a silly as *that*," said she promptly. "I went in the kitchen and sat with my feet on the fender and dried them at the fire. How soon one's shoes get wet! I wasn't alone, because there were about six men there already. I couldn't turn them out, could I? They were awfully kind to me."

"Irene!"

"Yes," said she, "you see the rain came on in torrents, and I ran and ran, and I could have cried when I thought what Aunt had paid for this hat, and how difficult it had been to persuade her to let me have it, and what she would say when it was ruined, and when I saw the Merry Bottle I just bolted into the door like a scared rabbit, and asked the frizzy barmaid if I could shelter. She showed me into a black vault of a parlor that smelled of funerals and stale beer, and I heard the fire crackling in the kitchen, and peeped through the door at the cheerful bright lids on the wall, and the clean sandy floor and white scrubbed tables, till I couldn't bear it any longer, and went in. They all seemed quite pleased to see me. They gave me the rocking chair by the fire, and the

landlady said 'Bless her heart,' and made me drink something hot and horrible, to keep the cold from striking. Everything was as jolly as possible."

"But—Irene—with all those horrid men drinking and swearing——"

"They weren't horrid," she turned on me indignantly. "Why should they be horrid because they were poor and just happening to drop in for a glass of beer to warm the marrow of their bones when it was so wet? They didn't swear either."

"I'm glad of that," said I shortly.

"What *would* Aunt say if she knew?"

"She needn't know," said Irene calmly.

"Nothing matters if you don't know."

"You must have been there for hours. What on earth did you do?"

"We talked," said she cheerfully. "Isn't it funny that my hair goes in such tight little rings when it's wet, Penelope? They told me lots of interesting things about the way the country's going to ruin under this government, and how their new member's broken every single promise he made before they voted for him, and what's the best thing to give your pig when it has glanders——"

"Irene!"

"Perhaps it was a horse that had it," she said. "But Plymouth Rocks are the best table birds. Did you know that? And you mustn't let your ducks so much as look at water, if you want them to fatten quickly. I always thought ducks lived on ponds, didn't you?"

"Have you changed your wet shoes?"

"Oh, I dried them there. Didn't I tell you? One man was an Irishman, and said I'd brought a little ray of sunshine into the black darkness of the English summer. Wasn't it sweet of him?"

"I don't know *what* Robin would say if he knew," I said distractedly. "Irene, you really ought not to expose yourself to this kind of thing. You know you are in my charge while we are down here, and if you are going on as you have begun——"

"One awfully interesting thing happened." She ignored my remarks completely. "You remember those Pierrots we saw on the sands yesterday, don't you? 'Elysian Troubadours' they call themselves?"

"Oh, yes, I remember them," I replied impatiently.

Irene smiled.

"Well, there was one of them there, and he told me that he was a tenor, and supposed to sing old favorites like 'The Bloom is on the Rye,' and 'Alice where Art Thou?' and so on, and he said he'd sung them all over and over again till he'd nearly got the bird; they were so sick of him!"

"Irene! Got the bird?"

"Hissed off, he meant. And then he said he was so down on his luck that he'd been obliged to drop into the Merry Bottle for a small whisky to cheer him, and then I'd come in with my rosy hat, and all at once it had flashed upon him what to sing to-morrow. No—it wasn't 'Drink to me only,' though it *was* the rosy wreath that inspired him." She began to twist up her hair with quick fingers and to sing, smiling mischievously at the pretty face in the glass,

"She wore a wreath of roses

The night when first we met,

Her lovely face was smiling,

Beneath—her hat so wet."

"Irene! This is the worst of all. To let one of those impertinent Pierrots speak to you——"

"He was rather a dear," she said thoughtfully. "It was *his* white mackintosh I was wearing, and *his* big umbrella I ran up the steps under. It was he who——"

"What would Robin say?"

She cast a quick glance at me.

"He said a good deal," she answered softly. "More than he has any right to say——much——"

"But——" I stared at her. "He doesn't know——"

"Oh, yes, he does," she smiled. "He came in, you see, while I was there, with Mr. Clitheroe. They were motoring over to call upon us and Mr. Clitheroe wanted something to keep the cold out. He's always rather thirsty, if you remember, and they came in together, and I thought Robin would have had a fit when he saw me tilted back in the rocking chair, laughing at the Pierrot with my stocking feet on the fender and no hat."

"Irene!"

"The landlady was packing up the box she kept her best hat in. Hers was a big one, too, so it just fitted. We must remember to send it back to-morrow. You can't think what a kind old thing she was, Penelope."

"What did Robin do?" I asked in a stunned voice.

"He behaved rather badly," said Irene indignantly. "He showed them all that he didn't consider it fit company for me to be in. He asked the landlady what I owed her, and told me they would run me home in the motor at once."

"Thank goodness!" I breathed a sigh of relief—then remembered. "But you didn't come in the motor."

Irene's cheeks reddened.

"No," said she. "You see, four of the men had kindly offered to drive me in their wagonette, and I'd accepted their offer. I told him that, but he simply laughed."

"'Oh, that's all right now,' said he, 'of course we must take you home at once. You'll be there in five minutes.'"

"You ought to have come," I began, but she broke in indignantly.

"I preferred to behave like a lady," said she. "You would, too, if you'd seen how all their faces fell. I'd cheered them up a good deal, I think. One of them, a pork

butcher in a small way he told me he was, said in a disappointed voice that perhaps the motor *would* be more in my line——"

"I should think so," said I firmly. Irene sniffed.

"Oh, should you?" said she. "It wasn't, then. I just stood up and thanked Mr. Clitheroe and Robin, and said I was sorry, but I'd already accepted an invitation from my friends to drive home in a wagonette. I said I loved a wagonette, and always had. And then I put on the white mackintosh, and the Pierrot carried the hat-box, and I shook hands with the landlady and the ones who weren't coming with us, and climbed into the wagonette before the very eyes of the chauffeur and Robin and Mr. Clitheroe. And we drove off with cheers. We sang 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses' all the way home past the hotel and the Hydro, and I don't care twopence who saw us. So there!"

"I care," said I sadly. "And what about Robin?"

Irene smiled wickedly at her reflection in the glass.

"He's coming in to-night after dinner," said she irrelevantly. "I think perhaps I might wear the new rose-colored muslin, don't you?"

"I think perhaps you better had," said I sadly.

THE IDEAL

By HUMPHREYS PARK

AS doth the vagrant wind desire the flame,
And search the gusty alleys of the dark,
Tenacious, urgent, instant in its claim
Upon the houseless and unguarded spark;
So hath my soul sought thine through devious ways,
Through proud resistances and scorn expressed,
Under light laughter, sober-mouthed dispraise,
And cool-browed insult and fleet-footed jest.
For I did see with eyes that looked through mist
Ever some brightness in the night and day;
Ever did have some voice that well I wist
Was thine above the jargon of the way.
And now, that I do stand before thy face,
I know that I have run and won the race.

MR. CHURCHILL'S CHALLENGE

BY HENRY LEAVITT, JR.



It is a significant thing when a writer widely recognized as a student and analyst of large affairs, widely read by the thoughtful as well as by those who are but seeking the entertainment of a story, shows evidences of a moderating temper, a modifying attitude, a more gentle judgment, and a more judicial realization that there are two sides to most questions.

Some of the very corporation men who have been calling Winston Churchill a muck-raker, to-day believe that his latest book, "Mr. Crewe's Career," marks a turn in the tide of denunciation. To the casual novel reader this sounds like a paradox, for to him the book "muck-rakes" the railroad control alleged to exist in New Hampshire.

"This book is the first sign of a possible popular appreciation that the corporation men are not deliberately bad," says one of the great "trust magnates" of the country. "Mr. Churchill, through *Mr. Flint*, the railroad president, the villain, it is true, of his book, presents the problem of the corporation man. It is not a defense, but it is an explanation. It shows that even a confirmed critic of corporations who gives fair-minded consideration to the problem will come to see that there are two sides. That the tendency toward fairness, indicated by the novelist, is growing in the man, is shown by Mr. Churchill's recent startling challenge in the newspapers. He says that the great question of the day is: 'Can the corporations trust the people?' It is the question every public-service president asks and, because of general experience, heretofore has answered in the negative. It is this experience of pub-

lic unfairness that has given corrupt politicians the power to drag 'big business' into politics, through the popular support that has enabled them to blackmail the corporations on the one hand, while continually inflaming the public on the other."

This is a new point of view from which to consider a popular novel, but it is one worth taking. There is no doubt that the people are nervous and excited. They want to have things decent, but they have not considered that they might in part be to blame. No one defends corruption, but too few seek for an explanation for its existence. Mr. Churchill may yet gratify his political ambitions along lines not predicted by "Coniston," or even by the general impression of his latest book.

Mr. Crewe seeks to rise as a typical modern demagogue—able, domineering, unscrupulous, self-deceiving, a genuine egoist. In him Mr. Churchill has audaciously caricatured his own candidacy, presenting himself as drawn by his political critics. *Mr. Flint*, the railroad president, is the typical fighter who has risen to corporation leadership from a barefooted boy by sheer force. *The Honorable Hilary Vane*, the father of that prototype of the virtuous young man in politics, *Austin Vane*, is a shrewd country lawyer whose ability has won him the position of chief counsel to the railroad and general factotum to the president. His moral standards are as conventional as his life. In him is epitomized the point of view of the average, self-justifying man who has gradually been forced by circumstances into the use of corrupt methods. His final reformation under the influence of his son symbolizes the quickening of the public conscience which the last decade has witnessed.

It is not, however, in the drawing of

any or all of the characters, nor in the telling of the story, that this book is notable. Its significance lies in the fact that it is the first attempt, in the floods of muck-raking literature which have deluged the country during recent years, to present the "big business" side of the political situation in any way, even to hint that there may be two sides.

Mr. Flint, the railroad president, when put on the defensive by *Austin Vane*, the automaton moralist, defends his manipulation of the politics of the State in the interests of his railroad on the ground that a single session of the legislature might ruin the road and ruin the State that both should serve. He considers his responsibility to his stockholders and the public as virtually that of a trustee. Should he permit the road to be legislated into ruin and the State thereby damaged, he would be flagrantly negligent in his duty, he feels. He justifies his corrupt methods of political control on the ground that they are the only methods by which he can protect the property for which he is responsible, and the State's prosperity, against blackmailing politicians. He points out that his political machine supplanted not a free government, but a similar political machine which was engaged in "holding-up" the road. He expresses his personal distaste for political meddling, and his sincere desire that all governors might be George Washingtons, and all representatives William Morris. He asserts that the material prosperity of the railroad and the State are so closely linked that in serving the best interests of the one he is directly serving the other. This is a fair if only partial statement of the argument of practically every great corporation which has entered the political arena in its own interests. It does not excuse wrongdoing, but it makes the public share the responsibility.

Men always act from mixed motives. The patriot is not actuated solely by motives of patriotism. The self-seeker is not actuated solely by motives of self-interest. The motives of many of the great industrial leaders might be thus analyzed: first, money-getting and self-interest; second, desire for power; third, desire to do big things in a big way, and thereby advance the material well-being of the country and the people. In the case of many, possibly

most, of the big leaders, it would be fairer to invert the order in which these motives are given. It would, of course, be absurd to suppose that these men analyze their own motives. Big men who do big things seldom have either time or inclination for self-analysis or introspection.

It has been an axiom of business for hundreds of years that one should be faithful to his employer. It is the employee who "plays the old man's game" most conscientiously who wins and deserves the most success. In our great corporations the responsible heads have much the same feeling regarding the stockholders that the conscientious employee has for "the old man." As did *Mr. Flint*, they look upon themselves virtually as trustees. To guard and serve the interests of their stockholders is their first duty. Hence, when the interests of their stockholders and their attitude toward unthinking legislation conflict, they stick by their stockholders.

Theoretically, such conflicts should not occur. The public cannot permanently gain at the expense of the corporations, nor can the corporations gain at the expense of the public. Owing, however, to misunderstanding, short-sightedness, time-serving, and the clever creation of radical feeling, such conflicts do frequently occur. The people, through ignorance, or under the influence of scheming politicians, pass repressive laws contrary to economic principles. The corporations retaliate by blocking or evading such laws. In extreme cases they even buy the people's representatives. In such conflicts the immediate interests of the public and the stockholders are placed unnaturally at opposite poles. The corporation heads serve the temporary interests of their stockholders, and avoid general devastation by corrupt methods because they dare not trust the public.

The president of one of the great railroads, a high-minded man of the best antecedents and training, of exceptional ability, and unimpeachable honor, was talking with a great lawyer. When the Sherman anti-trust law was mentioned the railroad man said: "It's making us all criminals, and we can't help it. We are all violating it because it is absolutely against existing conditions. It is absolutely impossible not to violate it. I'm violating it every day. I'll be caught some day. When I am, I

shall confess that I have broken the law because I couldn't keep it without being faithless to my responsibilities, both to the railroad and the territory it serves. But it's a terrible position for an honorable man to be placed in." It will be remembered that the last Congress refused to modify this law as recommended by the President. An unenforcible law frequently better serves the interests of politicians than one which can be enforced. It affords opportunity of all sorts, and the public pays in the end.

No one who really knows our great industrial leaders, no one who sees and talks with them when they feel free to be frank, who sees them when they are not on dress parade, can doubt their interest in big deeds for the sake of the deeds themselves, and what they mean to the well-being of the people, quite aside from personal profit.

The root of our present trust problem is with the public, which condemns without a hearing any corporation under legislative fire. The public follows unthinkingly men who have little to lose and much to gain. Comparatively few of these men are sincere and disinterested. Of those who are honest in their efforts to purify business and political conditions, many are academic theorists who, with the best intentions in the world, do as much harm as their dishonest fellows. They approach purely economic questions in unconscious ignorance of the basic facts involved. Most of the politicians deal with purely economic questions on grounds of time-serving, political expediency.

So long as the people continue to be led by time-servers of all kinds and methods—the false prophets of our day—things will go from bad to worse. However they may distrust the politicians and the muck-rakers, the more progressive industrial leaders are anxious to have faith in the people. They want to believe that when both sides of their problems are fairly presented to the people, the final judgment will be just. Few great industrial leaders either seek to deny or condone the great evils which have come to light in our busi-

ness conditions. What they do seek and demand is a fair hearing at the bar of public opinion. In the settlement of great problems in a free and enlightened country, public opinion must ever be the final arbiter. Until the people have had opportunity to hear and weigh impartially both sides of a problem, it cannot fairly be settled. Until a question is justly settled, it is not settled at all.

The *Mr. Flint* type of railroad president will give place to broader and bigger men; men who have more of Abraham Lincoln's faith in the people; men who realize that while the muck-rakers may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, they cannot fool all of the people all of the time; men who also realize that the corrupt methods of the corporation lobby should not and cannot last; men who are ready and willing to trust their interests to the verdict of the people, provided only they can have a fair hearing; men who would say, "Let the people judge."

Mr. Churchill, in "*Mr. Crewe's Career*," is the first popular writer to undertake even to suggest to the public that there are two sides in the "big business in politics" problem. In so far as he has succeeded in this, he has done a great public service. He has pointed the way to the only possible solution of the greatest problem which now confronts the American people.

If "*Mr. Crewe's Career*" in this detail is a sign of the times, if it indicates the beginning of a new era—an era of fairness among the molders of public opinion—it may be considered as a doubly important contribution to American literature. In such an era we shall hear the public answering in the affirmative the vital question: "Can the corporations trust the people to give them a square deal and not leave them to buy justice from intrenched politicians trading on public support for their own gain?"

When that time comes, the public and the corporations alike will prosper by it, for their interests are identical, and the political middleman is an enemy to both.

THE GREEN SCARAB

BY HUGH FISHER



HANNING, who had been lounging in his seat at a Paris theater, sat up with a grunt of satisfaction, for here was something American. The lights in the auditorium were extinguished, as the picture machine threw a great square of white on the canvas drop.

"New York," he murmured, almost affectionately, as a picture suddenly flashed into the white square. With eyes half closed to shut out the trying flicker, he found himself being transported up the harbor into the familiar cañon of Wall Street, then into the heart of the downtown shopping district. Ah—here was Broadway—Broadway at midday, as nearly as he could judge, for the sun lighted the pavement with a glaring brilliance.

Then he stiffened in his seat and leaned forward. With astonished eyes he watched himself walk down Broadway, coming from out of the massed crowd in the background and leisurely making his way down the pictured street, his figure growing larger on the canvas each second. The sensation was curious, as if the seat of consciousness had been detached from his body and placed where it could watch the movements of the mere clay. Now he beheld himself halt for an instant to look in at a window. Then he resumed his walk, jostling against a man as he again entered the moving current of humanity. A second or two later he had disappeared out of the field of the camera, making his exit in one of the lower angles.

Channing arose from his seat. He had an odd feeling of conspicuity, yet nobody took any notice of him. As he reached the upper tier of seats the operator of the pic-

ture machine was turning out his lights and packing up for the night. Channing was curious.

"I suppose he's a Frenchman, too," he mused half aloud, hesitating.

"Well, not so you could particularly notice it," said the operator, turning his head.

"Bully for you; you're a white man!" cried Channing, stepping forward and thrusting out his hand impulsively.

"And we're both New Yorkers, at that," added the operator, as he took a rapid survey of the other.

"What brought me up here," said Channing, "was that little glimpse of Broadway. It made me feel sort of homesick. And I thought it went too fast. You see, I'm in it—come on just before you get to the end of the roll. Have you any idea when the picture was taken?"

The operator shook his head. "I should judge it was a year ago, at least," he said, "but I couldn't give you the date. You see, I don't have anything to do with that end of it. The records are kept in New York, and this film was sent from New York."

"You could do me a great favor, if you would," said Channing. "I wish you'd send a cablegram to New York, asking them, signed with your name, because they know you and I'm a stranger. Of course I'll pay the expenses, and I'll prepay the answer."

"Certainly, I'll do that," said the operator.

The performance was almost over when Channing reached the theater the following afternoon. Again he saw himself walking in the crowd that moved across the canvas, with the same odd sensation of astral separation from his body. He walked down the sloping aisle and touched the operator on the shoulder.

"Hello," the man looked around and nodded. "I've got it, all right."

He fished an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Channing, who drew forth the sheet it contained and read:

Parker, Paris. April twenty-two, last.

"April, eh?" said Channing, reading the dispatch a second time. "Let's see. A little over a year ago. Yes; that was about a week before I sailed. The twenty-second. Why—yes—by Jingo! The day I lost my scarab!"

"Your what?"

"Scarab," repeated Channing. "It's the very day I lost it."

"What's a scarab?" asked the operator.

"A bug—a beetle, made out of stone," explained Channing. "They come from Egypt. I had mine in a fob. When I landed at the club for dinner it was gone. Hated like anything to lose it, too. It was a good one—that is, I'm told it was. I don't know much about them. It slipped out of the setting. Say," he added suddenly, "can you go over that last picture again?"

"I guess so," said the operator. He started the calcium again. The Broadway panorama began to repeat itself.

"There I am!" cried Channing, a moment later, as his figure came out of the crowd. The operator moved the crank slowly, and the figures in the picture walked in queer jerks, with pauses between each movement. Channing watched himself approach in a series of absurd twitches. Now the figure of a man who had partially screened him from view turned in at a doorway, and he stood revealed at full length.

"Stop!" cried Channing, and the images on the canvas became inert.

"I want to go down on the stage," he added. "Keep it right where it is till I give you a signal."

The auditorium was now practically emptied of its audience, and Channing had no difficulty in making his way quickly to the curtain. "Give me the next picture—slow," he said.

Channing renewed his study of himself, and waved for another picture. The operator followed his directions. Channing's arm stopped and he called a warning to halt. Now his eyes searched the canvas

closely, and he shook his head as if puzzled. Half a minute later the operator heard a smothered exclamation, and saw Channing's head bent close to a spot on the canvas a little way below the waist line of his own figure. Then his hand waved, and the next film slipped before the eye of the machine. Channing dropped on one knee and studied the picture at a lower point, after which he again signaled silently. Now he seemed to be studying the feet of his portrait. At last he straightened up and called to the man in the balcony:

"Come here a minute, will you?"

The operator obligingly joined him.

"See that?" cried Channing, pulling him over to the canvas and pointing to a small spot near the pavement. "That's my scarab! It's the queerest thing I ever saw. I've been standing here and watching myself lose it for the last four pictures. It drops about a foot in every picture, as near as I can judge. Half a dozen pictures back it's in the fob, and then it begins to fall out. See—the setting is empty now."

He pointed to the fob, and the operator nodded.

"And there it lies on the sidewalk," continued Channing. "I wonder whatever became of it."

"Maybe we can find out," suggested the operator, and he recrossed the footlights and returned to his machine. Slowly he started the roll of film in motion, while Channing kept his eyes fixed on the spot where his scarab lay. His own figure passed on in jerky steps, and that of another man, walking directly behind him, came into view. This man was walking rapidly, taking no note of things underfoot. A square-toed shoe seemed to hover for an instant over the stone beetle and then fall directly upon it. Channing uttered a cry of disappointment and waved for more pictures. Half a dozen came and went. Then he halted the machine and examined the sidewalk minutely. The ruthless foot had been lifted, but there was no scarab there, nor anything that looked like a crushed stone.

"It's gone!" cried Channing.

"I think that man kicked it," said the operator. "Search the sidewalk."

Channing went over every foot of the pavement carefully, and shook his head. "He probably kicked it into the gutter or

out into the street," he said. "I can't see it anywhere."

The operator moved the film again slowly. Channing's figure passed out in the lower angle, and the little open space where he had walked was filled with half a dozen figures. The machine stopped again.

"Take a look at that girl," called the operator. "No, not that one. The one on the right-hand side, near the curb, opposite the cigar-store sign."

Channing located a figure which had apparently just come into view. Although he could not see the face, the figure appeared to be that of a young woman. It was in a half-stooping posture. The form of a man in the foreground prevented a complete view. As Channing observed her the operator gave the crank a slight turn, and the stooping figure bent lower. The right hand was thrust downward. The film jumped again and the woman stooped still lower. The hand of the stooping figure had reached the pavement and the fingers were closing over something.

"Stop!" called Channing, as he stepped close to the canvas. What the fingers inclosed he could not see. An instant before a man's foot had been lifted from the spot where the hand now rested. Whatever lay on the pavement at that point had been hidden from the eye of the camera. Channing gave the signal for more pictures. The stooping figure began to straighten slowly to an erect position. The bulk of the man in the foreground still hid the face, but now he was edging out of the line of vision and the figure of the girl was turning so that it would appear in an instant. Picture by picture the relative positions of the two figures changed. The tip of the woman's ear came into view. Channing signaled nervously for more.

"That's the last picture," called the operator.

"Are you sure?" cried Channing.

"It's the very end of the roll."

"Two—even one more picture would do it," groaned Channing.

"Too bad; I'm sorry," said the operator.

"But that girl's got my scarab, I'll bet a thousand dollars," protested Channing.

"And I want to see what she looks like."

"I'll move the film backward, and you can follow her, step by step," said the

operator. "We can find out then just where she comes into the picture."

The figures on the canvas reversed their normal motions in strange fashion. In half a dozen seconds the girl had retreated into the crowd.

"See her now?" called the operator.

"No," answered Channing, after searching.

"Then we'll go on, slow."

Six films passed into the field of vision, when Channing called sharply:

"Steady, now; here she comes."

More than half concealed behind a group of men, who advanced into the field of the camera first, he could discern the slim form of a girl, moving slowly and hesitatingly, because the film was being wound at half speed around the drum. It seemed as if at some instant her face must be uncovered, but by singular perversity some one in the crowd always intervened. Now her hat, broad-brimmed, was clearly in view. Now the shoulder of her close-fitting jacket, of some light-colored material, jutted into the picture. Then it was lost again, and he caught the swing of a dark skirt. But never was there a glimpse of the face. The figure was of medium height and girlish in its contour. Again he breathlessly watched the figure stoop and reach for the object on the sidewalk, then straighten, half turn, and move until the face was almost exposed—and then the film ended. He could not suppress an exclamation of despair.

"I guess the tip of her ear is all I'll ever see," he sighed. "But say, old man, what does that roll of film cost? I've got to have it."

"What good would it do you?" asked the operator. "You couldn't use it without a machine."

"Couldn't I have enlargements made from it," asked Channing.

"Yes, you could do that," answered Parker slowly. "They'll enlarge, all right."

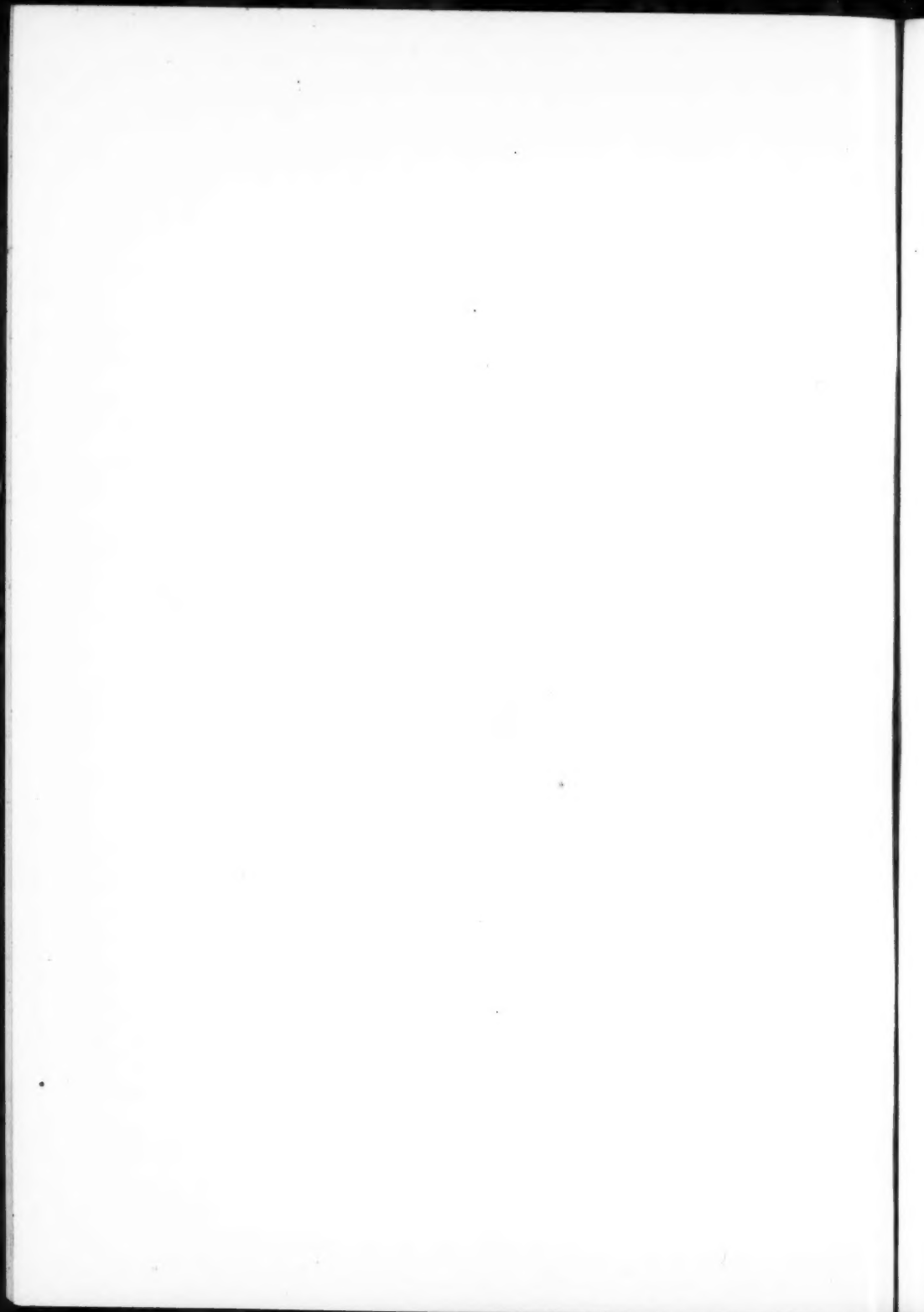
"Here," said Channing. "You cable home and see if I can have ten seconds' worth of Broadway. Willing to pay the market price, or anything reasonable. Here's the address of my hotel."

Eight days later Channing was leaning over the rail of a liner, watching the coast line of France sink all too slowly far astern of the glistening wake. The fever of home-



Drawn by George Brehm.

"She nodded silently, for she was beginning to understand."



coming was in his pulse, yet he vaguely realized that home itself was not the quickening agent. Channing wanted his scarab, wanted it as badly as a child clamoring for the loftiest bauble on a Christmas tree. He was not a collector of scarabs nor a student of antiquities. Rather, he leaned strongly toward the modern in all things. Twenty-eight years old and reasonably rich was the material condition of Henry Channing. His late father, successful in business, had made his son solvent for life, but had left him no inheritance of the money-making instinct. Some day, he admitted to himself, he might go into business, in order that he should not grow old frivolously. Now, however, he would find his scarab. He had taken a fancy to it, and it was a rare one; also, it had cost something. Moreover, its loss was supposed to bring ill luck. Therefore he must recover it at all hazards. Besides, he had a curiosity to see the face of the finder of it.

The first thing Channing did when he set foot on Manhattan Island was to hunt up a telephone. He was glad to hear that his old room was still vacant at the club. He had now arrived at the base of his operations, but he looked out upon the bigness of the city with misgiving.

Channing spent the evening in his room, poring over a pile of photographs and arranging them in orderly rows according to their numbers. There was a bewildering sameness in them; at least, there would have been to a casual observer. But to Channing, each one represented a minute step in an absorbing drama. Number One and Number Two surely seemed to be struck from the same plate. So did Number Two and Number Three. The difference was microscopic. But there was a noticeable dissimilarity between Number One and Number Ten. The lens of the camera simply refined this difference into ten parts.

When he found himself nodding over the series he scooped them up into a pile and went to bed.

"Now," thought Channing as he breakfasted next morning, "what is the first thing a detective would do? Visit the scene of the crime, I suppose. All right; I'll go down town and have a look at that particular section of Broadway."

It was easy to locate the place. Even

the very paving stone on which his scarab had been sacrificed was there.

Then Channing reenacted the scene. He went a little way up the block, turned and sauntered slowly back, mingling with the crowd, as he had seen himself do in the picture machine. But he could not bring himself to pass the spot, and halted there again, studying the sidewalk aimlessly.

For three days more the quest of the scarab took him at noonday to the dry-goods district, where he waited for the passage of a figure that he half believed he would recognize by its lithe, graceful, swinging step. He watched for a girl who might, in passing the magic spot, betray by some involuntary movement or glance a memory of her find. At the end of the third day he gave it up reluctantly and made his way moodily to the Subway.

Going uptown, an advertising card directly opposite where he sat attracted his attention by the brilliancy of its lettering. It said in large, compelling type:

ADVERTISING PAYS!

"Jiminy crickets!" exclaimed Channing, as the letters seemed to brand themselves on his brain, "I never thought to look."

Five minutes later he was legging it in the direction of the nearest public library, saying to himself:

"If she had a hard-shell Puritan conscience she probably did. Of course, it was really my place to do it, but I never thought to bother."

Through half a dozen files of newspapers he searched the issues of the 23d, 24th, and 25th of April, without result. Then he took up the first file again and began at the 26th. Here it was, in the edition of the 29th, at the very top of the column:

FOUND.—On Broadway, an odd green ornament. Owner may recover by describing property. Address G. S., Box 288, — office.

"My scarab!" he gloated, as if the gem were lying in the palm of his hand. "Honest little girl, by George."

He hurried off to the office of the newspaper.

"Here's an advertisement that appeared in your paper on the 29th of last April," he said to the clerk at the advertisement window, showing him the copy of the ad

that he had made. "Do you still take answers for it?" Channing showed his ignorance of "classified ads" by asking such a question.

The clerk shook his head doubtfully. "You could leave an answer here, of course," he said, "but I don't think it would do any good. People rarely call for more than a week after the appearance of an ad of that kind."

"Wouldn't you have a name, or an address, or some sort of a record?" asked Channing anxiously.

The clerk shook his head.

"Or, perhaps, the original copy of the advertisement, so I could see the handwriting and the paper it was written on?"

"We don't keep copy over a month back," said the clerk.

"Shucks!" said Channing, in a tone of annoyance. "You see," he confided, "I happen to be the owner of that particular green bug, and I want him."

The clerk looked interested and sympathetic, but could offer no suggestion.

After that the enthusiasm with which Channing had begun his search, took a discouraging slump. All the resources at his command seemed to be exhausted. Then came a new inspiration. In a jeweler's window one day he saw a scarab set in a ring. It was not a bit like his, for the color was a grayish brown, but it interested him. When he learned that the Art Museum contained a loan collection, he hastened there with the enthusiasm of a neophyte.

Here, indeed, were scarabs of all sizes and all colors. One there was that made him start, a green beetle, possessing a luster so peculiarly like that of his own that for the moment he doubted his eyes. Channing hunted up an assistant curator and led him to the case.

"I'm a sort of a scarab fiend," he explained. "Would you mind letting me see the under side of that little green fellow?"

The curator unlocked the case and lifted the green beetle out carefully, turning it over on its back in the palm of his hand. "You say you are interested in scarabs?" he inquired.

"Yes, to a certain extent. I had one almost exactly like that in color and size, and I was curious to see if they were marked alike."

"Do you remember how yours is marked?"

"It isn't mine now; I lost it," exclaimed Channing. "But it was marked on the bottom like this."

He drew a pencil from his pocket and marked a character on the back of a card. The curator examined the drawing and then turned to look at the green stone he had replaced in the case.

"You say your scarab was of that material?" he asked.

"Exactly the same, as nearly as I can judge."

"In that event, you were unfortunate to lose it," the curator remarked. "It was a Pharaoh's scarab. It must have been very old."

"How do you know that?" demanded Channing.

"I've studied scarabs some," the other replied, smiling. "There is a fair quantity of literature on the subject. Have you read much?"

"Merely the encyclopædias," confessed Channing.

"They are little more than indexes to the subject," said the official. "You ought to try a book or two. I can give you the names of some if you like."

Channing wandered out of the museum with a list of three volumes devoted exclusively to the origin, manufacture, and discovery of scarabs.

At the library he called for all three volumes and, when they were brought by an attendant, began with the smallest. This was a primer on the subject, and he skimmed the pages in a desultory way. He found it not nearly so interesting as the collection of stones in the museum, and laid it aside for the second volume. This was a larger work, more exhaustive in its treatment, and handsomely illustrated in colors. Channing took a childish interest in the beautifully lithographed plates. There were rows after rows of scarabs—reds, blues, browns, yellows, and many that combined two, or even three, colors.

He paused longest at a page of green beetles, where the colors shaded from deep tints to the most delicately pale hues. Here, again, was the counterfeit presentment of his own scarab. He could not be mistaken in the shade.

"Pity they don't show reverse sides," he

thought, as he studied the little figure in the upper right-hand corner of the page. Then he uttered an exclamation and brought the volume closer to his eyes, rubbing the tip of his finger over the specimen that had attracted him. The smooth surface of the page was indented.

Channing felt with an eager finger on the under side of the page. There was a roughness, like the raised characters of Braille. He lifted the page to the light; then hurried across the room to the window, where he again held it up.

"It's there!" he muttered.

The Pharaoh's mark—the mark of his lost scarab—showed clearly against the strong light! Tremblingly Channing laid the book on the window sill and turned the page to the reverse side, bending over it. Unmistakably the outline of the mysterious hieroglyphic was sharply raised in the texture of the heavy calendered paper. He brushed the tips of his fingers over it gently, as if to assure himself that his eyes were playing him no tricks. There was no possible doubt. His own scarab had been held against the under side of the page and the paper rubbed firmly into the outline.

Channing studied it dumbly for several minutes. Then he took up the book and carried it to the desk of the librarian.

"Do you keep a record of the calls for certain volumes?" he asked.

The young woman reached for the volume and glanced at the card at the front of it.

"I want to learn if this book has been called for any time since April 22d of last year, and by whom," Channing said.

"The book was called for on April 26th last," said the attendant, glancing at the card at the front of the volume. "But we are not permitted to give the names of patrons without their permission. However, if you wish it, I can write to the person who drew the book out and see if they have any objection."

Yes, that was what he wanted, Channing assured her. "And have you any more books on scarabs? If so, I'd like to look at them—all of them." He received three more volumes, one of them a bulky treatise and two of them in foreign languages. He turned the pages rapidly, stopping only at plates and illustrations. But, though he searched each for the telltale

mark, it was to be found nowhere save in the book with the colored plates.

He sat staring at the imprint for a long time, now and then turning the pages to see if, by some impulse of vandalism, the unknown had written "G. S." anywhere between the covers. But he found nothing. Save for the mark on the image of the green beetle, the pages of the volume were unadorned.

Channing wandered out of the library in a daze. He wanted to do something in a hurry, but he did not know what that thing was. He had an idea that the girl who had picked up the scarab had been there, and it was tantalizing to be so near and yet so far.

Two days later something took him to Philadelphia. It was the chance information that Philadelphia possessed a collection of scarabs. But there was not a green scarab in the lot, even though there were scores unlike any he had seen in his own city.

"If you are interested in scarabs," said the man in Philadelphia, "why don't you begin nearer home? Have you seen the collection of Professor Stoneleigh?"

Channing said that he had not.

"He lives in Elizabeth," volunteered his informant. "His private collection is quite remarkable."

Professor Stoneleigh of Elizabeth was little in stature and old in years, with bright eyes that looked out not unkindly through the rims of a huge pair of spectacles. For half an hour Channing had been listening patiently to the voluble little savant.

"I am sorry," he continued after a learned disquisition on his collection, "that you did not call yesterday; ah! then I had a scarab to show you. But it was not mine."

"Couldn't you buy it?" asked Channing.

"No, no; it was too valuable. Quite 4000 B.C., I think. And"—the professor lifted his hand impressively—"a royal scarab!"

Channing essayed to speak, but ended by merely staring at the little man.

"A Pharaoh's scarab," added the professor in a reverent tone. "It was——"

As he paused, Channing blurted out, "It was green."

The professor looked at him in astonishment. Then he clapped his hands.

"You are right. You know something of scarabs. It *was* green—green basalt; but such an unusual shade. Here; it was something like this."

He fumbled in another drawer for a few seconds and drew forth a small green beetle. Channing nodded dumbly as he looked at it.

"But this is quite a common one," declared the professor. "The other—ah! that bore the royal mark. See; like this."

He seized a sheet of paper and drew a figure on it. Channing was nodding his head mechanically. He scarcely glanced at the drawing. He knew what it was. It was an effort for him to speak, but he finally mastered his voice.

"You say it has been taken away?"

"Only yesterday," said the professor with a sigh.

Channing uttered an exclamation. "But the owner—who is the owner?"

"That," said the professor sadly, "I do not know."

Channing fell back a pace and stared at him in amazement.

"You don't know?" he said slowly.

"No," said the professor in a resigned tone. "I do not know; it was brought to me several months ago. The owner wished to have it identified. It was wonderfully rare; unique, in fact. I knew it at a glance; I became enraptured with it. I begged an opportunity to study it. It was left with me—for months. Think! For months! The rarest I had ever seen. It was a privilege, a high privilege. Yesterday it was called for. I suppose I shall not see it again. Nevertheless, it was something to have lived for."

"What did the owner look like?" asked Channing. "Surely you must know something about her—her name or something."

"Did I say it was a lady?" asked the professor, a trifle absently. "I don't remember saying so. But it was. That was the odd part of it. The scarab does not often appeal to the feminine."

"A young lady?" suggested Channing.

"Really, I don't know," said the professor. "To tell the truth, I did not notice. I was absorbed in the stone. A wonderful piece of work. The material was so fine and hard, the shading so unique. And the carving—why—"

"And you never even asked her name?"

"I think I did," answered the professor, "but I do not now recall it."

Channing sighed. He saw that it was useless. A little later he baded the professor good-by, without having been able to extract from him any information of value to him in his quest.

His trip to Philadelphia and return by way of Elizabeth had taken time. His next move was to call at the library. Surely a reply must have been received by now, he thought.

He was not disappointed. The library had received a letter for him, which he proceeded hurriedly to open.

It was written in a dainty feminine hand, and stated in pleasant terms that the writer had no objection to the inquirer's knowing who she was.

Channing glanced at the address and, barely taking time to thank the attendant, hurried out of the library and took the Subway to the neighborhood indicated.

Miss Elton's studio was several flights above the street. The genius of it presented a pleasing and businesslike appearance as she opened the door at Channing's ring. She was hatted and gloved as if just going out.

After briefly stating that he had received her letter, which he produced, Channing remarked: "But I think the least you can do is to tell me what you did with my scarab."

Miss Elton uttered a little cry, and steadied herself against the window casing. Her eyes stared wide, and the color had left her cheeks.

"My scarab, I said," repeated Channing. "The green scarab, with the mark like this."

He seized a brush wet with paint and traced the hieroglyphic on the wall. She followed his movement with dumb fascination.

"I am talking of the scarab that you picked up on April 22d of last year," he continued, trying to speak lightly, although his voice shook a little. "The one that you advertised, the one that you pressed into the page at the Astor Library, the one that you took to Elizabeth."

There was something pitiful in her expression of amazement, but Channing smiled at her joyously.

"I hope you didn't lose it," he added. "I've had such a time chasing it."

"Oh, please! Please!" she cried, finding her voice at last.

"I didn't mean to startle you," said Channing with sudden contrition. "It is all very simple now. There is nothing supernatural. But I would really like to see the little green bug again."

Silently she pointed to a hideous pagan god who squatted on a high shelf. Its hands were outstretched, palms upward. In the left reposed the scarab with the Pharaoh's mark!

With a cry of recognition Channing seized it. There was something hypnotic in its fascination, for he turned it over and over, now examining the delicately chiseled wings and legs, now studying the familiar outline of the hieroglyphic. Presently he looked up at Miss Elton. She was sitting on a little bench near the window. Her breath came rapidly, as if from some violent exertion.

"Tell me," she said faintly. "It frightens me."

"Wait," said Channing, "I'll be back very soon."

He dashed out of the studio, and she heard him descending the stairs in long bounds. There was an interval of five minutes, and then she heard him returning.

"I have sent for the evidence," he said, bursting into the room. "It should be here in less than an hour. We'll talk about something else until it comes."

They tried to, but the attempt was a failure. Miss Elton, whose eyes seemed to plead for enlightenment, spoke only in monosyllables. Channing spent the time pacing the studio, waiting for the return of the messenger. He came at last, bearing a bulky package. Channing undid the wrappings with nervous fingers.

"I will show you now so that you will understand," he said, placing the photographs on the table before her. "Look!"

She studied the prints as he eagerly turned them one by one.

"They are enlargements," he explained, "from the film of a picture machine."

She nodded silently, for she was beginning to understand. She saw his figure emerge from the crowd on the sidewalk, followed it step by step as it came into the foreground, and saw it disappear as he continued to turn the photographs. Then she saw herself, half hidden in the crowd

that surged down town, an expression of awed wonderment escaping her as the slender figure bent over and picked something up from the pavement.

"Now do you understand?" asked Channing.

She nodded again, unable to find words. After that he told her the story, every detail of it, and she listened like a child who is hearing fairy tales.

"But I have never understood 'G. S.,'" he said. "Your name is Margaret."

"You might have guessed that," she said. "'G. S.' simply meant green scarab."

Channing looked at her blankly, and then burst into a laugh.

"I'm an idiot," he said. "Of course it does. And here I have been inventing a thousand names to fit the initials."

"And to think," said Miss Elton, "that it has been lying there in Patrick's hand all these days. Patrick," she explained, "is my little friend on the shelf," nodding at the pagan image.

"The little heathen," said Channing, glaring at him.

"I am very fond of Patrick," said Miss Elton. "He has taken good care of it. I trusted it to nobody but him and the professor."

"But the book at the library?"

"That was merely a childish whim," she said. "I took the scarab there to find out something about it. When I found its picture I could not resist pressing the seal into it. It was quite a while after that that I went to Elizabeth. The professor I heard of accidentally. I took it to him out of curiosity."

"The professor seemed very fond of the scarab," said Channing. "I will send it to him."

Miss Elton looked at him in surprise. "I thought you were trying to recover it," she said.

"I was," said Channing. "I was also hunting for a lady."

The sacred scarabæus was concentrated in his observation of a spot of green paint on the table. The little pagan on the shelf stared straight at the opposite wall. The painted lady on the canvas looked dreamily out of the window, where the world went by. Not one of them paid the least attention to Channing and the girl.

MY STORY

BY HALL CAINE

THE autobiography of Mr. Hall Caine, of which the following is the fourth instalment, has been widely recognized as one of the most interesting and important contributions to literary history that has appeared for a long time. The three instalments already published in APPLETON'S have carried the career of this most successful of living novelists through his childhood in the Isle of Man, his youth in Liverpool, where his literary life began, and the beginning of his great friendship with Rossetti in London. In the present chapter the young man abandons business for literature, and removing to London, takes up his residence in the home of the artist-poet. The brilliant circle of friends that centered around the picturesque personality of Rossetti, and the association of the chloral-ridden genius with the ambitious young author from the country, provide material of unusual and dramatic interest.—THE EDITOR.

IV. ROSSETTI AND HIS FRIENDSHIPS



THE better part of a year passed before I saw Rossetti again, but meantime I was in constant correspondence with him, so that the continuity of our intercourse was never broken for so much as a day.

Though my beginnings had been scrambling ones, it was my own fault now if my literary education was not more thorough, and even more systematic, than any school or university could have given me. Notwithstanding the calls of my ordinary occupation, I was reading as much as six, eight, and even ten hours a day, and corresponding constantly on the subject of my reading with a man of genius whose knowledge of literature was very wide and whose instinct for excellence very sure.

The Rossetti correspondence had, with great profit to me, been going on for a considerable time when my personal affairs reached an acute but not altogether unexpected crisis. My long-standing grievance against my everyday occupation as a builder's draughtsman was, in spite of the never-failing indulgence of my employer,

brought to a head by another attack of illness. The symptoms were sufficiently alarming this time, but, although satisfied that I had received my death warrant, I said nothing to anybody except the doctor and Rossetti, to whom, by this time, I was in the habit of telling everything.

Grave as the issue certainly was, it is almost amusing to me to remember that, being convinced that my failure of health was mainly due to the zeal with which for several years I had been burning the candle at both ends, it did not occur to me for a moment to put it out at the end that was apparently least necessary to my material welfare. My easy work in the building yard made me my living, while my hard work with my books made me nothing at all; but I take it to be an evidence of how the itch for writing will conquer all practical considerations, and perhaps evidence also of a certain natural vocation, that when I came to choose between those two it was the living that had to go.

On seeing that I was fully resolved to burn my boats, Rossetti proposed that I should pitch my tent with him in London.

"I feel greatly interested," he said, "in

your prospects and intentions, and at this writing I can see no likelihood of my not remaining in the mind that, in case of your coming to London, your quarters should be taken up here. The house is big enough for two, even if they meant to be strangers to each other. You would have your own rooms, and we should meet just when we pleased. You have got a sufficient inkling of my exceptional habits not to be scared by them. It is true, at times my health and spirits are variable, but I am sure we should not be squabbling."

I hesitated to take advantage of such a one-sided arrangement as Rossetti proposed, and in order to overcome my reluctance he began to protest that he, too, was far from well, and that my presence in his house might be helpful in various ways.

So it came about that, when I had left Liverpool and gone up to Cumberland, resolved, if I shook off my trouble, to toil early hours and late and live in a cottage on oatmeal porridge and barley bread rather than give up my intention of becoming a man of letters, Rossetti, also influenced by considerations of health, came to the conclusion that if I would not come to him he must go to me. Scarcely had I settled in my remote quarters when he wrote that he must soon leave London; that he was wearied out and unable to sleep; that if he could only reach my secluded vale he would breathe a purer air, mentally as well as physically.

"They are now really setting about the building at the back here. I do not know what my plans may be. Suppose I were to ask you to come to town in a fortnight from now, and perhaps I returning with you for a while into the country—would that be feasible to you?"

In due course I arrived in London, and was received with the utmost warmth. The cheery "Hulloa" greeted me again as I entered the studio, and then Rossetti, feebler of step, I thought, than before, led the way to the apartments he had prepared for me.

My sitting room was the room to the left of the hall facing the green dining room, with a huge sofa and two huge chairs in an apple-blossom chintz, a table, a black oak cabinet, and a number of small photographs of Rossetti's pictures in plain oak frames. It had been occupied in turn

by Mr. Meredith and by Mr. Swinburne in the days when they had lived under the same roof with Rossetti, and now it was to be mine for my permanent home in London. In this way I drifted into my place as Rossetti's housemate, and very soon I realized what the position involved.

Rossetti was now a changed man. He was distinctly less inclined to corpulence, his eyes were less bright, and when he walked to and fro in the studio, as it was his habit to do at intervals of about an hour, it was with a labored sidelong motion that I had not previously observed. Half sensible of an anxiety which I found it difficult to conceal, he paused for an instant in the midst of these melancholy perambulations and asked how he struck me as to health. More frankly than wisely, I answered less well than formerly. It was an unlucky remark, for Rossetti's secret desire at that moment was to conceal his lowering state even from himself.

He had written his "King's Tragedy" since I had stayed with him before, and I think he wished me to believe that the emotional strain involved in the production of the poem had been chiefly to blame for his reduced condition. Casting himself on the couch with a look of exhaustion he told me that the ballad had taken a great deal out of him. "It was as though my life ebbed out with it," he said.

In actual fact, however, making allowances for the strain of work as well as the worry of domestic disturbances, his physical retrogression was undoubtedly due in great part to recent excess in the use of the pernicious drug. With that excess had come a certain moral as well as bodily decline. I thought I perceived that he was more than ever enslaved by the painful delusions I have spoken of, more than ever under the influence of intermittent waves of morbid suspicion of nearly everybody with whom he came in contact.

Right or wrong, this diagnosis of Rossetti's case was perhaps the one thing that enabled me, as a young fellow out of the fresh air of the commonplace world, to do the poet some good, to cheer and strengthen him, and to bring for a time a little happiness into his life. Down to the moment of my coming he had for years rarely been outside the doors of his great, gloomy house, certainly never afoot, and only in

closed carriages with his friends; but on the second night of my stay I marched boldly into the studio, hat in hand, announced my intention of taking a walk on the Chelsea Embankment, and, without a qualm, asked Rossetti to accompany me. To my amazement, he consented, saying:

"Well—upon my word—really I think I will," and every night for a week afterwards I induced him to repeat the unfamiliar experiment.

But now I recall with emotion and some remorse the scene and circumstance of those nightly walks: the embankment, almost dark with its gas lamps far apart, and generally silent at our late hour except for an occasional footfall on the pavement under the tall houses opposite; the black river flowing noiselessly behind the low wall and gurgling under the bridge; and then Rossetti, in his slouch hat with its broad brim pulled down low on his forehead, as if to conceal his face, lurching along with a heavy, uncertain step, breathing audibly, looking at nothing and hardly speaking at all. From these nightly perambulations he would return home utterly exhausted, and, throwing himself on the couch, remain prostrate for nearly an hour.

Although it was understood between us that I had come up to London with the express purpose of taking Rossetti back with me to Cumberland, he seemed to be in no hurry for our departure. Day by day and week by week, with all the ingenuity of his native irresolution, he devised reasons for delay, and thus a month passed before we began to make a move. Meantime we commenced our career together under the same roof, and to me it was both interesting and helpful. Rossetti's habits of life were, indeed, as he said, exceptional, and in some respects they seemed to turn the world topsy-turvy. I am convinced that at this time only the necessity of securing a certain short interval of daylight by which it was possible to paint prevailed with him to get up before the middle of the afternoon.

When the light began to fail he would come to my sitting room: to see how I was "getting along," an errand which invariably resulted in our going back together to the studio and talking until dinner time.

We dined about half past eight, generally in the studio and often without com-

pany, sat up till two or three, and then went to bed with volumes of "Clarissa" or "Tom Jones."

Nights of such loneliness were frequently broken, however, by the society of Rossetti's friends, and during the weeks of our waiting I came to know one by one the few men and women who remained of the poet's intimate circle. There was his brother William, a staid and rather silent man, at that time in the civil service, growing elderly and apparently encompassed by family cares, but coming to Cheyne Walk every Monday night with unfailing regularity and a brotherly loyalty that never flagged. There was Theodore Watts (Watts-Dunton), most intimate of Rossetti's friends, a short man, then in the prime of life, with a great head and brilliant eyes. There was Frederic Shields, the painter, on the sunny side of middle age, enthusiastic, spontaneous, almost spasmodic. There was William Bell Scott, poet and painter, very emotional, very sensitive, a little inclined to bitterness, a tall old man who had lost his hair and wore a wig which somewhat belied his face. There was Ford Madox Brown, a handsome, elderly man with a long, whitening beard, a solid figure, with a firm step, a dignified manner, and a sententious style of speech. Then there was William Sharp, a young fellow in his early twenties, very bright, very winsome, very lively, very lovable, very Scotch, always telling in what Rossetti called "the unknown tongue" exaggerated and incredible stories which made him laugh uproariously, but were never intended to be believed. And then there was the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, a pathetic figure, slack and untidy, with large lips and pale cheeks, silent, gloomy, and perhaps morbid.

These constituted the inner circle of Rossetti's friends, and they came at varying intervals: Watts twice or thrice a week, Shields more rarely, Brown on the occasions of his holidays in London from his work on the frescoes in the Town Hall at Manchester, Sharp and Marston now and then. Besides these, there were calls from a few of the buyers of Rossetti's pictures, chief among them being Frederick Leyland, a remarkable man, tall and stylish, almost showy, very clever and keen. And once or twice during the weeks of

our waiting there were visits from the ladies of Rossetti's family, his mother, a gentle, sweet-faced old lady in a long seal-skin coat (the treasured gift of the poet), and his sister Christina, a woman in middle life with a fine, intellectual face, noticeably large and somewhat protrusive eyes, a pleasant smile and a quiet manner, but a power of clear-cut, incisive speech which gave an astonishing effect of mental strength. Finally, there were rare and valued visits from Mrs. William Morris, the subject of many of Rossetti's pictures, no longer young but still wondrously beautiful, with the grand, sad face which the painter has made immortal in those three-quarter-length pictures which for wealth of sublime and mysterious suggestion, unaided by dramatic design, are probably, as Watts-Dunton says, "unique in the art of the world."

Naturally it could not be altogether a desolate house in which such men and women revolved at intervals around one of the most extraordinary personalities of the age, and notwithstanding the gradual lowering of Rossetti's health, we had our cheerful hours together from time to time. I recall the dinners in the studio, in the midst of the easels, the game of "Limericks" sometimes played about the table, everybody taking his turn (the unhappy subject being usually the friend who had not turned up), and the peals of laughter that rang through the room as Rossetti's rhyme, aflame with satire that was not always without the power to scorch, fell on us like a thunderbolt.

Not many echoes of the outer world came to us in that closed circle of Rossetti's house, for there was a kind of silent acquiescence in the idea that the affairs of everyday life were proscribed. I cannot remember that we talked politics at all, or that a daily newspaper ever entered our doors. A criminal trial, with a mystery attached to it, would awaken Rossetti's keenest interest, and set his amazing powers of deduction to work, but social movements had small value in his eyes, and even religious agitations rarely moved him.

Literary doings, however, and in a less degree artistic ones, also, commanded Rossetti's attention always, for his house was a hotbed of intellectual activity, and I recall in particular his anxiety to know

what was being published and discussed. A young poet, who was just then attracting attention by certain peculiarities of personal behavior and a series of cartoons in which he was caricatured by Du Maurier in *Punch*, sent Rossetti his first book of poems, a volume bound in parchment and inscribed, I think, in gold. This was Oscar Wilde, and I remember Rossetti's quick recognition of the gifts that underlay a good deal of amusing affectation.

The air was at that time full of stories of Whistler's pecuniary distresses, and I remember, too, a string of ridiculous anecdotes which Rossetti used to tell of "Jimmy's" eccentricities. Then there was Swinburne, a figure that seemed to be always hovering about Rossetti's house (though during my time his body was never present there), so constantly was he discussed either by Watts, by Rossetti, or by myself. But of other and still more intimate friends of earlier life—Ruskin, Morris, Holman Hunt, and Burne-Jones—nothing was seen and hardly anything was said, and of this fact I can offer no explanation—none, at least, except by side light derived from Rossetti's great love and frequent repetition of Coleridge's "Work Without Hope," with its—

Sloth jaundiced all, and from my graspless hand

Drop friendship's precious pearls like hour-glass sand.

Two events of much importance during our month in London might have been expected to awaken Rossetti to the keenest interest in life. After lengthy negotiations, measureless correspondence, countless interviews, and the exercise of some tact and diplomacy to meet and defeat the obstacles which Rossetti's pride or personal antagonism had been constantly putting in the way, I succeeded in selling the great "Dante's Dream" to Liverpool. The picture was exhibited immediately, and at first there was a certain amount of criticism in the local newspapers, a certain carping at the Corporation for the peculiarities of its purchase, but Rossetti heard nothing of that. All he heard were the rapturous praises of the few who subscribed to Noel Paton's opinion that his "Dante" was one of the half dozen great

pictures of the world, and all he knew besides was that one morning I took to his bedroom a check for the fifteen hundred guineas that were the price paid by Liverpool.

His second volume of poems, also, "Ballads and Sonnets," was published during our weeks of waiting, and if, once again, there was at first a measure of adverse criticism, Rossetti, in his failing health, was allowed to know nothing about that, either. All he saw in the name of criticism was a noble and brilliant appreciation by Watts-Dunton (*Athenæum*), which, as I remember, brought the tears to his eyes when he read it; a fine analysis by Professor Dowden (*Academy*), and an article, all affection and emotion, by myself. Beyond this, and the general impression we all conveyed to him that his book was having a magnificent reception, Rossetti had no other knowledge of the fate of his new book than came to him in the substantial form of his publishers' checks.

Rossetti might have been expected to find joy in the fact that in one month, by the simultaneous production of two masterpieces, he had again become illustrious in two arts, but it would wrong the truth to say that he gave any particular sign of satisfaction. I cannot recall that he showed a real interest in the reception of his picture, or that the fate of his new book gave him a moment's apparent uneasiness.

If I had not heard of the feverish watchfulness with which he had followed the fortunes of his earlier volume, I should have concluded that the absence of anxiety about his second book was due to a calm reliance on its strength. But the intensity of Rossetti's sensitiveness to any breath of criticism was as great as ever, and it is more than probable that the same shrinking from public observation which had made him a hermit made him shut out of his consciousness any influence that might possibly bring him pain.

I remember that one morning, not long after the publication of the book, coming unexpectedly into my sitting room and seeing on the table a copy of a well-known weekly journal lying open at a page in which some purblind person, reviewing the "Ballads," began, "It is difficult to de-

termine exactly what position the author of these poems fills in the category of secondary poets," Rossetti fired up at me for "shunting his enemies into his house," and then went off to his studio in a towering rage. The unlucky article was no doubt foolish enough as criticism in a leading place of a book which gave proof of one of the great poets of the century, but I thought it was necessary to look elsewhere than to the natural irritability of the poetic nature for the reason of Rossetti's want of manliness in meeting with one more evidence of the perpetual presence of the egregious ass.

Unfortunately, it was not necessary to look far. Day by day, or night by night, prompted perhaps by the desire to suppress the nervousness created by his domestic worries, the sale of his pictures, and the publication of his book, Rossetti was giving way more and more to indulgence in his accursed drug, and not all our efforts to keep painful facts from his knowledge, nor yet our innocent scheming to fill his gloomy house with sunshine, availed to bring any real happiness into his life.

As a result of his general failure in health, and perhaps as a consequence of the confinement to the house which had come of the cutting away of the garden, Rossetti's delusions were fast deepening into distrust of the whole world. He was beginning to harbor the hallucination that even his personal movements were watched by enemies, and more than once he used this conviction as one of the reasons for postponing the plan which had brought me up to London.

"I assure you I cannot move outside the doors without being dogged," he said.

"Nonsense!" I said; and to prove how groundless were his suspicions I challenged him to go out with me there and then and put them to the test.

To my amazement he consented, saying, "Very well, you shall see." And within a few minutes we were out again, and for the last time on the Chelsea Embankment.

It was past midnight, and very dark. We neither met nor saw anybody until we reached the bridge, walking eastward, or yet back again as far as to the beginning of Cheyne Walk, and I was already preparing the words with which I was to triumph over Rossetti's hallucination, when,

as the devil's own luck would have it, a tipsy fellow came reeling down a side street, drawling out a maudlin song. Rossetti quickened his pace and, reaching his door, he was fumbling with his latchkey when the roistering fool came staggering up to the gate, stuck his head half through the rails, and cried out some tipsy salutation.

"There," said Rossetti, when with panting breath he reached the studio, "are you satisfied at last?"

I was—I was perfectly satisfied at last that every delusion I had been conscious of since the first night I slept in that house, every disloyalty to friends I had ever heard Rossetti charged with, had been due from first to last to the operation of the damnable drug.

August had slid into September while we waited in London without obvious purpose, and it was now plainly apparent to all Rossetti's friends that out of regard both to the condition of his health and the time of the year, he must go back to Cumberland with me immediately if he was to go at all.

Infinite were the efforts that had to be made, and countless the precautions that had to be taken, before Rossetti could be induced to set out; but at length, after a farewell visit to Torrington Square, to say good-by to his mother and sister, we found ourselves—we two and the nurse—at 9 P.M., one evening in September, at Euston Station, sitting behind the drawn blinds of a special saloon carriage that was labeled for Keswick, and packed with as many baskets and bags, as many books and artist's trappings, as would have lasted for an absence of a year.

I have not concealed my conviction that the less noble side of Rossetti came of prolonged indulgence in a pernicious drug, and once again I cannot omit an illustration of the corrupting influence of his unfortunate habit. Our journey to Cumberland was long and tiresome. The man who could not sleep in a muffled bedroom fronting an open garden was hardly likely to sleep in a rumbling and jolting railway train. But toward midnight I gave Rossetti his usual dose of two bottles of chloral, and he lay down to compose himself. In a small handbag I had brought four bottles (each supposed to contain some

sixty grains in solution), two for use on the journey, the other two to meet the possible contingency of delay in the arrival of our luggage at our destination, and putting the bag and its two remaining bottles of chloral under the seat of an inner compartment of the saloon carriage, I lay down over it and went to sleep.

I awoke when the train stopped at Penrith, and the dawn was breaking, but Rossetti was still lying where I had left him. Something suggested that I should look in my handbag, and to my distress I discovered that one of the two bottles of chloral had gone.

It was six o'clock when we reached the little wayside station (Threlkeld) that was the end of our journey, and there we got into a carriage which was to drive us through the Vale of St. John to the Legberthwaite end of it. Rossetti was all but indifferent to our surroundings, or displayed only such fitful interest in them as must have been affected out of kindly desire to please me. He said the chloral I had given him on the journey was in his eyes, so that he could not rightly see, and as soon as we reached the house that was to be our home, he declared his intention of going to bed.

I saw him to his room and then left him immediately, perceiving he was anxious to dismiss me; but, returning a moment afterwards with some urgent message, I opened his door without knocking and came suddenly upon him in the act of drinking the contents of the bottle of chloral I had missed from the bag.

It would be impossible for me, even now at this distance of time, to convey any sense of the crushing humiliation of this incident, of the abject degradation which the habit of chloral had brought about in an ingenuous, frank, and noble nature. It was not then, however, that Rossetti himself had any consciousness of this. Indeed, I thought there was even something almost cruel in the laugh with which he received my nervous protest; but afterwards, when the effects of the drug were gone and he realized the pain he had caused, the fear he had created, the hours I had walked on tiptoe in the corridor outside his door, listening for the sound of his breathing, in terror lest it should stop, the true man showed himself, the real Ros-

setti, and he said (as he did again and again on other occasions):

"I wish you were really my son, for, though I should have no right to treat you so, I should at least have some reason to expect your forgiveness."

Although he had consumed since we left London a quantity of chloral that would have been sufficient to destroy, perhaps, all the other members of our little household put together, Rossetti awoke fresh and in good spirits toward the middle of the afternoon, breakfasted heartily, and then took a turn about the house which was intended to be our home for at least a couple of months to come.

It was a modest place called Fisher Ghyll, having a guest house in front consisting of three sitting rooms and as many bedrooms, and a group of farm buildings at the back.

Rossetti was delighted. Here, at least, he might bury the memory of a hundred "bogies" that had vexed him; here, in this exhilarating air, he might recover the health he had lost in the close atmosphere of his studio in London, and here, too, amidst the vivid scenery, so wonderfully awakening to the imagination, so full of poetic appeal and ghostly legend, he might turn again to the romantic ballad which he had expected to write among such surroundings.

"I'm not one of those who care about scenery, but this is wonderful and the color is beautiful," he said.

He painted a little during those first quiet days in Cumberland, not having touched a brush for some time before we left London, and I found it a pleasure to watch a picture growing under his masterly hand from the first warm ground that was made to cover the canvas before his subject was begun to the last indefinable change in one of his idealized women's faces, cold in their loveliness, unsubstantial in their passion, tainted with the melancholy that clings to the purest beauty. Naturally he had no models, and speaking of that drawback, he said:

"It's wonderful what a bit of nature will do for you when you can get it in"; but he also said something about style being injured by a slavish submission to fact.

I remember that I asked him what was

the reason he had never painted the great dramatic compositions he had designed in earlier years—the "Hamlet," the "Cassandra," and, above all, the "Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee"—and he answered with a laugh:

"Bread and butter, my boy—that was the reason. I had to paint what I could sell. But I'll tell you something," he added quickly. "I like best to paint a picture that shall boil the pot and yet be no pot-boiler."

The days were already short, the nights were long. Rossetti could not read with ease by lamplight or sleep until the small hours of the morning, and so it came about that during our first cheerful weeks in Cumberland he threw himself with great ardor into my own occupations. I was still preparing my lectures on prose literature, and to fortify myself for my work I was reading the masterpieces over again. Seeing this, Rossetti suggested that I should read them aloud, and I did so.

I remember those evenings with gratitude and some pain. The little oblong sitting room, the dull thud of the waterfall like distant thunder overhead, the crackle of the wood fire, myself reading aloud, and Rossetti, in his long sack coat, his hands thrust deep in his upright pockets, walking with his heavy and uncertain step to and fro, to and fro, laughing sometimes his big, deep laugh, and sometimes sitting down to wipe his moist spectacles and clear his dim eyes. Not rarely the dead white gleams of the early dawn before the coming of the sun met the yellow light of our candles as we passed on the staircase, going to bed, a little window that looked up to the mountains, and over them to the east.

Down to that time, when I was beginning to live in the outer courts of literature as a lecturer and as an occasional reviewer on the two literary journals, the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*, it had never occurred to me that I might write a novel. But I began to think of it then as a remote possibility, and the immediate surroundings of our daily life brought back recollections of certain Cumbrian legends. I told one of the stories to Rossetti, and he was impressed by it; yet he strongly advised me not to tackle it, because he saw no way of getting sympathy into it on any side.

"But why not try your hand at a Manx

story?" he said, remembering my Manx origin. "The Bard of Manxland—it's worth while to be that."

I thought so, too, and hence Rossetti was in some sort the foster-father of the novels with which, perhaps, more than any other efforts of mine, my name has since been associated.

Rossetti was not one of the people who live over and over again the lives they lived in their youth, but during those first cheerful weeks in Cumberland, prompted thereby by my inquiries, he talked a good deal in an easy and familiar way about the men and women he had known in earlier years. They pass before me now, as they appeared in Rossetti's graphic sketches, these people of the world he used to live in, some of them grim and lugubrious forms, slightly distorted by caricature, others rather rakish young figures out of the borderland of a somewhat boisterous Bohemia.

Not to charge Rossetti too strictly with responsibility for what comes back to me across the space of so many years, I will give a summary of his reminiscences. Thus he talked of George Eliot, then lately dead, with her long, weird, horsey face—a good woman, modest, retiring, and amiable to a fault when the outer crust of reticence had been broken through. Then of her companion, Lewes, with his shaggy eyebrows, and of how, at George Eliot's request, he had sent a photograph of his "Hamlet" when Lewes, who was a kind of amateur actor, was about to play the part.

Then he talked of Mrs. Carlyle (how much he knew of her I cannot remember) as a clever but rather bitter little woman with the one redeeming quality of unostentatious charity. "The poor of Chelsea always spoke well of her," he said. Then of Carlyle himself, with a tinge of personal dislike, telling how Bell Scott sent the Seer his first volume, "Poems of a Painter," a title which, being in florid lettering of the poet's engraving, was mistaken for "Poems of a Printer," and called forth a letter beginning, "If a printer has anything to say, why in the name of heaven doesn't he *say* it, and not sing it?"

Then of Scott walking with Carlyle on the Chelsea Embankment, and pouring out his soul in a rhapsody on Shelley, until

the grim philosopher stopped him and said, "Yon man Shelley was just a scoundrel, and ought to have been hanged," a crushing blow which was atoned for a few hours afterward when there came as a present to Scott's house from Carlyle's the bust of Shelley which had been made by Mrs. Shelley and given to Leigh Hunt. Finally, of Carlyle walking with William Allingham in the neighborhood of the Kensington Museum, and announcing his intention of writing a life of Michael Angelo, and then adding, by way of remonstrance against his companion's quickening interest, "But, mind ye, I'll no say much about his *art*."

He talked of Browning, too, claiming to be one of the poet's first admirers, and describing him as he used to be—spruce, almost dapper, wearing gloves that seemed to have grown on his shapely hands, more than hinting that perhaps he gave himself up too much to society, and saying, "Dull dogs for the most part, those fashionable folk, yet they treat a man of genius as if he were a superior flunkey." He talked of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, too, with respect amounting almost to reverence.

Of Tennyson, also, he talked with warmth, imitating the sonorous tones of his glorious voice, but betraying a certain soreness at the recollection that, to avoid an opinion on the "Poems," the Laureate had merely acknowledged the arrival of the book. Then he told a story of Longfellow, "the good old bard"; how the poet had called on him during his visit to England and been courteous and kind in the last degree, but having fallen into the error of thinking that Rossetti the painter and Rossetti the poet were different men, he had said, on leaving the house:

"I have been very glad to meet you, Mr. Rossetti, and should like to have met your brother also. Pray tell him how much I admire his beautiful poem, 'The Blessed Damozel.'"

Rossetti's talk about Ruskin was, I thought, curiously contradictory in tone and feeling, being sometimes tender, generous, highly appreciative, and warmly affectionate, and sometimes grudging and even hostile, as when, in reply to something I had said about a difference with Madox Brown on the subject of Ruskin's economic propaganda, he said:

"Brown is one of the most naturally and genially gifted talkers I know, but that mention of yours of the biggest of all big R's was just the unluckiest thing you could have said. And I myself think that the talk from and about that particular Capital Letter is already enough for several universes, only don't say I said so, as he is an old acquaintance."

If, after so many years, both Rossetti and Ruskin being dead, I disregard the warning of these last words, it is only to say that always in the talk of the one about the other there was this note of desire to avoid the appearance of disloyalty to a friend of former years who was a friend no longer. I should have said that there had been a short period in which Ruskin and Rossetti had been on terms of the closest intimacy, and that an estrangement had followed that was due merely to that gradual asundering which is more fatal to friendship than the most violent quarrel. The period of intimacy had apparently covered the most tragic moment of Ruskin's life, for I recall a story which Rossetti told of the dark days of his friend's marriage and separation.

Ruskin and his wife had gone up, I think, to Scotland, and there Millais had joined them with the object of painting a picture. The picture represented the author standing at the foot of a waterfall, and when it was finished it became Ruskin's property, and he took it back with him to London. Then the storm cloud burst which separated Ruskin from his wife and gave her to his friend, whereupon Ruskin's father, thinking he saw in the portrait of his son the first indications of a malign intent, wished to put his penknife through the picture. But Ruskin himself, whose love of a work of art was greater than his hatred of the artist, smuggled the incriminating canvas into a cab and carried it off to Rossetti's studio, begging that it should be hidden away until his father's anger had cooled.

Brighter and better, however, because more easy and familiar, than Rossetti's talk of the people who had stood a little apart from him were his sketches of his own particular circle in the days of their beginnings in art and literature, when all

the world was young: of Swinburne, with his small body and great head, full of modern revolutionary fire and the courage of an ancient morality whereof his personal conduct was as innocent as a child's; of Burne-Jones, with his delicate face, and eyes that were alight with dreams, a strong soul in a frail body, a sword too keen for the scabbard; of Morris ("Topsy," he called him), with his rather rugged Scandinavian personality, writing some of the "Earthly Paradise," I think, at Cheyne Walk, and declaiming it aloud from a balcony at the back, to the consternation of the neighbors who saw a shock-headed man shouting at nothing in the garden below; of Millais, something of a "swell"; of Holman Hunt, more humbly born, with himself in a social condition somewhere between; of Madox Brown, with his sense of personal dignity and his respect for the proprieties, sometimes outraged by Rossetti's utter disregard of appearances, as when, out together in Holborn, Rossetti stopped at a potato stall on the pavement, bought two pennyworth of roasted potatoes, and ate them as he walked along, while Brown, in high dudgeon, walked parallel with him on the other side of the street.

Then there were Rossetti's sketches of the bright days at Oxford, when the group of young artists were painting the frescoes in the Union debating room, being always in want of female models and daily discovering "stunners." And finally, there were faint glimpses of almost fatal flirtations on that borderland of a rather boisterous Bohemia when Rossetti, in his tumultuous youth, walking in Vauxhall gardens, came upon a bouncing girl fresh from the country, with a great mass of the red hair he loved to paint, cracking nuts with her white teeth and throwing the shells at him.

Pale phantoms of the figures that floated through Rossetti's stories of these earlier years, how they rise around me! And if I present them now, it is as witness to the cheerful mood of the poet during those first weeks in Cumberland rather than as wraiths to be challenged too literally after moving in my memory through so many years.

(To be continued.)

RAOUL'S DINNER

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A GENTLEMAN
OF FORTUNE

BY H. C. BAILEY



IN the year of the great flood, when dikes failed beneath a northern storm and Holland was near lost, it was Dirck Santvoort who found Raoul swimming between a cradle and a coffin and saved him—Dirck Santvoort of Flushing. Raoul and he, not the likeliest pair, struck friends in his cock-boat and stayed so. They met seldom and liked each other the better. Half a dozen years after, when Raoul came into Flushing from a dolorous passage of the North Sea and distressed with two days and a night on a hoy whereof the food was sodden cockroaches, he sought out Santvoort for a dinner.

Dirck Santvoort was a herring merchant and, as happens often yet in a fishing town, money lender, too. Also he made ropes and by one trade or another flourished. His house on the quay was opulent, and when Raoul, after a deal of hammering, won inside, he found the hall very splendid with polished pewter and blue china platters against the dark oak. The servants did not much approve Raoul. A man who let him in hovered about him doubtfully instead of going swiftly as he was bidden to Mynheer Santvoort: retreating at last under stress of oaths, he brought no mynheer but a sour woman of the housekeeper kind: and she told Raoul mynheer had no leisure for guests.

"Beldame!" cried Raoul, whose stomach was angry, "beldame of hell, tell him Raoul has come to him, little Raoul of the flood."

Dirck Santvoort came at last, a broad man of deliberate eyes. "It is a good day for my house when you come," said he with his hand out. "Welcome, my friend."

Raoul slapped his shoulder amicably. I think that he really liked the man. He spent some minutes in politeness and was answered absently. Then: "You do not know how empty I am," said he with some pathos.

Santvoort was a minute or two in understanding him. "It is a shame to my house that you should say so," he said at length and called for the sour woman and gave orders whereat Raoul smacked his lips. He turned to Raoul again: "And how is all with you?"

"Infinitely well—save for the stomach. And you—how go the herrings?"

"It is a good season," said Santvoort. "There is a matter that presses—may I leave you? Use my house as it were your own."

"You are the best fellow in the world," said Raoul with enthusiasm, sniffing at a dish of pickled neat's tongue. "And I were the worst if I hindered you. Away!"

Santvoort bowed gravely, and went. If Raoul's stomach had been less importunate he might have seen that the man was ill at ease. Yet more plainly troubled he was when he came again. But Raoul, hard at work with a stew of eels, nodded at him and drank to him and saw nothing. "You will pardon me that I am so bad a host, but there is an affair—a—a matter instant with me. I—if you will pardon me—"

"I would pardon the devil for such eels," quoth Raoul.

"And here is my honorable friend, Mynheer Gabriello Hawkins, to serve you in my stead."

It was the Gabriello Hawkins who waked Raoul's thoughts from his eels. The mere name was savory—and the man himself was immensely like an eel—an eel with mustachios. Of great length and little breadth, with hair and a small face like ruddy brick, Gabriello Hawkins most allured the eye by those mustachios. In two long peninsulas waving triumphant at their extremities they stretched beyond his cheeks, bright and amazing.

Gabriello Hawkins manipulated his length in a flamboyant bow. "Salutations, *amigo*. A friend's friends are Gabriello's brothers, by Pollux."

Raoul stared. The Roman oath was new to him. But he liked the twinkle of those mustachios.

"Brother in wine is brother in arms," said he, and he drained his glass to Gabriello.

Gabriello filled in turn—it was "the good, lustful Burgundy" Raoul loved—and drank and smacked his lips. "'Tis the Falernian of Christians," he said, and filled again. "Verily *corlatificat hominum*. Aha!" Then suddenly his back bent, his mustachios turned downward, he was an image of grief. He looked round for Dirck Santvoort, who had gone out. Then he cheered up.

Raoul, to whom his conversation and his manners were alike Hebrew, devoted himself wholly to the eels till there were no more.

"My affections yearn for you when I see you eat," Gabriello Hawkins informed him. "Something now of this mutton pasty. They have a way of it with thyme and a dream of garlic. Basta! But I envy you the void there must have been in you—an emptiness of Jove—an Olympian hunger."

Raoul, who had a doubt that Gabriello was laughing at him, grunted uncomfortably. "Make a bite yourself," said he. "It's dull talk between feeding and fasting."

"*Mehercle!* No! This is no hour for my poor carcass to make merry. But charge you the victuals home, my adelphidion. By Silenus's ass, it titillates my heart beat to see a man let his body go."

"I think I live faster than other men,"

said Raoul, filling Gabriello's cup and his own, "so——"

"So your immortal body—for mark you if you be a Christian that body of yours will dance with you in heaven—your immortal body craves a double wage of mortal goods. By Olympus, it is rightly and duly done. Your well-fed body uplifts the soul to utter righteousness," and pensively Gabriello made an end of his wine. Then he sighed deeply, and shook his head.

Raoul, who had come as far as pickled cherries by this, was now full enough to pay him more attention. Raoul blinked at him with humor and filled his own cup and bowed to him dramatically: "Sir, do me honor," and he lifted the wine.

Gabriello bowed, but shook his head and sighed again.

"Faith, you are a melancholy host," said Raoul.

"Who, I? Must sacred hospitality cry shame on Gabriello? *Fratercule mi*, I am rebuked. Give me the bottle." He drained a bumper scientifically. "Ho! More wine here. Why, mother Lotta, do you stint the guest of my heart?"

Shamefastly, as one who liked grudging but little, and yet grumbling to herself, the sour-faced woman brought them a basket's load of flasks and then rustled out, disapproval visible in her back, audible in her walk.

Gabriello looked after her with some timidity, then back at Raoul, then drank another cup and, gripping them in both hands, whirled his mustachios magnificently.

"To the host and the house and the cellar," quoth Raoul, filling again.

"Hold, my adolescent, hold. I challenge your friendship. That calls for three bumpers at least."

"Have with you," cried Raoul. "*Diantre*, but it is a noble liquor." He held it to the light. "There's the dark glow of very lust in it, *mordieu!*"

"'Tis the very blood of joy. Again, my neophyte. Now with a long breath—sa ha, sa ha! *Nunc vino pellite curas*," they clashed their glasses and drank again, "now sink your woes in wine. To-morrow's time enough to face life's storm again. Again, my juvenile, and again! I do profess and protest you take me marvelously."

"I admire you to a degree," cried Raoul. "Therefore, my well-beloved, give me that other bottle."

"Unto the last in my cellar, my fair brother. Oh, it is not my cellar. No matter. It is Dirck Santvoort's and the same is a right good fellow who knows thirst himself."

"He is the best fellow in the world," Raoul called out. "Signor Gabriello, he saved my very life, my whole life, mark you."

"Noble soul!" cried Gabriello, quivering with emotion. "To Dirck—not less than a bottle to Dirck—" and from Dutch he relapsed to English "with a down derry, derry derry down."

"Down derry, down derry down," Raoul chorused, waving his cup. "But look you, mark you, you have not heard all. I had a coffin and a cradle withal, and he saved the whole sinking trinity."

Gabriello wiped away a tear. "I protest I do not understand you the least, but you affect me extremely. *Fratercule!* a bumper again for Dirck and many cradles for him. Nor ever a coffin withal."

Raoul drank and smacked his lips and drank again. Then he gave a stentorian sigh. "Death," says he, "is the common lot."

"Hard lot," Gabriello echoed. They looked at each other and shook their heads and sighed again. "Nay, then, a song to gladden life," cried Gabriello and struck up:

O back and side, go bare! go bare!
Both hand and foot go cold,
But belly, God send thee good wine enow
Whether it be new or old!

Raoul came into the chorus with his broken English mightily. Then they made their breath good with another bottle.

"Aha, my dearest adelphidion, *nunc est bibendum*—which is as if you should say, liquor up, uncle Gabriello. *Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus*—I would bid you shake a leg, dear child—so!" He arose, straightened his lean length in sections, and holding a brimming cup, began to contort his yards of legs in weird elaborations. Then cheerily out of tune he sang:

Roister Doister is my name,
Roister Doister is my name.
A lusty brute I am the same.
I mun be married a Sunday.

Raoul heaved out of his seat and linked arms and, together, waving cups that splashed, they curveted down the hall, long man and short flinging wild legs and roaring:

I mun be married a Sunday,
I mun be married a Sunday,
I mun—

The woman who presented herself was she of the sour face. A face so grim, so bitterly sour that the song broke in their wet gullets and their limbs stiffened ludicrously. "Mynheer Hawkins!" (Raoul records that her voice was like a blunt razor.) "What is this beastliness? Can you not remember that this house is mourning?"

Gabriello straightened himself, parted from Raoul, and so stood a moment. Then he struck his brow and clutched it, then he crashed his wine cup to the ground and stamped upon it, then he beat a tattoo on his breast. "'Tis a most just censure, Lotta," he groaned. "I am a beast. I am a fatted calf."

Raoul gazed in a vinous stupor at so alarming a comparison. Lotta sniffed disdain. "I will have no more of this here," said she, and her pattens clattered out. Raoul gaped after her.

But Gabriello sank limp to a chair and there sat, an image of repentant sin, wabbling his head a little. Raoul came to him and slapped him on the shoulder and looked at him (as I guess) with intense solemnity. "My—dear—old—friend," says he with painful clearness, "what's the matter with the old woman?"

Gabriello shook his head, smote his breast again, then clapped his hand on Raoul's and looked up as sentimental as a dog that has been kicked. "Alack, my juvenile, I am a boor and a boar and a roaring ram and a fatted calf and I have made you one, too. Be the infamy mine. *O ingenui vultus puer*—"

"Oh, the devil," said Raoul and dropped down in a chair beside him. "What the devil! I know you are drunk. And why should not a cavalier be drunk? I would get drunk myself if I did not get too sleepy. But rat me if I am a ram for it."

"Nay, my adelphidion, I do not blame you. You are innocent as Herod's babes. But look you, we have made revelry upon a coffin. We have guzzled in an open

grave. Even as in the fable—bah, I babble.”

“It is water you want, *mordieu*,” cried Raoul.

“Very right, my juvenile.” Gabriello swayed to his feet, made one stride at the table, took the full ewer and poured the whole of its water over his head. He shook himself like a dog, he drew a long breath, he slapped his chest. “Hear ten plain words, *fratercule*: the godly son of this house, the dear brother of our most laudable friend Dirck Santvoort, is in Spanish durance. The meridional vampires will do him to death save and except there be a ransom of five thousand gold florins—”

“Five thousand gold devils,” cried Raoul, for it was the ransom of a king.

“And our most goodly Santvoort hath no means withal and already he mourns as for the dead. The house is lapped and wrapped in gloom. And we must needs bring our boorish mirth upon his sorrow!”

Raoul with much deliberation put down his wine cup and stared at it sternly. “I dislike myself excessively,” he said. The thing hit home at him. If you do not see that he was intensely respectable you do not understand Raoul. To be merry in the house of a friend’s mourning was a sin that he ranked with the blackest. The thought of it sobered him like a bath of ice. He turned from severe contemplation of the wine cup, his companion in iniquity, and arose.

Gabriello Hawkins woke as from a reverie with one hand clinched about one mustachio: “Whither, O my brother?”

“To Santvoort. To proffer my remorseful regret, my help,” and he made for the inner door.

Gabriello stared. Slowly his hand unclasped from his mustachios. He smote his head violently and so exhorted himself: “Up, Gabriello, up! Shall a babe outdo thee, thou old man of war?” He went out with a curious, swift, purposeful swagger. A moment after there came to the empty hall from the street a whistle of complex harmonies. Then an answer.

In the narrow corridor behind the hall Raoul came upon the sour-faced Lotta. She eyed him as you might a prowling thief: “What now?” she snapped.

“Your master, good dame.”

“He has no leisure for sots.”

“Nor I, *mordieu*. Which way, good dame?”

“What is your business?” says she, inflexible and something curious withal. But Dirck Santvoort himself came by.

“Santvoort—the time for two words with you!” cried Raoul, and the Dutchman, his wide face something troubled, his eyes seeing, but grave upon other matters, pointed to an open door. It brought them to his office, a tiny room smelling of the hemp he spun. Santvoort sat down heavily at his desk, punctiliously set a chair for Raoul, fidgeted with his papers, and looked up again wearily. “Santvoort, I cry you pardon,” quoth Raoul. “I am humbled before you as a boor,” and he made an attitude far from humble.

“I do not know what you mean,” said Santvoort and seemed to care little, either.

“It is this, my friend. I have come upon you in your sorrow—but *mordieu*, it was too kindly a friendship that kept it hidden from me—and have made it a boor’s debauch. Your pardon—a friend’s pardon. Now tell me your case and I—well, I say nothing of myself, but it is not vainly I am called, ‘Raoul de Tout le Monde.’” And his new attitude was better than the first.

Santvoort, who was not the man to trust him more for that, only looked dull.

Raoul was beginning anew, when in with a whirl came a woman of silvery hair and a maiden that clung to her. “Dirck! They say now he is to die in the morning.”

“I know, mother,” Santvoort groaned. He thrust his fingers through his short, yellow hair and looked from one woman to the other. Raoul’s eyes—Raoul, who was very like a jackdaw, had no notion of going—Raoul’s eyes followed his. There was no doubt of Vrouw Santvoort’s motherhood. The width of body and heavy face, the solemn eyes came to her son from her. But the girl with her was plainly of another blood. For all the full round curves of her she was slight: the hair close drawn beneath her coif was crisp and black: her eyes glistened dark. It was she who took the word: “Dirck, the Spaniards sent to me—”

“To you, Marie?” Santvoort’s gray face flushed. “And why to you?”

The girl flushed, too. “Because we—because I—because they have heard of him and me,” she said in a low voice. Santvoort leaned his head on his hand. “Ah,

yes," she went on eagerly, "and Don Pedro says that for seven thousand florins he may be ransomed yet." Dirck Santvoort made a gesture of despair. "Oh, Dirck, but my father promises to lend you the two thousand, I begged of him and he promises—and the rest—ah, you must find it, you must!"

"I cannot, Marie," Santvoort muttered and sat still with his head bowed.

to be rich at the cost of your brother's life?"

Santvoort looked up quickly. "I have not this money, nor the half of it. I have offered all I have—and the Spaniard would not take it."

His mother laughed scorn at him. "Not five thousand florins? What of the fishermen's moneys? What of the adventurers'?"



"He was welcome to those Spaniards as a bone to a dog."

"Dirck—but he is your brother, and I—"

"You!" Santvoort echoed. "Oh, yes, I know it over well!" His shoulders bent together and the whole man seemed to shrink.

A sob broke from the girl's storm-wrought bosom. Raoul saw her face pitiful and terrible. And yet—and yet—why, he had seen more grief for a less woe. But the mother was staring at Dirck Santvoort with horror and no pity. "Dirck," she cried, hoarsely, "are you mad or a villain? You have the money, I know, all the town knows, you have the money. Do you mean

"They are not mine," said Santvoort.

"Whoever they are, they are in your hand. Will you not take them for your brother's life?"

"It is a trust. I cannot break it," said Santvoort.

"Oh, you are very righteous! What is that beside your brother's life?"

"I cannot break trust," said Santvoort again.

"Ah, Dirck," the girl's hands were laced together, all her being prayed to him, "you must save him," and in a weak, childish voice, "you must, you know."

"Again and again I have offered them

all I have," cried Santvoort, "the very house and all that is in it. I have begged here and there till no one would lend more. It is not enough. The villain will not take less than his five thousand florins."

"Ah, yes, and you are well enough pleased," the mother broke out shrill. "It suits you well that Christian should die. Oh, I can believe you planned it all!" Her eyes were horrible with motherly hate. "I know your heart. You covet the maiden who loved him, Marie here——"

"Mevrouw Santvoort!" the girl cried, all crimson from bosom to brow.

"It is too much, mother!" Dirck Santvoort cried, starting up.

"Too much? Yes, it is too much for all but a villain," his mother cried in a frenzy. "Oh, you have always grudged Christian all that he had. You stinted the money for his smallest debts. You envied him all I could give. Now you mingle him in a plot and betray him to the Spaniards. Now you would kill him to have his love to wife. But that shall never be at least. Marie, child, that shall never be;" she clutched the girl to her fiercely: "swear it! Tell the beast so!"

But the girl only sobbed.

"Marie!" Dirck Santvoort gasped from white lips.

She lifted her head, her face all strained in a storm of cruel doubts—"Oh, give—give all!" she moaned feebly, with little passion and little will.

Santvoort flung out his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Ah, come away, Marie," his mother cried. "We will beg from house to house, we will raise the town upon him for the villain that he is. Come, child, come," and with one last look of hate at her son she turned and dragged the girl away.

Santvoort dropped to his chair again and, bent forward over the table, stared at nothing, helpless, hopeless. Then Raoul came out of his corner. The affair seemed to him villainously obscure. None of the actors in it pleased much his peculiar taste. But what it seemed good to him to do was to lay his hand on Santvoort's and grip. After the man's surprise faded—he had plainly forgotten Raoul altogether—his pleasure was something pathetic. "I am not afraid for you in the end of things," said Raoul. "Tell me now in two clear

words on what charge have the Spaniards taken your brother?"

"They say he was plotting against them."

"He only in all the city?" said Raoul, quickly. Santvoort nodded. "Faith, strangely enterprising in him—and a strangely mighty ransom, too." He cocked an inquiring eye at Santvoort. "Has the Spaniard a grudge peculiar against him or you?"

"I know not," Santvoort groaned, wearily. "I pray you leave me now. Forgive me, I—I have many affairs."

"I give you good night. May I give you a better morning!" quoth Raoul and swung out.

Then Dirck Santvoort came heavily to his knees. He had reason, you will agree.

Raoul was pensive as he dallied along the quay. The affair plainly called him, and yet he had no enthusiasm for it. He was not so stupid as to grudge Dirck Santvoort respect, but such a one could not charm his swift soul. The mother he liked still less. A mother rampant ever gave him a chill. For the girl—why, the blood was not hot enough in her to warm Raoul. As he conceived her duty, she should have been in a frenzy of love or hate or both. He saw her plainly sane and condemned her for that prime vice in women—coldness. None of them moved him an iota. And yet he itched to be in the affair. Its tangle excited him. For a Spaniard to sell the lives of citizens—why, that indeed was common in Flanders as any other bargain. But why choose one man only, and he not of the richest folk in the town? Why so vast a ransom for one? Then what was the truth of it between brother and brother? Between the brothers and this chilly girl? What end to it all if Christian were yet saved? What like was this unknown Christian? Every question of them all stirred Raoul. And beside all that, stronger (as I believe) than all, was a quaint feeling of duty. He had to redeem his character. He was intensely annoyed with his vulgar manners. That he, who knew how to bear himself with the highest, should appear a boor! He must needs do something splendid for the sake of his self-respect. A strain of the Herakles, of the hero of the *bourgeois*, was dominant in him.

So you find him on that summer night

revolving a hundred schemes as he wanders above the beach toward the citadel. Indeed he had so much in his head that Gabriello Hawkins escaped him altogether. Gabriello, who in truth mattered much, was moving among the loafers on the quay, with swift words here and there, and while he spoke men turned and made away from him to the narrow dark alleys behind. There, too, loafers were gathering. When he saw Raoul on the beach walk just below him, Gabriello retired with a strange discretion, and from behind other men's backs watched him progress nearer and nearer the citadel. "*Diavolo*," quoth Gabriello, tapping his nose. "Would you fox me, little brother? Marry, then, I will out-fox you. He hath a modicum of the vulpine, too, thine uncle old Gabriello." And again he was very busy, and in a while there came rolling to him a hairy man of the sea. But that is another matter.

Raoul with his hundred schemes reduced to fifty or so came pensive still to the out-works of the citadel. It was built close to the shore, small and gray, its landward walls stained with lichen. A moat fed by sluices from the sea ran all about it. Then, as the sun sank low to landward, the waters of the moat ran blood red and the grim light flickered back about the base of the towers. The drawbridge was down and, around the little fortalice at the bridge head, a score or more of the Spanish garrison lounged at their ease, unarmed. Some were casting the dice upon a drumhead and to them came Raoul. "Three guilders to two on the black man's throw," says he in good enough Spanish, as a dark fellow took the dice. One and another swore at him Spanish fashion, lustily. "Faith," says he with relish, "it's good to hear gentlemen of the sword again. Three to two on the black man." The irate black man turned and let drive a blow at him that would have broken his rib. Neither the rib nor any other part of Raoul received it and the black man overbalanced himself uncomfortably. There was more profanity to ask who the evasive Raoul was. Raoul explained that he was one Pierre Briand, come back from a campaign with Le Balafre to join Richebourg's regiment. "*Basta*," says he, "but it is good to hear a swordsman's oath again after a week on shipboard with (unspeakable) civilians.

But you break the game for me, comrades. *Via*. Three to two on the throw!" It was a vilely rash bet and they took it and he lost and was welcome. Before the twilight was heavy he was one of the circle, losing a little more than he won and heartily welcome. Then the sunset gun boomed from the ramparts.

Raoul was too profitable a player to be let go easily. So with exuberant good-fellowship they swore him of their company and dragged him into the citadel for a merry night with the bones. Before the drawbridge was up Raoul called for a gallon of Xeres from the vintners at the town end. In fine he was welcome to those Spaniards as a bone to a dog. And yet I doubt if it cost him very dear. No man ever made braver show with less money than Raoul.

You see them, a stalwart, keen little company of thieves plying the dice on a great chest in a corner of the courtyard. "Five and the main—Juan, you are down! May Asmodeus rack all bones and yours withal—there's for you, twins of the highest. Who takes the major? Pass me a swill for my gullet."

"Faith," says Raoul, "life's gay in the citadel of Flushing," and he looked as stupidly innocent as you please. He got not information so much as strife.

"Gay!" says one with the wine in his throat: "Well, and so it is!"

"Why, but little to do and plenty to drink and some good red lips to kiss in the town," quoth Raoul, smacking his own lips and winking marvelous like a wicked fool.

But he plainly had gone awry. There was silence and then: "Oh, women," says one with a shrug. "Well, I have known enough to want none."

And another broke out: "Kiss quotha! You'll be scratched from hair to hip if you waggle your eye at one."

You imagine Raoul's mind mighty pleased with itself. He was upon the track. But he looked sore puzzled. "Why, what ails the wenches?" said he. "You have had no bloodletting to scare them in Flushing."

"They are all for our accursed prisoner," one grumbled, and swore at that prisoner with a zeal which did in truth surprise Raoul.

But of that he showed nothing at all. "What ails them at a prisoner or so?"

said he with a careless shrug, and took the dice box again.

"The rascal is a martyr, if you please," one grumbled, and again came oaths of strange vehemence.

Raoul, palpitating with curiosity, took no heed, but sent the wine round and called a new game. You need not doubt that he would have had the whole story out of those shallow swashbucklers with time enough. But a cannon ball past his ear cut short the game.

It was a clean shot through the gateway, and with the rending and roar of it came a fiendish din in Dutch. Raoul's Spaniards started up and ran all ways, but Raoul stood still gripping at the cause of it. Between two men it lay for certain—Dirck Santvoort or that "old man of war" Gabriello Hawkins. And they—

Before Raoul's amazed eyes came Dirck Santvoort's own image. Was it night or the wine or the devil that tricked him? No, by heaven, it was the brother, the martyred imprisoned brother. Hark!

"What is it, Don Pedro?" he was crying. "What is it?"

"San Felipe speed me! It must be an escalade of the fat burghers to rescue you, Santvoort. What blood to waste for a knave! I could laugh if—" another shot crashed through the gate and the commandant ran up to the ramparts. Christian Santvoort was close behind him and very close behind Santvoort was Raoul, like a hound on the trail. The Spaniard saw a dangerous sight.

The truth is that no man in Flanders then knew the worth of Gabriello Hawkins. When first he drifted into Flushing with some sort of a left-hand commission from Elizabeth of England and a stronger warrant from Diedrich Sonoy, the patriots of the town, Dirck Santvoort with the rest, grumbled that a mountebank had been sent to help them against Spain. Nor for a while could they find he consisted of more than a love of drinking and a great love of talking. It was only on this night when he hurled his thunderbolt that they learned he had won to him all the mass of the people and held their will and strength at his order. Gabriello was, indeed, not quite ready to strike. His artillery tarried. He had smuggled but one demi-saker into the harbor and he wanted two. But the affair

with Raoul "accelerated his dispositions most thaumastically" (so afterwards he declared). He had always hoped, as I take it, to fall upon the citadel in time to save Master Christian, but with all his flamboyancy he had not the temper that spoils a fair enterprise for the sake of one man's life. An hour or two of wine and Raoul "wrought him to rashness." Rash he was in truth, for though there were pikes enough, he had but a twoscore of muskets and the one demi-saker with its gunner, whom you saw a moment. He was a Jeremy Pengelly who had been in the great business at San Juan d'Ulloa, and I know no better of him than this—that he brought up his gun on a cart of herrings and had two shots through the main gate before a Spaniard saw him.

"Then was there" (so Gabriello records) "Batavian pandemonium. For with yells thoracic and guttural the neophytes of war fell to: and indifferent to steel and musketoon they swarmed upon the fortalice at the bridge head: and by sheer thrust of brawn, yea, verily, with tooth and claw they flung the Spaniards out upon the moat: yea, and would have followed after them, howling most dismally with a din of Avernus, and would have snapped at them in the dark waters as hounds upon the fishy otter but that they heard my whistle of command at length sounding a rally. Yet twice and thrice I had to sound withal. For the which presently after I did make them a high rebuke of style plusquam-Alexandrine." So eloquently Gabriello.

That outer fortalice won, and the gate of the citadel itself well battered by Jeremy Pengelly, the Dutchmen had to the front a pair of rafts (fish trays buoyed on fish boxes they were) and were launching them across the moat. From the ramparts the alarmed Spaniards made at them a desultory fire. So perilous was the citadel's case when Don Pedro came upon the ramparts. He kept his head. Howling to the courtyard for powder, fresh store of powder and ball, he ran to the falconets over the drawbridge and turned them upon the rafts. Christian Santvoort followed after him, and after Christian Santvoort followed Raoul. And it happened that as Don Pedro was busy with his guns, even while he bent over the priming, it happened that Raoul stumbled upon Christian Santvoort and he



"So perilous was the citadel's case when Don Pedro came upon the ramparts."

again upon Don Pedro, and they two knowing nothing who was in fault fell over together, and all the priming was spilt. And that gun was never fired. So or ever a shot came the rafts were across the moat, close beneath the castle walls, safe from any gun at all, and a score of

sturdy Dutch pikemen were scrambling through the broken gate.

Yelling to his men, Don Pedro staggered to his feet, and with quick orders and oaths he made for the stair to the courtyard. Now it had come to stroke of steel. And again Christian Santvoort went after him,

and after Christian Santvoort, Raoul, Raoul breathing short, his nostrils wide. He was happy now. He had events under his hand. Even as Christian turned to the stair, Raoul came up with him; Raoul took him by the collar and kicked his legs from under him and hurled him out to the moat. He had not vanished before Raoul dived after him.

There was no one to heed them. The Dutchmen were all in a frenzy to win the citadel—some dragging up new rafts, some swimming, and those first desperate men hacking and hewing in the very gateway. The Spaniards were utterly distraught. Raoul had his quarry to himself.

Christian Santvoort, gasping, gurgling his way ashore, found Raoul waiting for him, felt an arm engage with his own like a vise, heard a voice rasp "March!" and was dragged away toward the sand dunes. The man's wits, as I take it, were stunned. He had for the moment no thought nor will. One can excuse him for that.

Raoul relates that they had gone a wet furlong before Christian came to himself. Then he checked and dragged back upon Raoul's arm: "What is it? Who are you?" he cried, hoarsely.

"The man sent to deal with you, Master Christian," quoth Raoul.

"What do you mean?"

"That I am going to find out."

Christian started back and tried to wrench himself away. Raoul's hard arm locked his. For a moment the two swung wrestling together; Christian was the heavier man, far the stronger, I suppose, in muscle, but Raoul encompassed him like a living cable of steel. In a moment Christian was on the ground, breathless, crushed, looking up through the dark at fiery eyes. "Fool, fool, do you think to trick me like your brother?" the voice rasped at him. "Have a care, Master Christian! I am not very patient. It will take but little more of you to make me rob you of a limb, aye, or life, *mordieu*. Have a care!" Raoul sprang off his chest. "Up, now! Swiftly, *mordieu*. Is a gentleman to wait for you?"

Christian staggered to his feet. "This is an outrage!" he gasped. "This is intolerable! I——"

Raoul drove a blow at his chest. "Forward, rascal, forward!"

Christian turned clumsily and began to run away.

Raoul whipped out his sword and with the flat of it dealt a cruel blow across the man's loins. Christian shrieked and fell again. Raoul had a foot on his neck. "Another such trick, fool, and you taste the steel itself." He made the point quiver close to Christian's eye, and the man shrieked again. But there was none to heed him. All Flushing hearkened to the din of the fight. Raoul laughed: "Cur, cur, what right have you to shun pain?" He stepped back and sheathed his sword. "To your feet! Do not tempt me again." But for a moment Christian seemed to have no power to rise. Slowly, with some queer muttering to himself, he found his feet and looked sideways at Raoul. "On!" cried Raoul. "On!" So a strange procession, Christian shambling, stumbling over the sand heaps, Raoul following lightly a sword's length behind, they went on through the night. At first Christian turned often to look back: but always Raoul's grim laugh met him. In a while he dared not turn at all: and still he had to hear Raoul chuckling a little.

They had gone a mile or more, they were lost among the gray blown sand, when Raoul cried: "Halt!" He sat himself down on the crest of the sand dunes and Christian turned and peered in nervous terror. Raoul pointed him to the hollow below. There you have them in the gray gloom, Raoul sitting easily, but his body straight as a bolt, Christian Santvoort slouching, shuffling below. Raoul considered him awhile, beckoned him closer, and considered him again. Their eyes were upon a level. "Tell me the truth," Raoul snapped.

"I—you—it is an outrage," Christian stammered. "I will not bear it. It is——"

"Cur," said Raoul, very quietly.

Christian began to whine. "I am sure I do not know what you mean. You have entreated me shamefully. And I have never done you any wrong. I——"

"Tell the truth," Raoul thundered.

"Well, but I do not know what you mean. I am all dizzy. And you have bruised me very sore. I am cold, too. I——"

"*Mordieu*, do you think I care what you suffer?" cried Raoul.



"Now it had come to stroke of steel."

"It is most brutal in you," Christian wailed. Then with a ludicrous defiance, "What do I care for you? What——"

"Ah!" The sound was not much, but as he made it, Raoul leaned forward a little, and in the gloom Christian saw his eyes.

"For the love of God tell me what you want!" At last a cry rang true.

"The truth of what you were doing in the citadel."

"Oh!" Raoul heard the sound of suck-

ing lips and indrawn breath. "Oh, it was a most foul outrage. The Spaniards took me captive because they said I was plotting treason against them. They told me that I should be hanged unless my brother paid a great ransom. And my brother—ah, well, he was ever a hard man—and there was no ransom. To-morrow, they said, I was to die. Dear sir, but for you——"

"Fool," said Raoul, quietly. Christian Santvoort's smooth, swift sentence broke

sharp off. Raoul rose, and there was a streak of steel in the gloom.

"No, for God's sake, no!" Christian screamed, and flung himself down in the sand.

"You have had your chance. You have lied," said Raoul, coldly, and came a step nearer.

"I will tell the truth, I swear it. I will!"

"You have little time," said Raoul, coldly.

"Oh, I will tell you all. Only wait, wait!" His voice broke in a queer, hysterical sob. "It was a trick. You are right. It was a trick. Dirck has always grudged me money. He is miserly, close, indeed. If he were not so grudging there would have been no need for it. And I was in debt. There was a thousand guilders to Don Pedro at play. He thought of this. I made a covenant with him. He was to pretend to arrest me and pretend he would hang me unless Dirck paid a good ransom. And he was to have three quarters of it. You see if Dirck were not so miserly—ah, what are you doing? You will not kill me now—not now!" His voice rose in a shriek as Raoul came toward him.

"Cur! If there were a soul in you it would die of shame. What use are you to any man? What use is life to you?" and the sword point quivered greedy. Then it fell, then it clashed home in the scabbard. "No, *cordieu*, I sentence you to life. That is the worst doom for you, life with your shame. Go!"

Raoul turned away and made for the other side of the dune and lay cozily on his back. He shut his eyes with a sigh of relief and heard the voice of the sea.

Christian was making some queer noises by himself. After a while he scrambled over to Raoul. "What am I to do?" he moaned. "Where am I to go?" Raoul said nothing at all. Christian cowered down on the sand. After a while Raoul heard him sobbing, heard the tearing, rending sobs of a man utterly beaten.

Raoul sprang up and stamped in angry impatience. "*Dame*, did ever you think or feel or care for anyone outside your skin? Oh, it is nothing that your cursed, treacherous greed has brought your brother hatred and the worst pain—nothing that he staked his last guilder, did all but steal to make

that ransom—nothing that your mother hates him because he would not steal, too—nothing that the girl he loves now doubts him miserly and cruel!"

"I—I love her, too," Christian sobbed. "And I only wanted some little money."

Raoul's laugh echoed along the shore. Then he clutched Christian by the shoulder. "Love? You? In the name of God, if you would make yourself a man, now, now! Each instant is nearer too late."

"How is it?" sobbed Christian. "How can I?"

"Deal truly by him."

Christian buried his face in his hands. Raoul heard him moaning to God. Painfully he rose and, faltering, trudged away through the night.

Raoul watched awhile, then followed. And again Christian turned back often to look at him. When they had gone some way Raoul, with a muttered oath, came up to his side and gripped his arm. Christian looked at him timidly. There was no cruelty now in the gleaming eyes. Raoul was surprising himself again. . . .

To that tiny room with its odor of hemp Dirck Santvoort came back from the storm of the citadel. His strange leather armor—just such his father and grandfather had worn in their day—was dappled in blood and dust. He loosed it and sat down wearily, leaning forward against the table, his arms spread out across it. So he sat, muttering to himself, when his mother broke in with the girl. "What now, Dirck?" she cried. "What now?"

"He is not there, mother."

"How do you mean? What is it? The Spaniards are beaten?"

"We have taken the citadel. I have searched everywhere. He is not there."

The mother screamed. "They have killed him already!" she cried and pressed her hands to her head. Then flinging out her hand to point at Dirck: "His blood is on your hands. But for your accursed schemes he would not have died, and you did not lift a hand to save him. Ah, you—you—" Her voice failed and she fell sobbing on the girl's shoulder. Over her quivering head the girl's eyes met Dirck's, merciless enough.

There was tramping and a clatter in the corridor. Gabriello Hawkins strode in, twirling his mustachios with tremendous

speed. "*Carissime*," he cried. "Ha, noble ladies, your slave. Dirck, my brave heart, I have that commandant. A strange tale, *mehercle*, he tells. *Turpiter mendax*, base-ly he lies, I doubt. Yet all things may be true while the devil lives. How say you? Will you hear?"

"Of Christian?" cried Vrouw Santvoort.

"Aye, lady. God give us all grace at the last."

"Oh, let him come, let him come!" she cried, and Dirck bowed his head.

"So be it! Be strong now." He flung open the door and stamped his foot. "On your front! March!"

Between two sturdy Dutchmen Don Pedro was marched in. He limped painfully, his face was pitted with powder, and there was a dirty, red scrap of linen about his brow. But bloodshot eyes glared at them and "What! Rogue's brother and mother and light o' love! Well met!" he said with a hoarse laugh.

Vrouw Santvoort turned to face him, fierce as a wounded beast. "Villain, where is my son?"

"Saints help him to hell, where his place is! What matter for so base a son as yours, old woman?"

"Pedro, Pedro," said Gabriello Hawkins, gently, "you prepare for yourself an uneasy death."

"Bah, what death does a beaten man fear? Am I brought here to say fair words of that rogue Christian? Dutch swine, should I spare you one word of the truth if it smarts? You think the beast a dear martyr. Bah, he was nothing but a thief. He wanted money. He knew you would pay to buy him off death. So we made our little plan. I took him and frightened you by threatening death. He was to have his share of the price. Martyr! He only wanted to plunder you."

"It is a lie!" Dirck leaped up with a shout, his broad face crimson: "it is an accursed lie!"

But his mother, her throat, her bosom working as she tried to speak, pointed silent at the door. There, gray-faced, disheveled, stood Christian.

Dirck saw him and, with a great roar that made no words, leaped at him and wrung his hands. "My brother, my brother, in good time," he cried, and the

mother broke by him and flung herself upon Christian's breast.

Raoul swaggered in, his swarthy face drawn a little, his eyes curiously keen. Even while the mother clung to her son he gripped Christian's shoulder and Christian shuddered and turned to him.

"What kind of a beast is the mother that fondles a thief of a son?" the Spaniard laughed.

Dirck turned upon him and dealt him a blow that crashed him back past his guards against the wall.

"No," Christian cried out, "he has spoken the truth."

The Spaniard's laugh rang again.

"Christian!" His mother clutched at him fiercely. "Christian!"

"I am what he said," Christian gasped, and looked like a frightened child at Raoul.

His mother tore herself from him and gazed with wild, swollen eyes. There was no need to ask more. His face told all. She flung herself down by the table in a frenzy of sorrow.

The Spaniard was laughing loud. On him Gabriello turned in a passion. "So laugh they in hell, *sceleratissime*. Out! Out!" and he drove the man and his guards before him.

"Marie!" Christian breathed. "Marie!"

The girl stood aloof with the eyes of one held in a great fear. At the call she gave a strange, gasping sob. "Do not—do not speak to me," she muttered.

But Dirck, grave and deliberate, strode to his brother. "Christian—it is in my mind I have been hard to you," he said, and felt for his brother's hand. Christian, clutching it, turned away. Raoul saw his shoulders heave. Together the two brothers went out.

Raoul drew himself stiffly to the salute as he looked after them. Then, turning, saw the girl's cheeks all glistening wet while she smiled. Softly she came to Vrouw Santvoort, laid a hand on her shoulder, and caressed it. "Come, mother," she said.

Raoul, left alone, sat down in the largest chair, pulled off his boots and regarded them benignly. "I have made a man to-night," said he. "It is exhausting." He stretched himself out on the rug, laid his sword by his side, pulled up a coil of rope for his pillow, and was asleep.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN

BY MARGARET FAY COUGHLIN



THE observation is so old as to be trite, that of the two halves of humanity men are essentially the more romantic and sentimental, and women the more practical; and the latter have long been inured to seeing men ignore most of the realities of women's lives, while apotheosizing that side which looms large to themselves through their own partnership in it of pleasure and romance.

But if a woman's altruistic sense be great enough to accept the postulate that her own individuality has no *raison d'être* except in what bears on her efficiency as a source of value to one man, and of physical and mental utility to the race through his children, it is not strong enough to accept that sort of inverted self-realization for her daughter. For the sake of the woman of the future, whose perfection, as her child, is to be the aim of all her own efforts, she is apt to find the explanations of her being offered by many gentlemen, and the rigidly limited goal they propose for her, a little theoretical, and, when pressed, perhaps humorously sentimental.

For life, alas! is not as we dream it, but a disorderly scrambling, shuffling struggle along the evolutionary highway. We cannot even die to order, but tumble out of this world as inconsequently and inconveniently to others as we come into it, dying and being born in ocean steamers, and in the midst of earthquakes and conflagrations; getting food and shelter more or less precariously; finding gleams of peace and beauty fitfully; and loving and marrying no more scientifically than we can do the rest. To advise one half of humanity in such a world to build its life like a carved lamp for the sole chance that physical love may

shine splendidly through it, is a counsel of perfection no man would be impracticable enough to fashion his own life upon. In matters that pertain to his own personal well-being, the male theorist's sentimentality is apt to give way to a lucid sense of self-preservation. And he would very probably amend the formula for himself: I shall grow like a flower, fulfilling all the intricate perfection I am capable of; and if my soul, that butterfly of love, so wills, and other flowers laugh in the sunshine after I have blown and withered, my strength will have been glorified; but if not, the vigor of my growth and the beauty of my life shall have been, even unreproduced, its own justification.

On reading past and current protests at any sign of women's preoccupation with matters other than pertaining to her sex, such thoughts crowd on liberally educated women too inevitably to need recording. If I preface them to a reply to some definite points in Dr. Stanley Hall's interesting article in APPLETON'S MAGAZINE for September, it is merely to confess to the general point of view of a college-bred woman on the subject of her duty to aspire to any other training than that which would primarily fit her to perform to perfection the functions of sex, to be a wife and mother. But if I am college bred, I got no degree; and I hold no brief for the Universities. I merely belong to a class that this June celebrated its decennial, and I hasten at once to the grateful task of thanking Dr. Hall for calling attention "to the universalizing influence of the American College."

The process that we were subjected to at college, seems to me, as I look back on it, analogous to modern methods of preventing disease by forestalling the system's capacity to receive it—a sort of inoculation against

true culture. On one and the same day we would perhaps be asked to grapple with the abstruse speculations of Kant, to sound the heights and depths of the Atomic Theory, and to swallow whole a play of Shakespeare. Students can reel you off the history of modern philosophy, and the formula of every possible alcohol, with a glibness that charms the faculty, whose silly faith in "examinations" is never subjected to the simplest test—that of trying, for instance, how astonishingly little those same students could tell of the same subjects six weeks after they have "passed" in them. If this be education, the American college woman certainly makes the most of it! But some of them, with minds too strong not to refuse the habit of nonassimilation that is forced upon them, have never ceased to cry out against the crude and unintelligent instinct, in both parents and professors, that is so grossly bent on bartering the money's worth of culture; who seem to forget that genuine education is nearer to a process of growth than to one of blind and brute stuffing. What it costs a student to plod on without stopping, past those palaces of thought, fairylands of science, and enchanted woods of song and story, seems too much for the professional imagination to grasp. If Dr. Hall's article persuades one college president to disregard the clamor of half literate parents, and permit students to "loaf and invite their souls each day," long enough, at least, to insure sound digestion both of their actual dinners and of the rich daily mental meal, he will have done signal service to the cause of higher education among us. One and one half hours a day of bodily exercise was indeed required of us, but this, of course, can no more be a period of mental than it can properly be one of physical digestion.

When Dr. Hall condemns the highly technical study of English, however, I can only speak from my own day, and avow that the same instructor who exacted between eight and ten thousand pages of private reading in a year was not over-technical. We were supposed to spend at it four and a half hours a week for some twenty-eight weeks or less. It averaged, of course, nearly a hundred pages an hour, and it was not optional; we had to enumerate on the examination paper what, if anything, we had omitted! The utter folly

of it was only matched, in my own experience, by the contentment with which I drenched myself in the splendid historical sequence of it, and the complacency with which, when necessary, I let everything else slip and took in that English literature lastingly and thoroughly. Nothing was withheld from us "of all-sided knowledge" that Dr. Hall asks for girls, "of appreciation rather than criticism." Certainly we were "incited to wide and general reading of ancient and modern authors." From the fragments of the *Corpus Poeticarum Borealis*, chronologically down through the centuries to the last lyric of Tennyson, the last ode of Swinburne, we were introduced to all "the best that has been said and done" in the English world. It was a two years' course, compulsory for all students, and meant to be "interesting to the average mind," and not "to be erudite in some recondite way." My exception is to the quantity of work which several other professors were suffered to cram into each day on top of that, and which they strove, with a queer sense of obligation, each to make as strenuous as possible. To call a course a "snap course," meaning one where the student could make up by less preparation for the exaggerated quantity required elsewhere, was the last popular insult that could be offered to a professor. It all seemed to many of us then "folly wide the mark." After ten years, it seems the *reductio ad absurdum* of American greed and energy.

And when Dr. Hall raps the colleges on the too linguistic aim of Greek and Latin literature one wants to thank him again. Of mere etymologists and grammarians we had our fill. I recall my sensations when, thrilling over my own faulty first translation of Homer, I heard the professor—who had interrupted us at every line with Æolic and Ionic forms—saying in a dry parenthesis, "That's a very famous simile I believe."

... The silver bow clanged on his shoulders
as he strode,
And he came like night.

If one had the least literary sense one did not need to be told that the whole passage was thrilling. We were entering, breathless and stumbling, into a divine inheritance, and the pilot explained, when that new

planet swam into our ken, that he believed line 80 or so held a famous simile!

As we came out a bubbling girl behind me murmured, "There'll be no cakes and ale here. We'll crack our teeth on forms and grope for the rest. Wouldn't you like to drown him?"

Certainly "he had lost touch with his own youth, the college professor teaching the above subjects in the above way to the cloistered girl in the golden age of her life."

But German influence on American universities is beginning to be seen for what it is. Editorials in papers like the *New York Post* have not dinned this subject for the past decade into the ears of our Fostering Mothers without some effect. And we can only hope that the clamor of protest will grow and grow until Greek and Latin and modern languages are taught for literature and not for philology. All the world outside of professorial chairs wholeheartedly agrees with Dr. Hall that "methods of synthesis should predominate over analysis," and that "literature should be protected from philologizers." Never by any other method was "great verse left unto a little clan," or to a great nation, either.

And now, having acknowledged the pertinence of so much of Dr. Hall's criticism, one may return to the general tenor of his article, and respectfully disagree with the aim he would thrust on the universities, of turning out young women trained primarily to fulfill the functions of maternity.

Alack! Good Doctor, tell us, "ungathered roses on the ancestral tree," how we shall persuade Lord Love to stoop and pluck us! There is no woman's college in the land that does not counsel the accepted and ancient wisdom of all mothers, on this matter, of reverent appreciation of the deep and common experiences of life. Nothing else would, indeed, be tolerated by sound and healthy youth; and all of us were frankly hopeful of setting the rose of life in the very center of our wreath of "consolation prizes."

I remember one evening in May, when one hundred and fifty girls came in to dinner in full evening dress to do honor to the European fellow whose distinction had been announced that day. They demanded a speech from the victor of a four years' con-

test for all-around excellence. But the news of the engagement of a certain beauty in the Sophomore class to a popular Harvard man had been circulating during dinner, and the scholar, whose face was set toward the Sorbonne and ultimately a German Ph.D., rose and answered our rapt cheering:

"Thank you awfully. I can't make a speech. I feel the ovation I have had all day too deeply. But there's Chloe. I've won the European Fellowship, but she has won a better."

And the applause was a thunderclap of delight at the sentiment as well as at the wit.

In the reaction of silence Chloe rose. "I won't pretend I don't agree with the European Fellow; but my fellowship was a good deal easier to win." The laughter that broke on this was distinctly reminiscent. There was not a pretty girl in the room who did not know how much easier. Somehow, being proud as they were pretty, and brave as they were pure, they did not think it a reason, since love had not yet found them out, for abandoning their scheme of being so independent financially and so well disciplined mentally that neither the sordid impulse to marry for food and shelter, nor yet mere physical attraction, should betray them into a compact which, as one sees it in daily life, is hideous if it be not beautiful.

But let those disturbed by the presence of Diana in our midst, marching brave and free along with a thousand Venuses, reflect that the proportion of college-bred women in the United States is less than 20,000 to 20,000,000 of the adult female population, and about half of these collegians are married. One in 2,000—it is a rare monster! who should be absolved further on confessing that, in nearly every case of spinsterhood, she is ignoring matrimony not because she will, but because she must.

Is it not cruel then to deny to well-born women the training, "the consolation prizes," that are part and parcel of the inheritance of every educated man? I have just stumbled across the class book of Yale, '60. There were one hundred of them. They are all men past seventy now, and twenty-three of them never married. One quarter! If that is a typical record, the college man seems as perversely preoccu-

pied, as the college woman, with the "marriage of true minds" rather than with the number and vigor of his possible offspring. What reasons kept those twenty-three bachelors, it would be impertinent to inquire. Perhaps there is as little pertinence in scolding educated women for not being prolific mothers—certainly there is none at all in remonstrating with them for not being wives.

But Dr. Hall would persuade us that, apart from altruism, there are obscure reasons women don't know about, why they should marry, even if the men won't. He says Tertullian plumbed these depths, but in his book, "Adolescence," he says it was St. Augustine. Anyway, some one declared that, "As the soul of man is restless until it finds repose in God, so does the woman's nature find its true goal only as queen of a family." Tertullian, Eusebius, or whatever other, those early Christian fathers said some quite shocking untruths about the nature of women. Very reluctantly they admitted that she had a soul at all, and, soul or not, her body was an unequivocal work of the devil. I doubt, however, if St. Augustine ever said anything so superficial. He certainly did not in his "Confessions." He was too well acquainted with St. Monica, from whom he directly derived his own religious temperament, not to agree rather with Dr. Hall's other and contrary reflection, that women are more religious than men. Two thirds of any Christian church congregation will bear witness that her soul "seeks repose in God" more restlessly and constantly than does the soul of her brother, or, for that matter, of her husband.

As for the modern argument that seems to run: Anyway, if you women don't crave maternity any more than men crave pater-nity, you ought, for patriotic reasons, to direct all your preparations for life to that end, and then follow it, because if you don't, the race will run out. It is true that, given economic freedom, women are so far from rushing to the goal of wife-and-motherhood, that a reduced marriage and birth rate seems inevitably the result of permitting her "nature" to express itself uncoerced. But women themselves may be permitted their own amusement at the revenges of time on masculine logic—a logic always so quaintly contorted when applied

to the feminine "enigma." Not *à priori* arguments nor moral suasion, I fear, will turn backward the majestic march of humanity that sweeps women along with the men in its immense economic and social changes. But for this, college-bred woman, one in a thousand, can scarcely be held accountable.

Professor Münsterberg seems also to dread what will happen if many women of breeding and refinement are suffered to be highly educated. But the infertility of the upper classes can scarcely be laid at the door of the college woman, who among even these, her more favored sisters, is about one to one hundred. The race of man has continued to die from the top since the world began, and always the proletariat of all times and climes have bred like rabbits.

It would seem as if the liberally educated woman, who bears and rears two or three children of eminent value to her country, renders it a greater service than the European emigrant, who bears perhaps ten and "raises" five or six precariously—possibly to fill the jails. Caesar's mother was not the perfection of a maternal animal; Alexander's mother had one child; Dante's mother seems to have had two, perhaps three; but Goethe's mother bore, besides himself and his sister, only sickly little babies who died young; Shakespeare's mother bore eight, and seems a great exception, but only three of her children survived to full maturity, the two who preceded Shakespeare dying in early infancy. The obscure records mention one sister for Molière; and Plato's mother, about whom history is clear, bore three children. Surely quality counts for something. The small families of educated people are less a moral than a pathological fact; and the energy drawn away in mental activity is drawn from a fecundity which, however valuable the biologist may consider it, has never ruled the world hitherto, and we may reasonably assume it never will. All through creation, if we are to be biological, the fertility of a species is in inverse proportion to its rank and complexity in the scale of life.

For the rest, if the point of view of women about themselves, of college presidents on the nature and training of women, be open to question because the distinguished educators are women and celibates, the point of view of those who are men and wedded

may be held questionable on analogous grounds, especially if their preoccupation by profession is with particular phenomena. The vision of none of us is free from the personal lens through which we look at life; and on this subtle question of sex it has been truly said that no one in youth or middle life may discuss it without prejudice, because every individual is hampered in judgment by the very fact that each is a man or a woman with the essential point of view of his or her condition.

For that reason the conclusions of old men whose lives have been passed in scientific research and the study of humanity in its universal aspect, seem especially pertinent. And I would call the attention of those who fear the type of woman the colleges, as conducted by women, may turn out, to an article by the aged and distinguished Dr. William Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1908, entitled "Evolution and Character." But that will be made clearer by prefacing it with an extract from an essay by the same author, written twenty years ago, on "Human Selection": "In one of my latest conversations with Darwin, he expressed himself gloomily on the future of humanity for this reason": that "sexual selection, by which the fit are born, and natural selection, by which the fittest survive, have no play in human society."

Dr. Wallace, discussing with profound insight the failure of physical laws operating on the moral nature of man, points out that physical perfection, i. e., the superior capacity to survive and reproduce one's species, is very far from being identical with moral

perfection. And that the perfection of a moral being in a physical world is a struggle between two opposing forces; that Nature may therefore be left to herself to justify her emphasis on the physical well-being of her children; but, for higher ends, she needs woefully to be met by the superior intentions of the moral creature who is both her child and her conqueror. This continuation of the work of evolution, the survival of the mentally and morally fittest, rather than chiefly of the fittest to survive and breed, cannot be effected by putting the main stress on women's value as fountains of physical strength and reproductive vigor. Dr. Wallace concludes:

"Evolution in the higher sphere, moral and mental, can be effected by two distinct influences, which can and must always work together: *education and selection by marriage.*" And the latter "can be effected only when a greatly improved social system renders all our women economically and socially free to choose."

Economically and socially free to choose! There is a different scale of values here; and it expresses all that we college women want when it comes to the question of marriage. When great doctors disagree as to how women, in the conduct of their own lives, can best serve the advancement of the race, we may follow the prescription that best liketh us.

After all, there may be more things in heaven and earth than physiological philosophy hath dreamed of. Perhaps the instinct of women for themselves is safest. Perhaps the eternal womanly does lead upward and on.

BUTTERFLIES

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THESE are the flowers rich Summer did not keep
Upon her breast, but opulently hurled
Through wood and wayside, as from coffers deep
A queen might pour her bounty on the world.

